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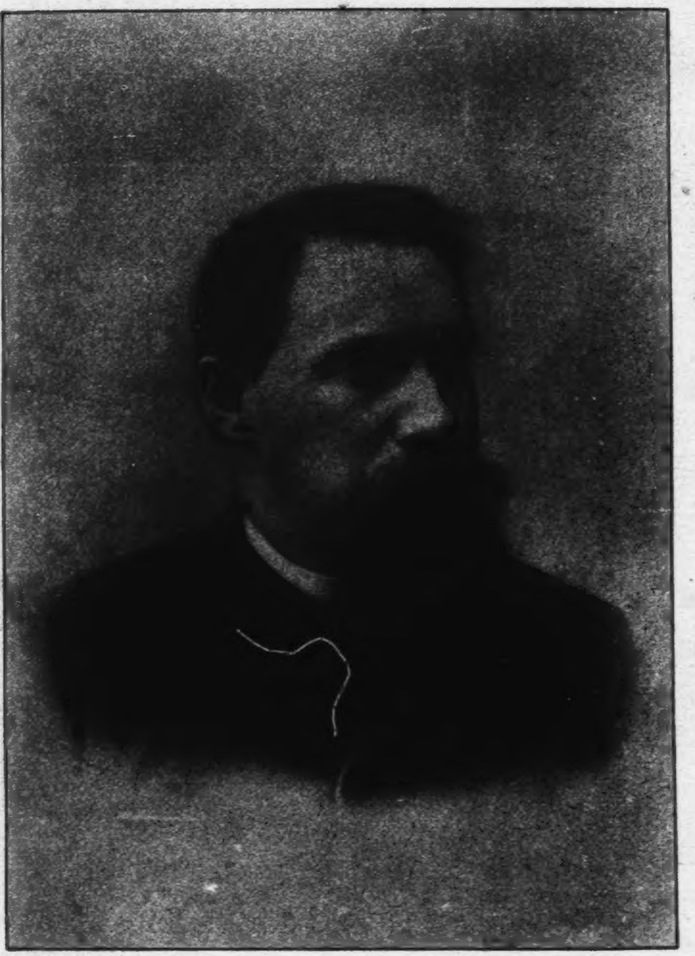

Yours Very Truly
Geo. W. France

THE
STRUGGLES
FOR
LIFE AND HOME
IN THE
NORTH-WEST.

BY A PIONEER HOMEBUILDER.

LIFE, 1865-1889.

GEO. W. FRANCE.

NEW YORK:
I. GOLDMANN, STEAM PRINTER, 7, 9 & 11 NEW CHAMBERS ST.
1890.

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PREFACE.

I do not claim for this book any literary merit, except that borrowed or quoted from others, for, when Cushing could mark 5000 mistakes in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (saying that for the size of the book it had as few errors as could be expected), and when newspaper and other writers have to browse so largely from the genius and labor of others, that editorials are frequently copied bodily as their own (so that it is often difficult to know who produced some piece of intellectual work and the gems of genius that they print), it would therefore be presumptuous for an unlettered homebuilder on the border, alone to attempt anything very fine and glittering in building his book; and though the most practical, valuable and expensive education in the world is that gotten by struggling hard and long against fiends and fate, for life, liberty and home, such a life permits of no leisure or condition of the mind for the culture of any of its latent literary genius.

While the mere kid-gloved hired critic will smile over the stacks of humbug effusions of his professional brethren, he will sneer at this ill-favored thing; and ring-black-legs will detest it, as they do truth itself and equality before the law. But when my case was so cruelly lied about and I was so persistently and corruptly held in a secret bastile to be tortured, looted and maligned, (as I found it to be the case with others also), and was always denied any hearing, or defense, or trial, I was left no alternative by the mongrel gang, but was forced to write my life, and theirs also—wherein it imperils the life, liberty and homes of the people.

As to its truth, every point and assertion of mine is (in one place and another) shown to be so very *evidently* and *positively* true, that none but brazen members or tools of the black conspiracy will ever question it.

In the language of Josephus: "Some apply themselves to this part of learning to show their great skill in composition, and that they may therein acquire a reputation for speaking finely; others there are who of necessity and by force are driven to write history, because they were concerned in the facts, and so cannot excuse themselves from committing them to writing for the advantage of posterity. Nay, there are not a few who are induced to draw their historical facts out of darkness into light, and to produce them for the benefit of the public, on account of the great importance of the facts themselves with which they have been concerned....I was forced to give the history of it because I saw that others perverted the truth of those actions in their writings. However, I will not go to the other extreme out of opposition to those men who extol the oppressors, nor will I determine to raise the actions of my own too high; but I will prosecute the actions of both parties with accuracy. Yet shall I suit my language to the passions I am under, as to the affairs I describe, and must be allowed to indulge in some lamentations upon the miseries undergone by my own......

"But if any one makes an unjust accusation against me when I speak so passionately about the tyrants, or the robbers, or sorely bewail the misfortune of our country, let him indulge my affections herein....Because it had come to pass, that we had arrived at a higher degree of felicity than others, and yet at last fell into the sorest calamities again....But if any one be inflexible in his censures of me, let him attribute the facts themselves to the historical part, and the lamentations to the writer himself only....And I have written it down for the sake of those that love truth, but not for those that please themselves with fictitious relations."

"Yes, I have lost the loved, the dear!
Yes, I have wept the bitter tear!
Have passed misfortune's darkest hour—
Have known and felt the Tempter's power—
Have bowed to scorn, unloved, alone,
Longing for Friendship's cheering tone!
Unhappiness! I know thee, then—
So can I help my fellow-men! —*Public Opinion.*

G. W. F.

"If all the scoundrels who now bask in the smiles of San Francisco society were to receive their just deserts for their infamous deeds, the accommodations at San Quentin and Folsom would be entirely too restricted.

We have before taken occasion to define the crime of "personal journalism." It is never perpetrated except against a rich scoundrel. A journal may with perfect safety hold up to scorn the actions of water front bummers, or the despised hoodlum. Turn to your paper any morning and evening and see how often crime in low places is exposed and made odious in a hundred different ways. Does any one suppose that distinguished lawyers would be found to rail at the practice so long as it was confined within these limits? Bah! The inquiry excites a smile of derision. Any Tom, Dick or Harry in the city might be mentioned, and columns of contempt and derision hurled at them without a protest being raised. But, as we have said before, let a man with a million or two of money commit the most unpardonable outrages, and be referred to ever so gently, and the pack start out in full cry yelping "personal journalism."

Without personal journalism vice and roguery would be sure to get the upper hand in modern times. Personal journalism is the bulwark reared against its encroachment. Personal journalism is only another term for the "rascal's scourge." It will be a sorry day for society if the assassin's pistol or the rich man's coin ever prove effective enough to stop the hand engaged in the work of making crime odious by pointing out to the public their enemies. Crime cannot be checked with a parable. Its perpetrators must be held up to public scorn."

San Francisco "Chronicle."

"WALLA WALLA, Washington,
Nov. 25th, 1889.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

"I have been personally acquainted with Mr. Geo. W. France for many years, and know his general reputation and standing in this State to be good, and while it is true that he was at one time convicted of murder in the second degree, it is now generally believed that he committed the homicide in necessary self-defence, and is innocent ***of any crime whatever.*** *I take pleasure in bearing testimony to his uniform good character, both before and since this unfortunate occurrence, as an honest, upright, orderly and law-abiding citizen.*

THOS. H. BRENTS."

[Representative in Congress for two terms from Washington Territory.]

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CHAPTER I.

Striking out from home when a boy.—My object.—Ho! For the Oil Regions in Pennsylvania.—My Chum.—Great Excitement.—Oil City flooded.—"Coal Oil Johnny."—Tools, etc., used in boring for oil.—All about finding oil.—And what the oil is.—My experience for about a year.

IN the winter of 1864-65 I concluded to leave my home in New York for an indefinite time; not exactly to hunt buffalo and kill Indians on the plains, for killing was never sport to me, and I was not 'wild,' nor to seek my fortune; for at that time this did not appear necessary, though I expected to earn by work my living and travelling expenses, and more, if I run on to any great opportunity to do so. My object was to see and know more of the living, bustling, wild and wide world, than what transpired in the drowsy orthodox range in which I was confined.

My parents tried to dissuade and divert me from my purpose, but, as I had set my heart on it, they neither strenuously opposed me nor did they give any formal consent; but left the field clear for my return as the prodigal son of old, which they prophesied I would soon do, for them to say "did I not tell you so, my boy," and to lessen the sting of adieu.

Little did I then think I was never to see them any more in this world, or know the terrible pangs of grief I would suffer when we really kissed each other good bye, and that the thought of that sad event would haunt me, and make me sick at times, for many years to come.

A young friend was to ramble with me, and we started March 13th, 1865. The oil regions in Pennsylvania was our first destination, as there were many fabulous stories afloat, and much excitement about oil at that time, to such an extent, that poor men at a distance were mortgaging their homes to buy stock in oil companies (or confidence games) then being worked and played to catch the unwary; and wages and employment there were reputed as high and abundant.

At the end of the third day we arrived by rail at the end of the track—then about a mile from Oil City. We jumped off into the mud and oil a foot or two deep, and waded through it in the dark to town and to a hotel (could have ridden for two dollars).

The next day it was raining; teams were stuck in the street, loaded with but a few hundred pounds.

Teaming (hauling oil, coal, lumber, machinery, etc.,) was a great business in the oil regions at that time. The price of single teams and wagon with driver was twenty dollars per day or more, and they made forty dollars per day in handling flat boats in and up Oil Creek. Drivers were rated at fifty dollars per month, and no one envied their pay or position. The vast amount of dead horses lying about or floating down the Creek, the number of broken wagons in sight, together with the high price of stable room, feed, etc., showed that it was not all profit. Yet there was big money in the business to those whom such drawbacks were not discouraging, but were taken as a matter of course.

A scene on the road:—A team loaded with oil stuck in a mud hole full of big boulders and blocking the way for twenty teams behind; the driver asks the nearest "what will you take to pull me out?" "Nothing for that, but two dollars and fifty cents for hitching on in the mud."

In time roads were made, feed, stable room, etc., got cheap and handy, when, as there was nothing frightful in the business, everybody was willing to engage in it, and nobody made much in the business any more.

Next came railroads, and then, in time, pipe-lines were added for conveying oil.

Crowds of disgusted and home-sick men having failed to find employment, and short of money, told discouraging stories to us—they were discouraging to us then, to be sure, because of our inexperience in the world, otherwise we would have critically gathered useful and encouraging information instead.

However, my chum concluded during the day that he had rambled far enough from his good old home and that we were about lost, too, and having now been absent for several whole days and nights, and remembering that his pet mare was liable to have a colt with none to caress them, and corn planting time would soon be on hand with his vacant place to fill, he reluctantly left me to my self-willed fate and returned home to his mother—and he was about right.

As neither of us had any trade, and common labor appeared very rugged and abundantly supplied, and not having any money, letters of acquaintance, or other means by which we could engage in some one or another of the business opportunities, the outlook, indeed, was not brilliant or strewn with roses. But I had not expected it would be; I had not counted on getting a berth as conductor as we travelled along, as clerk at a hotel wherever we happened to stop for a few days, or as confidential agent for some big concern, on sight and application; nor yet the gift of a team, flat-boat, brewery or oil-well, as an inducement to stop a few months when we got there.

Leaving my cumbrous valise at the hotel I struck out among the oil-wells to see what I could see, learn and discover. The rain storm continued, resulting in a flood; Oil Creek rose to a river and with the Alleghany inundated the town of Oil City to the extent that those living in the business and lower portion had to move upstairs in the night, the street was overflowed, and the public buildings, churches, etc., were occupied with those who were entirely drowned out.

Returning the following day, I found my valise in five or six feet of water—all being confusion and havoc, as water was king, and he was mad.

Millions of dollars in oil, barrels, tanks, flat-boats, rafts of lumber, buildings, merchandise, etc., etc., were carried away, destroyed, or damaged.

When the water had subsided, I rolled oil barrels on the dock for a few days at sixty cents per hour, and then got a job with a surveyor as chain carrier at three dollars per day, which I held until I had travelled over much of that region.

I remember seeing old Indian camping grounds and hearing the stories of how they used to gather the "Seneca oil" with blankets on Oil Creek, and sell it for medical purposes to the pale-faced invaders.

These were days of jubilee for the horny-handed farmers anywhere around here, as they could now sell their poor and rugged side-hill farms for five, ten and twenty thousand dollars to speculators and companies who were now minutely surveying them, with their springs and creeks to map and paint in glowing colors, to divide up and sell to strangers as oil lands rich in prospects.

Many tricks were invented and used to effect sales of "oil lands," such as burying barrels of oil, slightly tapped, near some spring, so the oil would run in and flow from it, and as carrying a hollow cane—with a valve in the end—filled with oil to show an investor, oil "most anywhere around here just by pushing a stick in the ground, you see."

But it was at a distance, on pasteboard and paper, that "oil lands" and "town lots" for sale appeared the most enchanting, as bluffs and craggy hills appeared as level land then, and the streams and springs were often only in the mind and picture.

However, in time it transpired that surface indications proved little or nothing anyway, as wells that were sunk in, or near real oil springs, seldom, if ever, produced in paying quantities, and the high lands—at first considered worthless—proved as good as any, except the inconvenience or inaccessibility in working it.

And altogether only one well in perhaps a hundred produced any oil, and it was more apt to yield but one barrel per day than two or three hundred; very few outside investors who kept their stock or interests got their money back.

Many original owners of the land held on to it and allowed others to sink wells on it—the owner to receive one-third of what oil might be produced. This is what the widow McClintoc did, and which made "Coal Oil Johnny"—her adopted son—so rich for a time and notorious as a prodigal son of fortune.

While he was scattering his wealth to the wild winds, he declared to his friends, who tried to divert him from his downward course, that "he had driven a team on Oil Creek for a living and could do so again," and substantially this he afterwards had to do in other places. Though he spent much of his fortune in reckless dissipation and sport, he also gave away a great deal from a most noble impulse and kindly feeling. But perhaps more than either or both amounts was gotten from him by "real nice and respected" gentry, by chicanery of the most contemptible and villainous type,—such as setting up banks to "fail" after catching his large deposits.

He knows more of human and inhuman characters now; what a pity for him and his, that he had not learned it in his youth, either in his own efforts for a living, or it had been taught to him by the wider and deeper experience of others, educated by struggling with the real masked and brazen world.

Much has been said and sung about the prodigality of "Johnny Coal Oil," but somehow we never hear of any great good flowing from those who got two barrels of oil, whenever John Steel got one.

It was customary in the oil regions to keep a pail of petroleum in the house for making fires, and in this way Mrs. McClintoc was burned to death. I was at and over the place.

Others lost their opportunity to gain a competency by thus allowing their places to be prospected or tested, instead of selling on faith and hope, at a time when it was universal and strong.

When the whole country had been prospected, it then transpired that the oil lands lay in narrow belts without regard to creeks, hills, or other surface formation, and in these, oil had not been always found.

Crude petroleum is as thick or heavy as lard oil; but the color is a deep green; it emits an odor like the petroleum axle grease sold throughout the country. I shipped a barrel of it home, as a curiosity and for lubricating machinery.

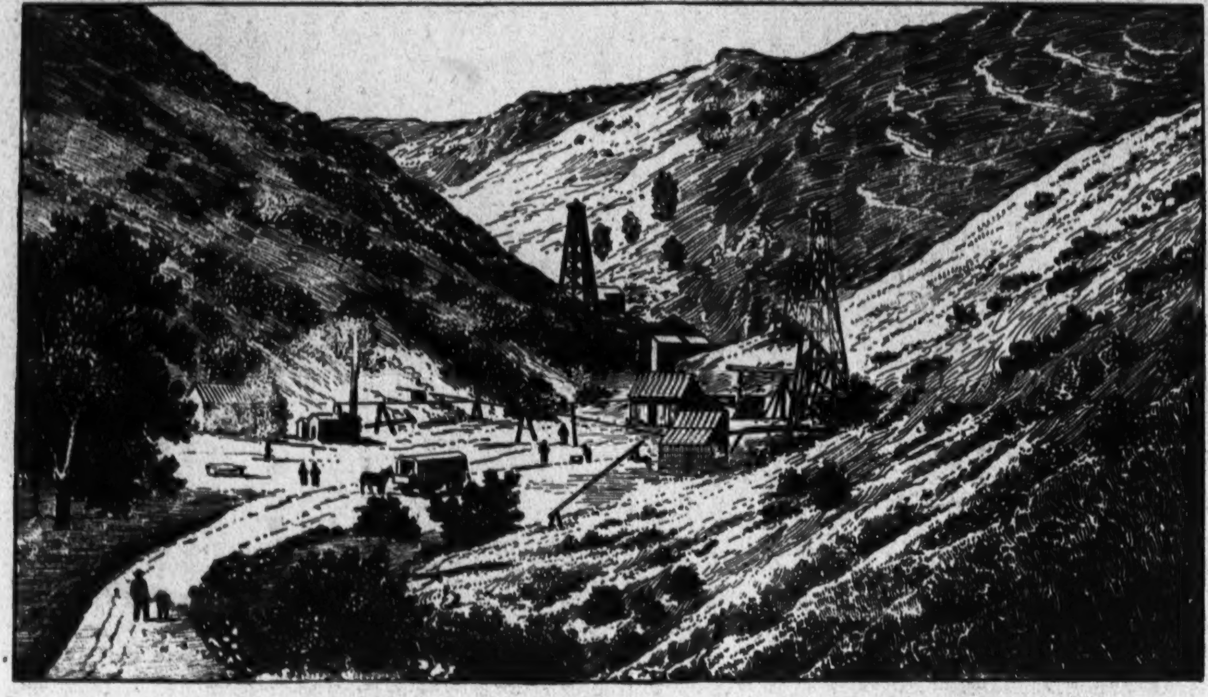
It appears to be a sort of fish oil, the sand-stone in which it is confined being sometimes the bed of a sea, and by its upheaval, turned off the water and gave the whale-like animals their death in the sand, this sand drifting or otherwise receiving and holding from evaporation their carcasses and oil, when the sand hardens into a strata of sand-stone, retaining and confining the oil with the gases.

My next employment was in running an engine for a pumping oil well at four dollars per day; board being from six to eight dollars per week, (the Pennsylvania Dutch are exceptionally good livers); and then I worked as driller in boring other wells at the same wages; and at one of these employments or the other—sometimes sharpening and repairing the tools being included—I was engaged during the most of my sojourn in the Oil Regions, which time was nearly eleven months. I thus worked at different wells and localities.

At one place (Franklin) I sunk a well, with one helper, from five hundred to about a thousand feet deep; and as there was but the two of us (they generally run night and day, requiring four men) we put in as much time as we desired, which was sixteen hours per day and eighteen on Saturdays. This well was sunk four or five hundred feet deeper than others, as an experiment, but found no oil. A humbug oil "smeller" had traced several veins of oil to a junction at the very spot we bored through, he "could (and did) give the depth" also.

The average oil well was five inches in diameter. The average boring tools consist of a bit, or drill, two and a half feet long, which is screwed into a round bar, twenty-two feet long ("anger stem"), which is screwed into one end of a pair of heavy links ("Jars") five feet long, the other end of the jars being screwed into a round bar ("sinker bar") eight feet long, which is screwed into the end of a rope socket, three feet long, all made of three inch round iron, and weigh eleven or twelve hundred pounds. The end of a one and a half inch rope is wrapped and riveted into the rope socket; the other end of the rope is passed up over a pulley at the top of the derrick and down to and wound around the shaft of a windlass-like wheel ("bull wheel"), which is attached by a a rope belt to a ten horse power engine, and used to lower and raise the tools in the well whenever the bit is dulled or the sediment (drillings) needs to be pumped out, which is as often as every two and a half feet is gone down.

The tools are now suspended just over the hole, which is about full of water. The rope belt having been thrown from the bull-wheel, the driller, with a brake on the wheel, lets the tools run, or nearly drop, to the bottom of the hole (the engine being used in raising them out). Next the rope at a few feet above the mouth of the hole is clasped tightly to a screw arrangement ("temper screw"), the screw itself being two and a half feet long, the upper end of which is a swivel and hook, which is hooked under the end of a walking beam, say thirty feet long, the other end of it being attached to the engine with a



Oil Works.

pitmen; then slack is given the rope above by turning the bull-wheel back, thus causing the tools to hang suspended to the walking beam; when the engine is started, the tools being simply raised and dropped two or three feet at every turn of the walking beam, which is made to go slow or fast according to the depth of the hole and length of the rope; as can be imagined, the deeper the hole, the slower the stroke.

The weight of the bit, the twenty-two feet "auger stem" and the lower link, or half of the "jars," being the downward or drilling force, or weight; while the weight in the upper link, or half of the jars, with the eight feet "sinker bar," jars the bit loose as it jerks it up. Little or much "jar" being given, according to how much the bit sticks. If the hole be deep and no "jar" is given, the walking beam will play on the stretch of the rope, without raising the tools from the bottom. If the hole be shallow (so that the rope is short) and the jar is allowed to run entirely out, then the bit, sticking much, stops the engine or breaks something; while too much jar lessens the fall of the bit and lower part of the tools, making it drill slow in proportion.

The driller, sitting on a stool, turns the screw and rope on the swivel above a little at each downward stroke, and as the drill works down, so the jar feels slight, indistinct, or, if the bit sticks, he unscrews the temper-screw, giving more rope and more jar. When he has thus unscrewed the length of the screw (two and a half feet), or the bit is sooner dulled, the tools are hoisted out and another tool ("rimmer") is substituted for the two and a half feet bit, which is to cut or rim the hole one inch larger than the bit (the cut of the bit being but four inches) and is done to keep the hole round.

This done, the tools are again hoisted out, and a sharpened bit replaces the rimmer to make another two or two and a half feet. But before the tools are let down again, the sediment or drillings must be pumped out with the "sand-pump." This tool is simply a zinc pipe, five feet long and three and a half or four inches in diameter, with a valve in one end and a bail on the other; to this bail is tied the end of a half-inch rope which is reeled on a wheel; the pump is dropped into the hole, and when it reaches the bottom the driller works it up and down a few times by the rope, thus working the mud or drillings up through the valve into the pipe or pump, then the engine reels it up very quickly when it is emptied and the same simple process repeated three or four times, at the completion of every two or two and half feet.

Before drilling is commenced on a well, heavy seven-inch iron pipe—in seven feet sections – is driven with a ram to the bed rock, or else an ordinary well is dug down to it and a plank box pipe set up in it, the upper end being at the surface and is the top of the well. Solid rock is desired and generally had the rest of the way. The exceptions being in mud veins and cavities, which frequently cause trouble by pieces of rock working out and falling on the tools, to the extent sometimes that the tools and hole are abandoned.

Five or six feet per day—of twelve hours—is about the average work in boring a 600 feet well.

In the Oil Creek section, three stratas of sand-stone are found and gone through, each thirty or forty feet thick, in which the oil is. Little or none is found in the first strata (at about 225 feet), more is apt to be found in the second (at about 425 feet), but never, I believe, in paying quantities, so that little notice is given to any prospects found here either; but when the third strata is reached and gone through, which is at a depth of nearly 600 hundred feet, then the boring is finished; as here *in the third sand-stone* is where oil is expected to be found, if at all, and worked.

The kind of rock between the stratas of sand-stone is mostly granite, slate or soap-stone, with thin stratas of a harder nature, sometimes flint.

In one well, in say a thousand, oil is struck which immediately flows and spurts out; but whether this be the case or not, the well is next piped to within a few feet of the bottom with a two and a half inch gas or water pipe, having a pump valve in the bottom section, and a leather bag the size of the well (five inches) and two feet long is tied at each end around the pipe or tubing, so it will be just above the third sand-stone; this "seed bag" having been filled with flax seed, which, swelling, shuts off all the water above it to the surface, thus allowing any pressure of oil and water which may be below it in the third sand-stone to flow up the tubing without incumbrance from the veins of water for 500 feet or more above.

But unless a strong force of gas is tapped, neither oil nor water is apt to be very pressing to get up. In any such case, however, it generally flows or spurts out at intervals, spasmodically, with gas enough to run an engine and more.

Usually no oil has yet appeared when "sucker rods," with a pump valve at the end of the first section, are let down into the tubing to the bottom, and the upper end attached to the walking beam, and pumping commenced and continued—night and day and Sundays—for about six weeks. When if nothing but water, or water and gas appears, the well is abandoned, which, of course, is generally the case. The water may be salt at the start, or get to be such after pumping a few days or weeks. Salt water is a favorable sign, it frequently being followed by oil, and oil is not found without it. I believe petroleum was first struck in boring for salt.

The Indians of the oil regions had gone to their happy hunting grounds, or had been removed, or fables as to their supposed knowledge of oil springs, etc., might have been invented and they thus utilized by rings of men—with the aid of their press—and the oil excitement prolonged, as is done in other mining regions.

Moreover, it was too accessible to the outside world, by rail and the Alleghany River, for, with slight expense, time and inconvenience, those who were furnishing the cash, for the operators to invest and steal, could see and learn for themselves the business and properties in which so many were wildly investing.

This is the reason the Pacific railroads and Gen. Crook (who settled the Indians beyond question for a time in Arizona) were such a curse to the mining and tributary interests in the far west, causing whole districts to be abandoned, and so they are yet. Many with money to invest then learned, in advance of investment, not to expect returns from investments in ring companies on account of songs sung of a comparative few lucky strikes; so times in the mining and oil camps became very hard. And as many of the games were being closed for a change of base and operations, away from lines of travel, many of the common herd of men were swindled out of their wages, deposits or savings, and with the outside investors were settled with in stocks of experience, in knowledge they should have gained in their youth.

"For such is the temper of men that before they have had the trial of great afflictions, they do not understand what is for their advantage: but when they find themselves under such afflictions, they then change their minds, and what it had been better for them to have done before they had been at all damaged, they choose to do, but not until after they have suffered such damage."
—*Josephus.*

A few months or years as a news-boy, or spent in sweeping, or doing errands in offices or dens of lawyers, ring companies or other gangs, so he hears the talk that goes on there, with practical moral lessons at home, is for a boy the best bequest, the best endowment, the most wise foundation, stock in trade and security for fortune and favor, and to keep one "unspotted in the world"—though he may spot others.

I was present at the dying scenes of those plays, so skillfully painted in oil, and years afterwards at others, galvanized in silver and gold.

I left the oil regions on February 11th, 1866, having earned nearly one thousand dollars; had many enjoyable times and others not so pleasant; had been at all the towns and sections from Franklin and below to Titusville, and from Oil Creek to Pit-hole. Had lost various sums in loaning and in simple confidence and folly, had disposed of other sums in friendship and favor and pleasure, and got away with about five hundred dollars; had I remained a little longer, a bank would have got away with most of that, as it was near the time set to close *their* deals, done in the name and guise of security (?) and by the protection of the courts.

Courts grind the poor, and rings rule the courts.

CHAPTER II.

Leaving the oil regions for a good time "out West."—A period of travel, etc., of four and a half months to the Missouri river.—Then crossing the plains to Salt Lake with wagon train in sixty days.—Our train.—My team.—First camp in a storm.—Fording the Platte river with its quick-sand bottom.—Big teams.—My first drink.—Delusion in distance.—Game.—Freighting, etc.—Life and Government on the plains.—A comprehensive account of the region from the Missouri river to Salt Lake Valley.

OTHERS have said before that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else in the world—that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing, except for what it brings of comfort and culture. Believing in this philosophy, I next started out to live and to enjoy the pleasure and culture I had won, devoting the ensuing four and a half months to travel by rail, water and stage (tramping was not much in vogue then), and in visiting relatives and others of my acquaintance, who had settled "out West," in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Nebraska.

This was a season of enjoyment, unalloyed by cares, hardships or perplexities of any kind, and to which my mind often reverts, and always with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction. Of the pleasant homes and happy families, of the genuine hospitality, affection, friendship and good times I enjoyed on every hand, I should like to dwell on. And also of the cities and many places and objects of interest I saw to admire; but as there was nothing rugged or strange blended in my experiences here, I must thus pass them over, which brings me to the 20th of June, 1866, when I found myself at Nebraska City in charge of a four mule team and wagon, loaded with improved rifles, and bound over the plains for Salt Lake City.

"Joy bounds through every throbbing vein—
Dear world! where love and pleasure reign."

None of the Pacific railroads had yet been built, but the U. P. and Central was commenced that summer; consequently all the freight required to supply Denver, the Mines, Salt Lake, the Military Posts and the whole region between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean and our northern line and Mexico, with the slight exception of some river navigation near the coast, was then transported in wagons by mule and ox teams. For safety and convenience these travelled in companies or trains of say twenty to forty wagons. An average ox team was six yoke and that of mules run from four to fourteen animals. I think the Government standard of six is the most practicable team for teaming; most any one can handle and care for such a team; a load can be gotten on one wagon without the risk of sidling and soft roads, and the leaders of the team don't need to swing all over the country in making a few miles, as do large teams and trail or high-loaded wagons.

Freighting on the plains was an extensive and usually a profitable industry, but the fortunes were mostly acquired by ring favorites of Government officials, on account of Government transportation, and they, usually, sub-letting to others who did the work at half the cost to Uncle Sam. This western region – marked on the old maps as the "Great American Desert," or the "Plains," as the unsettled portions are called in the west—in the days I speak of were much like the ocean in many respects, and in this, that there were no courts and lawyers to murder justice.

Everybody was expected to defend and protect himself and his own, and consequently was always more or less prepared and ready to do so. And it transpired that the results of this simple and taxless mode of Government (anarchy) as practised on the plains by the many thousands and mottled throngs during those many years – though not above all desirable – yet that it was far superior to that of any ring-ridden lawyer gang infested community.

Bad Indians and just as bad white men would murder and plunder to some extent, to be sure, but not to the extent one would imagine, considering the isolation and the large and enticing opportunities, and nothing in comparison to that committed in the states in the name of one thing or another.

This is true, notwithstanding the pretty true saying, that "Everybody quarrels in crossing the plains." But the companionship is often close in travelling, camping and working together, and the necessary hardships and aggravations are often trying, and test to the quick all of the traits of the human disposition.

Be this as it may, nobody was imprisoned, but few ever killed or hurt, and losses of property, or peace of mind, seldom occurred there from trouble with each other; and it was such an active life, too.

Plains' people usually refrained from practising tricks and confidence games in their dealings with one another, or even to take the advantage of ignorance, or necessity, (because there were no laws and courts to protect them in such devilry), therefore they seldom had or made any trouble, and when any did occur, it was short and decisive, instead of a lingering, never-ending agony of suspense, expense and often of unjust torture, as is the result at rotten courts.

A New York business man with his family, desiring to make a visit to Utah (his wife being a Mormon lady, strange though it may seem) and to increase his wealth, bought twenty-four new wagons, harness, etc., and over a hundred mules, which were also mostly new, loaded up with his own goods (general merchandise), and all for the Salt Lake City market.

I was to drive one of his teams through at twenty dollars per month. Teamsters on the plains had usually been getting from forty to eighty dollars per month, but now so many were anxious to emigrate west to the mining regions, that hundreds were willing to drive even big ox teams for their board and passage—and they walked.

On a Sunday we drove the band of mules from their open range - then but a few miles from Nebraska City—into town and corralled them.

Outside of the towns especially, it was very unusual to observe the Sabbath anywhere west of the Missouri river, and we church-going, praying puritans, who would shudder in holy horror at such desecration at home, now took to the ways of the country, and the theory that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

A part of our mules were unbroken and wild; in order to mix them, the wagon-master or captain of the train—who by the way got a hundred and fifty dollars per month—allowed us drivers to pick one pair for our team, when he would select the other. I happened to get possession of perhaps the best pair in the band; observing this, he said that "he reckoned, he could match them" (rather *un*match), and this he did; I had to lasso and choke them to a wagon wheel to be harnessed, and throw them to be shod. In the first half mile they had the end of the wagon well splintered, so to save the splinters I put them on the lead, and, in trying to get back, they broke off the tongue.

I had never driven four animals before, but thought, by locating a few wagons behind the lead wagon in the train, I could herd them along after the others in some way, though they *were* wild; but they started me out on the lead, just as if I knew anything about leading a heavily loaded wagon train. Had on about 4000 pounds to the wagon, including four or five hundred pounds of corn for feed, which was very heavy loading for the plains.

Got out a mile or two the first day and camped; took a week to make the first ten miles. There were two men to herd the mules at night, and one to drive the extra stock; there were also two wagons belonging to the wagon master and his brother, who were Mormons, and one of our drivers was a Mormon preacher just returning from a foreign "mission."

So there were about thirty of us, divided into four messes, well provided with grub for the trip, also with tents, but we seldom bothered to use them. Having bought blankets for the trip only, as I supposed, but found that the average man was expected to furnish his own bed most anywhere on the Pacific coast, and that a hay mow or straw stack is considered first-class lodging. I made my "bed" under my wagon, as it was raining, and turned in with my clothes and boots on, as though I had been used to camping all my life and liked it. It was a pouring rain with thunder and forked lightning. When the water ran into my "bed" I awoke, and took a stroll around camp to see how others did, to get fun out of this sort of living; this was simple enough. Those who were drowned out had put up a tent in the mud, and with "Fiddler Jim" were having a concert.

After we got our corn fed up, we had room to sleep in the wagons; however, it did not rain much more, nor is there any dew on the plains. Only this simple lack of rain causes so much desert and desolate country, and lack of soil and timber.

Some freight trains had been manned with drivers in their necessity without *any* wages, and they had struck on the plains and compelled the highest to be paid them, and there had been other trouble, though justice prevailed. So now our proprietor called us together to confirm our understanding and to sign some sort of written agreement. Some were in favor of this, others against it, and the rest did'nt care. The young blacksmith, however, settled the question; he was in favor of signing a contract, and a strong one, "for," said he: "I signed one once, the only one in my life, that I would stay with a blacksmith three years, and I stayed three months."

The wagon master said: "He would just as soon take the boys' words for it, as was usual with him, and did not apprehend any trouble of any kind." Then after the proprietor had informed us as to the amount of work he could do, and the number of wagons he himself could drive, if necessary—six, I believe—the matter was dropped.

In the West there are many good men who are afraid to put their names to any writing whatever, even to promises they are able and intend to fulfill; they having learned that no one could know what the meaning might be construed to be, and the expense of the same, should it ever get into a court of justice(?).

There were a few improved farms at and for a few miles beyond our first camp, which, I believe, was the last that we saw till we got to Salt Creek, which was rudely settled. Now Lincoln, the State Capital, and a railroad centre, is here. Mosquitos were thick and as blood-thirsty as the members of a "charitable" brotherhood, and this was about the last place we were annoyed by insect pests during the trip.

The country from the Missouri River to this longitude is a beautiful and rich rolling prairie, and is now about all in cultivation; but west of this, or say the 98th longitude to the coast range, the rainfall is insufficient or too uncertain, to farm successfully without irrigation (except in spots), and this is largely impracticable, because of the lack of soil or its being inaccessible to water.

We struck the Platte river forty miles east of Fort Kerney, and then travelled up its sandy bottom about 240 miles to where at that time was Julesburgh—a dilapidated military and stage station, 400 miles from the Missouri river.

There were a great many dead oxen lying along the road, a great many Antelope were in sight, and owing to the rarefied air, were apparently close by, but really so far, that with all the shooting none were killed, and all we got was bought of the Indians.

My first experience in the delusion of distance in a dry atmosphere occurred one afternoon on the Platte river. We having camped early, three of us thought we would walk out to and climb some hills, apparently half a mile from camp, to enjoy a better view; we travelled a mile or two, and as they did not appear any nearer my chums turned back. I continued on about as much further, and seeing but little difference yet, gave it up, and in returning in the dark brought up at the camp fires of another train, half a mile from our own.

At Julesburgh we forded the Platte; they called it half a mile wide here; I would now have believed them had they said it was three miles wide. The river bed is quick-sand, and there appears to be about as much sand as water rolling along to add to the country in the Gulf of Mexico. It is dangerous for a wagon to get stuck in the river, as it would sink or settle in the sandy bottom, and so would a mule; therefore our teams were doubled up to twelve animals, and the wagon beds were raised to keep the goods dry.

Here they started me out—or in—with the first wagon again. I declared that I could not get through with such a team, but with another driver with me, and our Moses insisting, that "I could as well as anybody, if I only thought so," and by him leading out until his mule floundered in the treacherous sand, which is drifted in waves and heaps, we did come out on the opposite side—about three-quarters of a mile the way we took; but in returning, having no wagon to steady them, the mules, chains, harness and doubletrees got in a tangled mess, so it seemed that half of the team was down or off their feet about all the time; had all I could do to hang on to the harness; so we finally landed—the wheelers ahead—a quarter of a mile from the right landing place in the dark, as night had overtaken us. I thought I deserved hanging, or else songs of glory, but others considered it about the proper and usual performance of a tenderfoot—only a needed bath for man and mules. The other teams got along better, being kept in the "track" where it was somewhat packed and less miry, as I did afterwards.

An ox train loaded with a quartz mill for Idaho was crossing the same time we did. Hitched to one of the wagons, loaded with a large boiler, were thirty-eight yoke of cattle—they said forty-eight, but I am willing to knock off the difference as I did not count them. The boss of the train would take no unnecessary chances, and could afford to move slow, as he would get twenty or perhaps thirty cents a pound freight. However, it might have been a God-send to the outside stock holders had the whole thing and business been sunk in the sand. As to the large teams, the idea is, that a good portion of the animals need not be pulling at all, can be entirely off their feet, and there would be enough besides to pull them up and along, and thus keep the wagon moving. Some of the drivers rode the cattle while others were on horseback.

Here, on the north bank of the Platte, I took my first drink, tasted liquor the first time in my life. Being taken with a bad chill, they rolled me up in blankets by the camp fire, and fed me on brandy from a tin cup; it, however, did not prove fatal, as I have never taken a pint altogether since.

We now took up Poll Creek, and travelled the general route since taken by the U. P. R. R., leaving the stage route for a time, as it went around by Denver; arrived in Salt Lake City in sixty days from the Missouri river—about twenty miles a day, which was unusual fast time for a loaded train.

As to the country between the Platte and Salt Lake, we saw a few moist, contracted bottoms, where wild hay was being made to supply the overland stage stock; there is a good deal of bunch grass country besides, which, if the grass was cut, would yield about seven hundred pounds of hay to the acre, or less; so when occupied as a grazing country, as it has since been, it could easily be over-stocked. There is much land covered with sage brush, which indicates more soil and moisture, and where it grows rank, and the ground can be irrigated. Anything agreeable to the climate can be grown in profusion, if not destroyed by grasshoppers or other insect pests.

There is timber on the mountain ranges and spurs, but often so distant and scrubby, that it is said, in some localities telegraph poles cost twenty dollars, or more, each.

Saw quite a number of wagon trains and of Indians; met quite an emigration from California and Oregon to the states; saw some prairie dogs, wolves, jack-rabbits and sage-hens, and heard of buffalo and other large game.

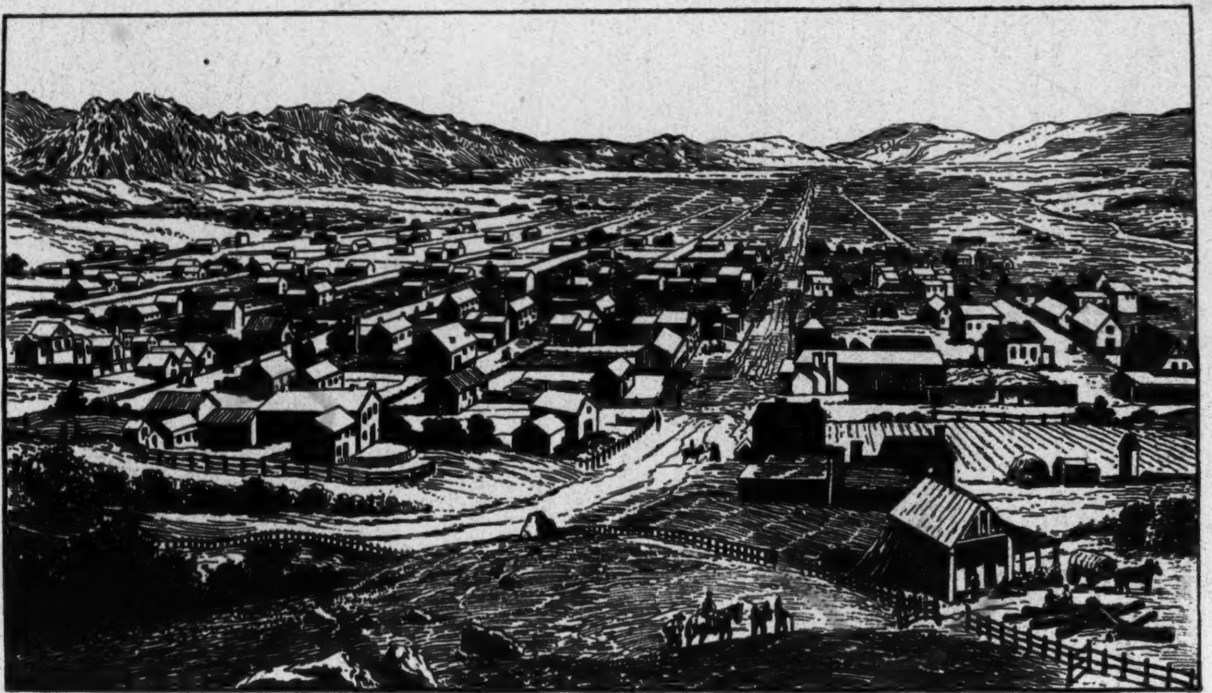
We took turns at cooking, while others brought the water and fuel—which is generally buffalo or cattle "chips," or sage brush. A couple at a time relieved the regular herders, by herding the mules mornings and evenings; and one at a time guarded the train at night—though he often slept all the same, so that one of the boys offered to take the whole job, declaring "it did not tire him any."

The same degree of daring and low cunning necessary in successfully stealing a single horse in the states, or in robbing a store, a customer, or client, if displayed here on the plains by a secret gang of a dozen men, could have captured our whole train most any night, notwithstanding we were all armed with rifles and revolvers. Moreover, the fact that train animals are seldom molested, though feeding a mile or two from camp, and perhaps 300 from even a military post, shows the Indians to be more honest, or else more cowardly, than is generally represented.

Suppose the working masses in the states should rise in their necessity and might, strip off their ill-gotten possessions, and banish to the plains by themselves the "charitable" tribes among them, who live chiefly by their wits, tricks and hidden vices off of other men's toil, with none to labor, earn, produce for them, or to watch and make them afraid; they thus being compelled to work, steal, or starve, *and the country was their own!*

Could a train, as inviting as ours, pass through their country without tribute or plunder? Not much! And instead of an occasional grave with a head-board rudely marked, "killed by Indians," etc., whole grave yards would appear.

The trip to me was a novel and, on the whole, a pleasant one; an agreeable enough company: nobody striving for trouble or imposition, never a fight, or even a hand on a pistol for protection or for crime, and I disremember hearing the captain or proprietor speak scarcely an angry or insolent word —certainly not to me. Our journey ended. Mr. White told our Moses (Geo. Stringham) to "take the boys to the best hotel in town," where he boarded us at three dollars a day, while unloading, etc., in a storehouse he had procured to dispose of his goods; he having left us several days back to be here in advance. This was also his first experience in the West.



View of Salt Lake City, Utah.

CHAPTER III.

Salt Lake City and Valley.—Salt Lake.—Climate and bathing.—Remained a month.—Then made a trip of a month on the plains,—Caught in a blizzard.—Sixty-two frozen mules for breakfast, Oct. 14th.—A rough tramp of 180 miles in the snow.—Back to Salt Lake.—Dreaming of home!—As to the hardships of trains snow-bound in the mountains.—Work for a Mormon dignitary.—The "mighty Host of Zion."—How they whipped Johnson's U. S. Army in 1861, etc.—Mountain-Meadow massacre, etc.—Leave Salt Lake on horseback for St. George, 350 miles south.—Takes a month.—Mormon farms and villages.—Their system of settlement, etc.—Climate, soil, mountains.—A month in St. George as "Dodge's Clerk."—On an Indian raid.—Made a trip to the extreme southern settlements.—What for!—Cotton country.—Mountain of rock salt.—A true, comprehensive description of the Mormons.—How they live and deal with each other and with Gentiles.—Their religion and government, as they REALLY ARE IN PRACTICE.—Their virtues, crimes and danger.

SALT Lake City, with its gardens, trees and rippling brooks, spread out in a spacious valley, made fruitful and charming by a cheerful climate, water and industry, presented a beautiful, pleasing appearance to us, having seen little else than bleak, burnt, craggy desolation for twelve hundred miles and sixty days.—

The valley to the north extends about a hundred miles and is about eight or ten miles wide, on an average. This is watered mostly by Bear and Webber rivers, which empty in Salt Lake.

To the south the valley reaches about seventy miles, averaging, say, two miles in breadth, is watered and fertilized by the river Jordan, also emptying into Salt Lake, where the waters of this and Bear river, besides other streams, evaporate, leaving their salts in the lake; it, like the dead sea, having no outlet. The country is alkaline or salty, and the atmosphere is very light and dry; the former accounts for the vast amount of salt in the lake, and the latter for the evaporation in excess of that in a moist climate. Is 4200 feet above the sea, 90 miles long, 20 to 25 miles broad, 15 to 20 feet deep. Six pails of water are said to make one of salt. Health seekers should note that here is a mild, dry mountain climate with sea breeze, and bathing in cold brine or warm sulphur.

I bathed in the famed warm sulphur springs, where Dr. Robinson was assassinated for desiring to own them by the U. S. laws, when the brethren wanted it; attended the theatre and church meetings;—remember hearing Vice-President Kimbal from the pulpit tell the choir to "sing something lively, as he enjoyed that kind of music best even at a theatre." Ate apricots, peaches and other fruit from the acre gardens that adorn nearly every residence in town. There being a stream of mountain water flowing on either side of every street for irrigation, etc. Talked with men from the mining and stock regions of the surrounding country, who come for hundreds of miles on business, to winter, and spend their money in enjoyment here, as a place, that surely has many attractions, even as a permanent place of residence.

Remained here about a month, part of the time driving team about town; then for another month drove a six mule team in a grain supply train for the Overland Stage Company at forty dollars a month, until caught, the 13th of October, in a blizzard on the plains; were confined to our beds in the wagons for two nights and a day; nor could we scarcely move on account of the cold and the snow drifting in and over us. When the storm abated we crawled out, broke up feed boxes for fires, and went to look for the stock—124 heads; were in the brush (on Green river), where we had left them, but just half of them, 62, were frozen to death, and in all the ghastly attitudes of cruel agony. Left the wagons where we had camped, drove the remainder of the mules to a valley, six or seven miles away, where it was quite warm, but little snow had fallen, and left them for the winter in care of providence, who never tempers the winds for an unfortunate and abused mule.

Three or four Mormon teams were engaged to take us with them to Salt Lake—180 miles; but had to walk, camp and sleep out in the snow, a foot or two deep. There is nothing terrible about sleeping in the snow or a snow storm for a night or two, with plenty of blankets, no matter how cold it is; but to continue doing so and travel, the blankets get wet or damp, so that one dreams of home, *sweet* home!

In accordance with the custom of the country, as a substitute for taxes, prisons, courts and lawyer gangs, I had a navy-revolver up to this time; but never having needed it, and it being cumbersome, disposed of it, and have never owned a fire-arm since, except a shot gun; though on a few occasions have found it necessary to carry a pistol for protection in kind.

There is scarcely any necessary occasion to lose horses or mules by cold or starvation in the far West. If they are not over-worked, they will stand any one storm. And there are genial valleys of sunshine, and grass in sight or accessible from most anywhere; also rabbits and other game are quite plentiful for parties short of rations. Therefore, the heroism (?) of men in command, for living on starved and frozen mules and for other hardships endured in the mountains, is a *humbug and outrage.* The mules should have been rollicking in a friendly vale, and the party living on jack-rabbits and venison.

Found the weather warm and pleasant when we got to Salt Lake Valley again. Being acquainted with a young man (working for Gen. D. H. Wells) who wanted a vacation for a week or two, I took his place—hauling lumber from a saw-mill to town.

Wells was third in authority in the Mormon Church and Masonic Order; had two wives (sisters), at this, his principal home, where they lived in good style, and several others in other parts of town. His appearance to an unadvised outsider was that of a clever gentleman. He commanded the Mormon Militia, which were now having their annual training. I had bought a horse and saddle—to travel on my own hook to learn more of this famed secret brother- and sisterhood of masons—loaned it to one of the boys to attend the training near town, and the saddle blanket being a fancy one, the General himself did not disdain the use of it from a wandering Gentile, in commanding the "mighty host," the same that "whipped the United States" under the renowned Albert Sidney Johnson, President Buchanan and company, in 1861. Or rather, "God did it," the secret brethren say.

To an inexperienced outsider, it is a real mystery how Brigham Young and secret brethren out-generalled, out-diplomated, out-witted and stripped our Government agents, and people in that squabble. They had done it before, and have done it ever since.

Those who worship secrecy, tact and success alone, should plant flowers on his grave and revere the name of Brigham Young.

They had committed many excesses and horrible crimes against outsiders in their secret order and tribal ways; openly, as well as secretly, dominated, repudiated and defied the Government, while Brigham Young was made Governor of the Gentiles in Utah, (being already chief of the Mormons), John D. Lee, Indian Agent, etc., etc. They having more influence at Washington than full-fledged American Citizens, because they had brother masons there—sent by thoughtless outsiders.

At last to appease public sentiment, by throwing dirt in its eyes, and to blindly aid and assist the secret brethren, an army of near 10,000 men, richly equipped with wagon and pack trains and supplies for *ten years*, was sent out to Utah; with the usual catering claptrap and out-cry of "enforcing the laws and crushing the Mormons." Then all was turned over - almost given to the before declared enemy, but now "repenitent and industrious citizens," who, meanwhile, among other outrages, butchered in cold blood 130 men, women and children, appropriating entirely the wealthy emigrant train, stock and fortunes of their victims. All this with the utmost impunity and almost in sight of a court-house of justice (?).

That was a white man's secret order, tribal tribute, led by a ring favorite of the Government—John D. Lee.

And right there to-day is one of the "grave yards!"

Wagons, mules, harness and fire-arms were most needed by the brethren at that time in their business. They worked diplomacy, tact and treachery on the Kentucky-California-bound emigrants, thus disarming them, but could not secure their property in peace without killing them, so they could not be "revengeful and make trouble."

But they could get the Government trains securely by diplomacy and secret intrigue, without killing a man, woman or child, though they paid a trifle of the money, meanwhile filched from the Government in the deal.

The army was disbanded at Camp Floyd when the supplies had been brought to their doors, where they were "sold" to the brethren, whom Officials are secretly sworn to assist and befriend, and whose secrets they are sworn to "ever conceal and never reveal."

Wagons worth two hundred and fifty dollars there then sold for fifteen dollars. Arms worth twenty dollars for two dollars, etc., etc.

Brigham "bought" $30,000 worth of pork at one cent a pound, and then *re-sold* it to Gentiles at sixty cents a pound, etc., etc.

Much of the supplies had just previously been bought here of the Mormons at fabulous prices.

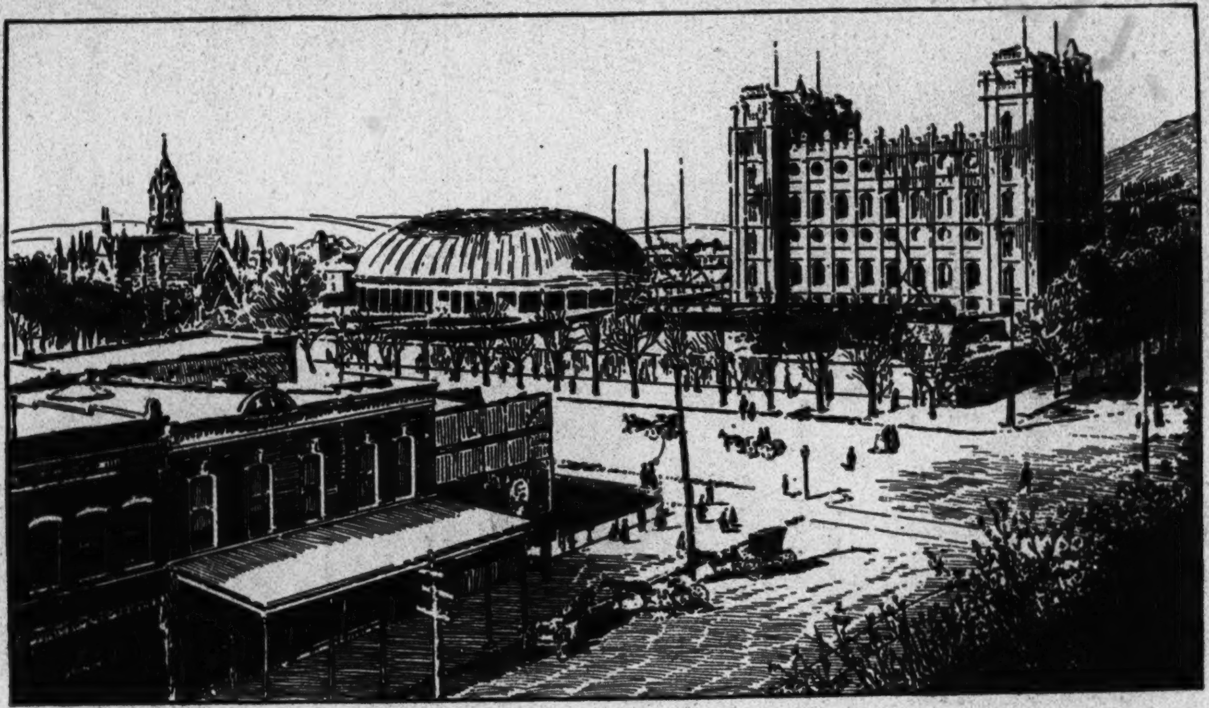
Great quantities of leather, harness, cavalry equipments, clothing, blankets, small stores, etc., etc., etc., were likewise turned over to the secret brethren, who dominate and direct the action of Government and Courts within their influence.

I was told that they were even allowed to run off Government mules by the band, and then sell them back to the Government thus prostituted, which then turned them over to the brethren for a song. The Mormons were thus greatly assisted in their business at the expense of the people, and their era of prosperity began at these fruitful victories over the Government. Mormons believe this out-come to have been secretly fixed, when the expedition was gotten up and sent to them.

The matter of the Mountain-Meadow massacre, and other like tributes to secrecy, they postponed with secret influence at court, for twenty years, until Royal Master Lee had gotten in bad standing in the order, and his life was about run out anyhow, when the brethren consented to give what was left of him alone up, as a sacrifice to appease and blind the people; as if they had lost their secret influence at court, and justice now prevailed. This was to be a receipt in full for such cowardly, treacherous, brutal murder for plunder of hundreds of disarmed men, women and children by *well-known* masons under the shadow of Court-houses of Justice (?) and the United States flag.

That company of emigrants could successfully defend themselves against the Indians, but could not do so against a gang of secret ring favorites in the Government. Nor can *anybody* when the courts are thus subverted.

About November first, started on my travels, horseback, to



THE MORMON TEMPLE, &c., SALT LAKE CITY.

the South. Weather in the valley was warm and delightful, while snow could be seen drifting and flying high up on the mountain peaks. One of these, Mt. Nebo, was said to be over 11,000 feet above the sea.

A hundred miles, and I was out of Salt Lake Valley, over the summit into a mountainous desert region (with some watered spots) sloping towards the Colorado river, some four hundred miles to the South.

Salt Lake Valley is the only farming country of any magnitude between the 98th longitude and California, except far to the North. This valley is thickly settled by the Mormons, with a considerable number of Gentiles at and to the North of Salt Lake City.

The Mormons live in villages with extensive lots for gardens and fruit purposes; have their farming and pasture lands fenced in common, and dig and own their water ditches likewise.

They adopted this system of living in towns as a protection against the Indians; but as they are confined to small farms of say, twenty-five acres, of which there are ten to fifteen thousand, the disadvantage in living apart from them is off-set by the saving in fencing, and social and school advantages gained.

Wherever a body or spot of soil is susceptible of irrigation, there is a Mormon village. The principal ones of these settlements, for some 75 miles after leaving Salt Lake *Valley*, are Filmore--once the capitol—and Beaver, on Salt Creek and twenty-five miles from the Mountain-Meadow graveyard. St. George is 350 miles from Salt Lake and on the Rio Virgin; there being some small settlements between Beaver and St. George.

Wandering along leisurely, reached St. George in about a month from Salt Lake; found it a fruitful oasis in the desert, nicely situated and laid out and of considerable importance and population. Snow seldom lays on the ground; a climate semi-tropical and as salubrious as can be found most anywhere; enjoyed the best appetite here I ever had. The soil is mostly a bed of sand, cleared off sage-brush, and water brought on it at an expense in labor of twenty to thirty dollars per acre.

Remained here a month with and working for an intelligent Yankee Saint, and they called me "Dodge's Clerk." This is how I clerked: Hauled lumber and wood from a mountain, twenty to thirty miles off; went on an Indian raid of a few days with a local company, commanded by a General; anyhow, he was a clever and agreeable man for the occasion, as were also the others of the company. Stock had been stolen from the range by the Navajoes, and the company went to overtake them, but did not succeed. Took a load of grape roots, cuttings, fig trees, and other things, to sell in the then extreme southern settlements on the Muddy Creek, 130 miles away, and twenty from the head of navigation on the Colorado river. Cotton was being raised here.

Sold out mostly on Sunday, as the saints had gathered to worship and do business. Remember their singing, "Hard times come again no more." Sunday is the principal business or trading day in mining camps and other new settlements with the Gentiles also.

The religious phase of the Sabbath or Sunday question, as to a particular day or date, is a tangled muddle anyway. About every day in the week is claimed as such by some numerous sect or people. In studying the question we find, that the changes in official calendars and the difference in time, on account of the motion of the earth, makes it too difficult to solve, to be honestly certain as to time, so it seems captious for people to quarrel as to the same. Let the general government name the day, as one of rest for man and beast, and enforce its reasonable observance.

An island and longitude in the Pacific Ocean, according to our official calendar, has two Sundays together for any vessel sailing West, and none for those sailing East. They must drop or gain a Sunday in passing this longitude.

I also got a load of rock salt at a mountain, or mount, of salt there. Much of it is so clear, one can read print through it some inches thick. Is mined with drill and powder.

"SALT DEPOSITS IN NEVADA.—VAST FIELDS OF PURE ROCK SALT TO BE FOUND IN LINCOLN COUNTY.

In Lincoln County, on the Rio Virgin, is one of the most remarkable deposits of rock salt on the continent, says the Dayton News Reporter. It is found in hills 500 feet above the level of the valley, and chemically pure. Blocks of it over a foot square are so transparent that one may read a paper through them. So solid is this salt that it must be blasted out the same as if it were rock. This deposit of salt lies about three-quarters of a mile west of the Rio Virgin and three miles south of the Mormon village of St. Thomas. There a body of this salt is exposed for a length of nearly two miles, which is about half a mile wide and of unknown depth. The deposit runs north and south and is seen on the surface for a distance of over nine miles. In places the canons have cut through it to a depth of sixty feet. At these points the Hiko company formerly blasted out the salt required in working their ores. This great deposit of salt is situated at an altitude of 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. It is undoubtedly very ancient, as in one place it has been covered by a flow of basaltic rock. In other places it is covered to a depth of from one to five feet with volcanic tufa. At Sand Springs, in Churchill County, besides the salt that may be shoveled up from the surface, there is found a deposit of rock salt fourteen feet in depth. This salt is as transparent as the clearest ice and does not contain a particle of any foreign or deleterious substance. It may be quarried the same as if it was marble. It is said that one man can quarry and wheel out five tons a day of this salt. It is only necessary to grind it to render it fit for table or dairy use. Sixty or seventy miles north of this, at the eastern base of the Dun Glen range of mountains, is the great Humboldt salt field. This is about fifteen miles long and six wide. In summer, when the surface water has evaporated, salt to the depth of three or four inches can be scraped up from the surface. Beneath the surface is a stratum of pure rock salt of unknown depth. This rock salt is so hard, that in order to get it out rapidly it is necessary to blast it. Were a branch railroad to run to one of these deposits, salt would soon be a cheap article in the United States. As there are in the same localities great quantities of soda, borax and other valuable minerals, it is probable that the day is not far distant when some of them will be tapped by branch railroads, which could be cheaply laid down through the level districts."

My route to and from the Muddy settlements and Salt Bank lay mostly along the Rio Virgin "river" (as most any stream is called in sections where water is scarce), the road crossing it in the quick-sand many times. The Indians (Pintes) had in cultivation a few patches on this stream, and the Saints had started a settlement, or two. But the bottom is too narrow to till, except in garden patches.

With the exception of bunch-grass, very wide apart, some sage and grease brush, the surrounding country is a barren, dreary, rocky waste. There is no soil on the highlands, even if there was water.—The principal wagon route from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, Cal., leaves the Rio Virgin by the most rugged hill I have ever seen to be travelled over much with wagons. It is two or three miles to the top, steep, and crossed with ledges of rock. While I was passing it, gazing at one of a train, high up on the hill, as the wagon was being tugged along with a well doubled up team; it broke loose, tumbled back, scattering itself between there and the bottom. I passed over the same route afterwards.

The Mormons, as a people, are as prosperous, contented and happy, perhaps, as any other people, who have to earn by toil about all they get, and their government is so administered that they come very near getting, holding and enjoying all they make; unless the tenth of what they produce, that goes for their general protection, welfare and enlargement, be excepted. Inasmuch, as they would need no costly protection, if polygamy was not openly practiced by the few, so long as similar secret order governments of oath-bound brotherhoods (called "masons" etc., instead of "church") are tolerated by the people.

The most of the Mormons dislike polygamy, and it may die. But *it* is not the worst feature of the system of Mormonism, as to the general government and the full-fledged citizens of the same, if the government is to be supreme and uncontrolled by secret *alien* kingly governments within.

There are but few salaried officials in the Mormon government—even the bishops draw no pay. The more able and ambitious frequently acquire considerable and exceptional fortune, but it is made by rugged industry, or filched from Gentiles. They are not permitted to trick or rob each other of their property, under any pretext. Lawyers are kept from power entirely—they are treated as pests, as grass-hoppers and chinc-bugs; except sometimes in dealing with outsiders. It is the business of the officials and dignitaries of the order to counsel, advise and protect any faithful brother in ordinary business pursuits and in their troubles with each other and with outsiders.

In case of trouble with outsiders, assistance is extended in usual and natural ways, and also by machinery of the secret order, which is worked in the dark.

They are a secret masonic order of various degrees, and bound together with masonic oaths, although there is nothing secret, sly, or mysterious in the first degree, whereby any person, and Indians in large numbers, are taken into the "church" or order without hesitation. They constitute a secret, mystic and complete government within, and distinct from that of the state; an irresponsible and foreign government, *to which they swear, with masonic oaths, supreme allegiance.*

But yet they are allowed to join in maintaining the forms and pomp of courts and government of the Gentiles, for use in dealing with and filching the outsider, and as a fortress of protection against them. Making of it a cat's-paw, a tool, a trap, a blind, a handy machine, worked and controlled by their secret, oath-bound obligations in the dark, where five men may overcome and override five thousand true citizens, which is very fine for the secret brethren. But the Gentile, or outsider, must suffer accordingly, for he has no assurance of security or justice, when treated or done for by either of the courts and governments thus managed and controlled in the dark. They are the power behind the throne, though it may be played so fine that, if the victim be ignorant, he does not understand it, and will blindly vote to sustain it.

About the only verdicts rendered by the courts of Utah against Mormons in good standing and influence in the order, are secured by special legislation of Congress, which would be overridden were Utah a state; and even in these comparative few cases, they have frequently beaten the cases against them by their secret influence in appeals, just as other masons do.

Polygamy is but a red rag of masonry, the spears and knives to stab the government are hid behind it.

The Chinese, Jews and Indians, in the United States, also cherish, maintain, and are governed by, a distinct alien government of their own; a state within the state. But *they* have the modesty to refrain, at least openly, from taking part in the government of the Republic. They do not intrigue and scheme for office under it, or to judge and govern anybody but themselves, which they do by their own alien governments. They love their big sun-flower titles, and pagan pomp and "mysteries" of idolatry, and worship the shades of Mogul Kings.

Though such people be naturalized or born in this country, they are not *real* citizens at heart of the Republic, but are practically foreigners, aliens, owing first allegiance and belonging to their own peculiar, secret, class and tribal governments, *wherein is their supreme authority and law, which they are sworn by horrible, blood-curdling, masonic oaths and penalties, to cherish and obey!*

What then becomes of our Government with these masons in office?

Where is there any standing room for it with them in command?

They cut it up and prostitute it as they do the marriage relation, and wave it as another red rag—in another phase of their play—to divert the sight and sense of the people, whereby they are thus shaded to get in their deadly work in the dark, thus working for universal conquest.

The religious phase and the polygamy rag of Mormonism is but lightly considered by the more intelligent Mormons. It is their *Government* that interests and attaches them. They do not conceal this in individual discussion. They know the corruption and prostitution of our Government so well, that, instead of joining to reform and clean it, they declare it an "ignominious and hopeless failure."

And we must honestly concede that this is partly true. For, with the boundless natural wealth from ocean to ocean, the country even already stocked with buffalo, elk, deer, fish and turkey,—the mass of the people ought not to be mere slaves to unrequited toil, corruption and tyranny. And could not have been much less prosperous under any other form of government.

The Mormons, indeed, even under their masonic-pagan theocracy or kingdom, have been more prosperous than the mass of real American citizens that have surrounded them.

This is also true of other secret masonic gangs elsewhere, and among the people surrounding them.

But they have stabbed, drawn, sucked and fattened on the heart's blood of the Government and the people.

Indeed, the prosperity of many an individual of the gang represents the downfall, ravage and misery of hundreds of the people,—men, women and little children.

Such "prosperity" (?) need not be boasted of to be believed. There are too many victims who too keenly *feel and suffer the fact* of such "prosperity" continually

At heart they do not like or respect even the form, or the great and beautiful sentiment of our government, which is the religion of real liberty loving Americans, who, in the face of all history and suffering, will fight to maintain it, work and vote to reform it, as their only hope for liberty and justice, and will never give it up for any gang, though they irrigate the ground with their blood!

Disdaining and detesting both the spirit and form of our government, as not secret, selfish, pagan and kingly enough for them, therefore, whenever they take part in it, it is not for it to work evenly, or to reform it, or clean it of the gang; but to secretly conspire to corrupt, debauch and use it for a cat's-paw to filch the people, and for a fortress to shield them against their victims.

But while scheming and playing for place and power in it, with brazen sarcasm, they sing patriotic songs and wave the American flag.

A strong, centralized government like England or Germany might, if any, safely tolerate various foreign secret government rings within their own, as they cannot exert as much influence and power there as in a republic. Yet these governments have had to watch and keep down all secret, alien governments and rings within their own, in order to keep their own power supreme and from being defied and overthrown.

I believe, that belonging to any secret sworn brotherhood, disqualifies a person for the holding of any public office in Germany and other governments in Europe, Central and South America. Consequently Jews and other masons belonging to secret alien governments, are punished for their crimes like other people.

This has to be so in republics if they are to endure.

All who vote or hold office under the general or state governments, should be dependent on that government alone for protection, justice and government; so that all would be interested in its reform and purity; making the one government simple, safe, supreme and *evenly just to all alike.*

Let those who are so selfish, clannish, crafty, sly-sneaking in the dark, grasping pagan and kingly as to not be satisfied with this, live and do as other and legal aliens do. For, aliens and often traitors they are.

> "When bad men combine [even by blood-curdling oaths in the dark], the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."
>
> "A monarchy may be free, whilst a republic may be a tyranny." When "servile millions kiss the spoilers' rod, crouch at their feet and tremble at their nod."

As to the Mormon wing or phase of this vital subject, let us not forget that, like other communities, multitudes and orders, there are good, bad and indifferent people among them. A Gentile might live and deal with them for years without any trouble, if himself be just, and he does not oppose their system. Being friendly towards them, should he get into trouble with another Gentile or a Mormon; the Mormon courts, as well as the other, are open to them. As they are both controlled by the masons, they stand a better show for justice in the more simple Mormon court, and if justice is what they want, both being Gentiles, they are quite surely satisfied with the result therein, which is not delayed, and they do not have to *buy* it, there being no "bar."

But if one is outspoken, or otherwise earnestly opposes their secret order system of government, he does not stand the ghost of a show for justice in Utah.

In the case of a Gentile against a Mormon, or a Mormon against a Gentile, the outsider stands just the same show for justice that he does outside of Utah in a court or courts controlled by members of secret order brotherhood governments.

Any observer can know, and all voters *should* know, the kind of a show that is, without learning by hard and miserable experience.

> "The whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system of government, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box."

As a rule, the Mormons deal honestly among themselves;

sometimes, however, they have to kill or imprison one of their number for horse stealing, betrayal, or other crimes against a brother. They transact their business and run their courts *without* lawyers or other vermin, to which they owe much of their prosperity and peace. *But this could be done just as well by the people under our form of government.* No honest court requires a lawyer in or about it. And the same price paid for their scalps by the state, as that now paid for more human and less destructive vermin, would make them harmless.

The Mormons have no orthodox or salaried preachers. Everybody is expected to be able to render something of a moral speech in meeting, and, being raised to it, they are more apt and able in that way than other congregations. They abhor profanity, and think about all Gentiles to be immoral and profane. It was said by some, that I was the only Gentile they knew, who was not profane. They tell of mules, gotten of Gentiles, that could not be managed, or made to pull, unless swore at by note.

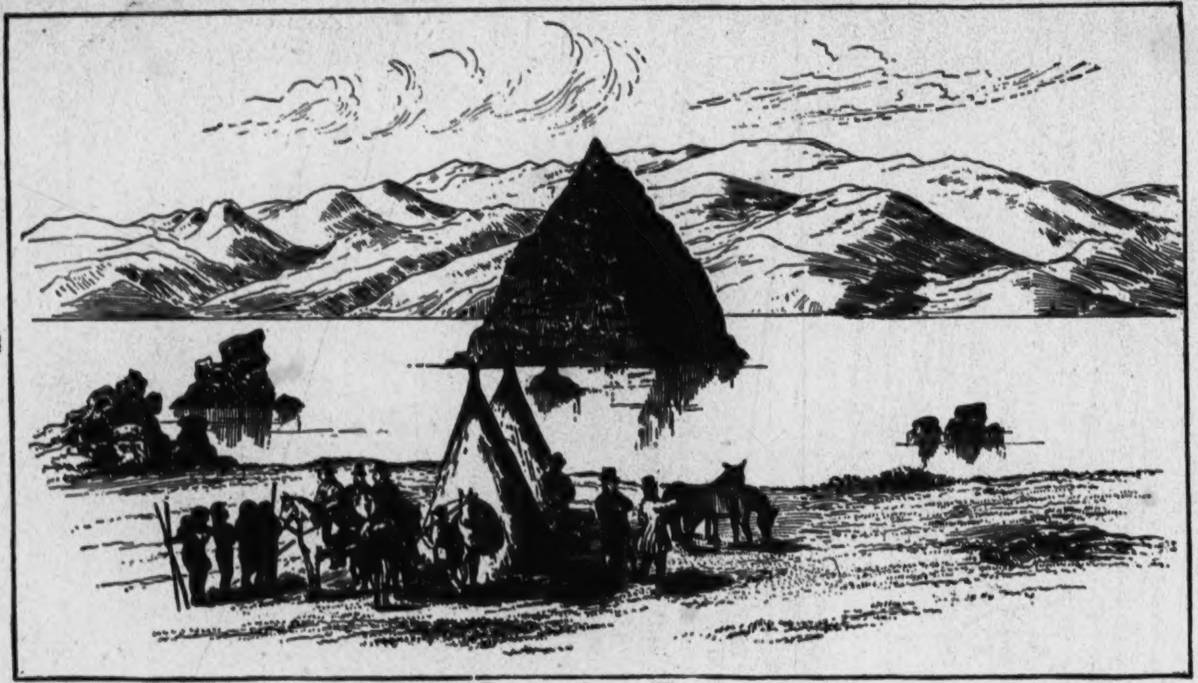
Their poor and distressed are liberally provided for from a general fund; there are none of them beggars.

A large portion of them are emigrants from other countries and their children; there are some from every section of the United States and Canada. The foreigners are principally English, Danes, Welsh, Norwegians, etc. As the Mormons settled in Utah in 1848, and were quite a body before in Missouri and Illinois, a majority of them were "born in the church" or order, and on American soil. They are masons therefore more of necessity than of choice,—which cannot be said of Gentile masons, etc. They are now about 300,000 strong.

The founders, chiefs, etc., were and are Yankee free-masons. They can pay to their brethren in Congress, courts and army big sums of money for bribery purposes and their mutual masonic obligations, and death penalties for betrayal insures secrecy and safety; and they are bound to assist their brethren without pay.

The Mormon endowment house ceremonies, oaths, obligations, penalties, etc., etc., are masonic.

The founders of the church-order set themselves up as another Moses or Mohammed, and their Sunday school books



Pyramid Lake, Utah.

teach it as truth as to Moses. Their secret order "church" is, like other speculative or spurious masonry, founded on humbug pagan "mysteries." Their bible being discovered and attached with about the same silly legend as that of the "Greatest jewel and mystery" of speculative masonry.

They have the "mystery" bible of their own, but use ours principally, in which they are well versed. They have much of it memorized. They are much given to prayer, and always pray for salvation through Jesus. Not all of their dignitaries practice polygamy, and, according to the records of the "courts of justice," there are but few cases of polygamy in Utah. But according to my observations and more reliable information than ring-ridden courts, about one married man in ten of them is a polygamist. Though, for saying this of any one of them, he could prosecute me for libel at the people's expense, and say, "Damn you, prove it," and I could not establish the plain fact in the courts. Such is their secret influence and power at court. And it is as wide and extensive as masonry.

The greatest comfort and protection a polygamist's wife has is in her children (they call the other wives of their father "aunt"). A boy will not see his mother abused or discarded if he can help it, which they often do. Still several sisters will frequently marry one man, one after the other, and the latter ones ought to know pretty near what they are about—as near as you or I could tell them.

Those of the saints who have travelled about and abroad, preach of the immorality and depravity, and dangers of the outside world, and—like in other secret lodges—picture Utah and the folds of the order as the only place where virtue and truth is regarded and protected.

They also make it appear, that all those who have taken an active part against them at any time, have been accursed by God and man; that many of them have repented, and beg of them in humility and tears for mercy and forgiveness.

If according to the courts there is so little polygamy in Utah, or if it be no crime; nor a crime to make an occasional killing and tribute against outsiders—as is done by the gang everywhere with impunity—then the Mormons are an exceptionally moral, virtuous, civil, cheerful, industrious and prosperous people. By the court records they are most exceptionally virtuous. And if these questionable deeds are the work of a small element only, which I believe to be the case, then they are that anyway, and in truth.

In four respects the Mormons are as far in advance of the Gentiles, as John Brown was of the republican party.

First.—In that they permit no gangs of parasites or artful tricksters to practice among them, so they all know and understand their laws alike; cases are judged and decided on their merits; and not being so many middlemen, they get the profit of their labor.

Second.—They first made woman suffrage universal, and they were no more "insulted" at the polls in Utah than at the post-offices. Those who would keep politics too secret, corrupt and unclean for their wives, sisters and daughters to know or touch, when their welfare and happiness is so greatly dependent on its purity, and who think it more out of place for an American woman to vote, than for an English woman to be chief ruler and make political speeches, should not complain when they reap the result.

Third.—They carry out and enforce their temperance principles and laws, without flaws, quirks or foolishness. There are hardly any saloons, gambling, or prostitution known in their community.

Fourth.—In their management of the Indians.

And yet, an outsider really has not equal security or even justice anywhere where their alien government or secret influence controls the government or courts, as could be vividly shown by the miserable experience of many falsely imprisoned, or robbed of their property, and by the bleached bones of so many others that have been "run over the ridge."

Having, by secret intrigue, conquered the United States Army, etc., when in their infancy, and Congress and the courts ever since, they have strong hopes of complete control and of universal conquest. Polygamy is their red rag in the conflict.

CHAPTER IV.

Travellers I met in Utah.—Leave Utah for the Los Angeles, Cal., country.—The company I travel with.—Danites.—The Indians on the road.—A Mormon "miracle."—Indian dialect.—Sand storm.—A mine in the desert.—The region from St. George to California.—Arizona.—San Bernardino.—Los Angeles, and that country.—Climate, soil, people and business in 1867 and 1884.—Land, titles, etc.

ON the roads, or by the ways in Utah, I met, or fell in with—besides the local travel—wandering Gentiles like myself, army deserters—who were aided by the Mormons, as they hate and detest the Government they prostitute—companies of miners on horse- and mule-back, with camping outfits, from Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Mexico and other sections, bound for other fields abounding in riches for them, in their imaginations and faith. Years afterwards I again met some of the very same in other places, they were still prospecting.

Soon after returning to St. George with my load of salt, in January 1867, I left the Mormon country for Los Angeles, Southern California, 450 miles distant from St. George, and 800 miles from Salt Lake City, much of which is wagon-wheel measurement.

The company I travelled with was composed of three Mormons with their families, going to join another wing of the church which is presided over by a son of the prophet Joseph Smith, and is gathered principally at St. Bernardino, Cal.,—they do not practice polygamy, which, I may here state, is not taught in the teachings of Joseph Smith, their founder. They considered it prudent to call their departure "a visit," until they got well on their journey, on account of the Danites of masonry. Also a wandering Canadian; a mining expert—on his way to report to his company at San Francisco as to the mines recently discovered in south-eastern Nevada; and Mr. Clark, with a hand, as he had two wagons with six-horse teams. He was chief of the party: a Mormon and polygamist, a clever man of exceptional large and wide practical intelligence and experience in the West and the world. Was going to Los Angeles for some stores and general store-goods for himself and neighbors. Had made the round trip to Los Angeles from Salt Lake or other settlements over this route twenty times on the same kind of business.

The Indians living on the road, knowing him as their friend and customer, were glad to see him and called him "Dan." He left corn with them—giving them a portion—to feed on his return; as we were now travelling over a vast mountainous, never to be reclaimed desert waste, destitute of soil, grass and even sage-brush in large portions of it for 250 miles, and very destitute of water, so each wagon was provided with a barrel for carrying water, and the animals had sometimes to do with corn or barley, without water or grass.

At the springs and camping places are living or camping little bands of the most destitute and degraded Indians I had or have ever seen. They live mostly on a species of cactus, roots, snakes, lizards, etc. The shelled corn we gave them they would but slightly roast in the ashes, and flour they would make into a half cooked mush, and the whole group, big and little, eat it hot out of the kettle with their delicate fingers, which they apparently never wash. Are composed largely of renegades from different regular tribes, they being in bad standing and more or less out-lawed.

Whenever we made a camp where there was some grass anywhere near, "Dan" would have the Indians turn over their bows (backed with sinew) and arrows (their only weapons) to him, and then turn our stock over to them to take out to grass, herd, and bring them in in the morning, saying, that if they wanted to run them off, they would do so anyway, and were more apt to steal them if he acted more distrustful towards them by the little guarding that we could do in a part of us going with them; besides, they valued him as an old friend and regular customer. He had always thus trusted even these renegades, and they had never betrayed him. And it was their country—all they had in the world.

After leaving St. George we forded the Rio Virgin river twenty-eight times—sometimes following in the quick-sand bed of it for a road—before we left it to climb the big hill to the west. This done, we had to return the stock way down back to the river for grass and water, as it was twenty-five miles to the next water and grass, over a rocky waste, which camp was on the stream *Muddy*, that was settled on far to the south-east by the Mormons. Forty or fifty hard looking and nearly naked Indians gathered about us here, as was the case at the camping places beyond.

The next stretch to water was about seventy miles to Vagas creek. Then water got so plenty that there was a little spring every twenty or thirty miles, till we got to a forty-five mile stretch, and there was no feed for three or four miles around the end of it.

The next dry stretch was fifty miles, followed by one of only thirty-five, which brought us down to the Mohave creek, where it was called the "fork of the road." (160 miles from Los Angeles). One fork leading south into Arizona to Camp Cada, Prescot, etc. It being travelled by big freight teams, with five hundred dollar wagons, having high wheels and tires four or five inches wide for the burning sands of this Colorado desert, and often loaded with even hay for government stock hundreds of miles away in Arizona; government trains and troops, to rob the Indians out of such a country, and to enrich the gang; a stage-coach and the mail, prospectors' outfits, etc.

We took the other fork leading to the sea shore.

We passed—about a hundred miles back in the desert—an abandoned barren quartz mine, that had been extensively prospected with shafts, tunnels, etc.; and this without an expensive quartz mill. In order to sell mining stock, it is usually necessary to buy and be at work on a big mill—the bigger the better—as an assurance that the thing will pay to work.

While the Sheriff was returning to San Bernardino from attaching the mine (?) for labor and supplies - as is also the usual thing—he was killed by the Indians.

A child in our party was taken sick so bad, we thought it would die on the road; so the brethren gathered around it and performed their sacred rite of "Laying on of hands" with prayer; and as in a day or two the little saint was running about, their faith was kept whole. This "miracle" may be in their Sunday-school books now, and highly colored, to strengthen the faith of future generations.

One of the party had an iron ex-wagon, and of course on a rough road an axle was broken off at the shoulder. But these western mountaineers are never put back much by a mishap of that kind. In this case an unnecessary bar of iron was soon taken off the wagon, run through the wheel, and lashed to the axle. These people will set wagon tires on the road, shoe stock, make and fit most any part of a wagon without tools, except an ax, bit, chisel and monkey-wrench.

Some Piute Indian words:—crovio—horse; murat—mule; nepute or ninnie—little; kawit—not any; tu-wich—very much; tiri—tired; sco-ri—cold; shangry—hungry; pe-up—big; wino—good; spits—spring; congaroo—run or go fast; shot-cup—food; muggi—give me; pe-nacka—mineral; camusha—another; napeas—money; oma—you.

The bottom of the Mohave (moharvey), along which we travelled for many miles, was settled in a rude way by hard looking citizens, who kept some little accommodations, canned fruits and other goods for sale, as are usually found at frequented camping places on the much travelled roads in the West.

The atmosphere was now more humid, mellow, and on account of the change, which in itself is invigorating, it was more bracing, and was so delightful and spring-like from here on to the coast, that I have often regretted that my lot was not cast in such a lovely clime and country.

Wild budding grape vines, green grass,—in places all over the ground,—flowers, trees, and even flowing water and singing birds could now be appreciated by us and enjoyed.

No wonder Mohammed had the Moslem heaven well supplied with beautiful shaded rivers, green grass and flowers.

A sand storm on the Mohave clouded the picture for a day, so we had to lay over on account of it.

A few days travel now and we had reached and passed over the Sierra Nevada mountain range, and were in San Bernardino, where we tarried a day or two.

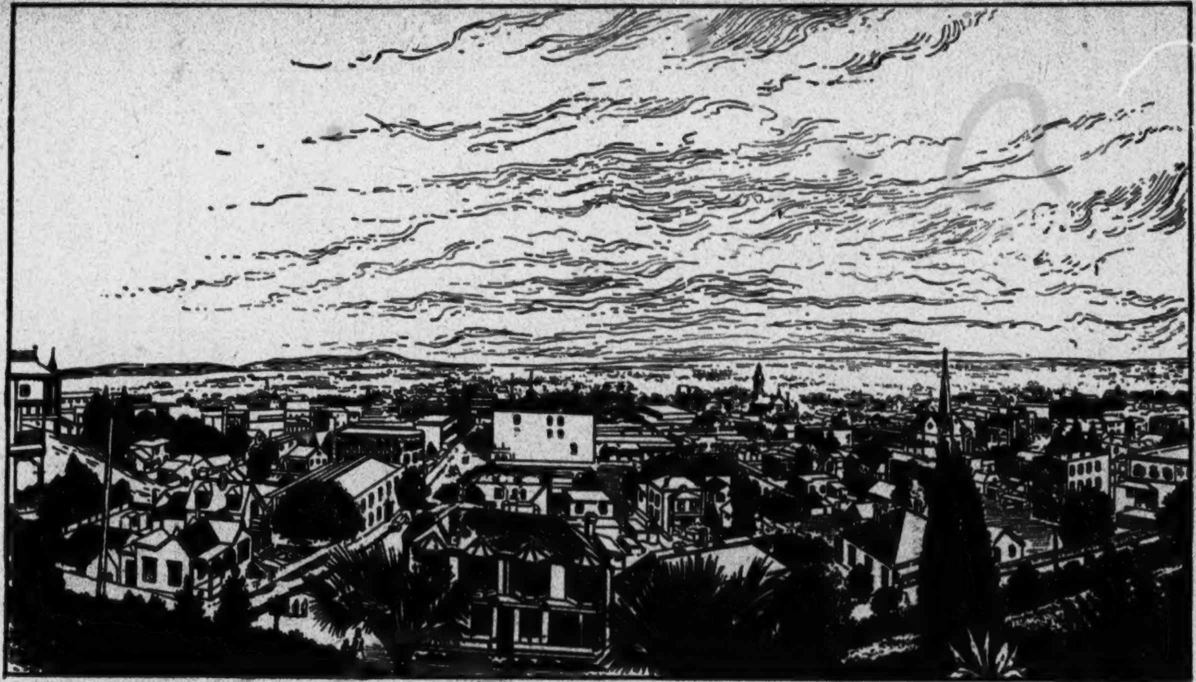
This place contained (1867) about four thousand inhabitants, of Mormons, Gentiles and Mexicans, the latter being Gentiles also. It is in a valley made fertile and enjoyable by a semi-tropical climate and a good supply of water. Wood and saw timber is also plentiful on the mountain near by, which is a rare advantage over most other places in this climate. It has the "wood water and grass," that the miner and camping traveller so often inquires about, also the soil necessary for independent homes.

This site was included in a Mexican grant, and was bought by the Mormons in early days, for a settlement of their own. But at the time the army entered Utah to fight the Mormons and enforce the United States laws,—as was supposed by outsiders—and the Mountain-Meadow massacre, and other tributes were levied against outsiders by the secret government, of which these Mormons were subjects, the anger of the Gentiles here-abouts, together with a call or order from the Grand Worthy head of their government, made them abandon their homes here and travel in haste to join their brother subjects in arms, at Salt Lake and beyond.

Notwithstanding the great disparity in numbers, arms and equipments at that time, they say "we thought that we might have to *whip* the United States Army." However, the Mormons *would* fight, if diplomacy, secret influence and intrigue failed in securing their enlargement; which is not probable, so long as they can meet on their level so many secret brethren in the United States Government and courts, who are secretly sworn to befriend them.

I met and talked with parties on the road, here, and at Los Angeles, who had had experience in Arizona. Many of them would praise that country as rich in minerals (and perhaps it is in a few little spots) and in fertile valleys, saying, they would soon return to their valuable prospects or interests there, etc. But on close acquaintance they would curse and swear and paw the ground, declaring that any one who could be deluded to *think* of living, or making anything legitimately in such a God-forsaken, howling, burning wilderness—"where it rains only sand, and the only vegetation is thorns and thistles, which differ only in variety"—should be assisted in their going, and learn their folly as they had done. And the phrase "Arizona liar" was a common one. Instead of giving the lie direct, one need only ask the gentleman "if he had been to Arizona."

I now comprehended the enticing tales like that of the



Los Angeles, Cal., from the Hill.

"bullets of gold shot by the Apaches,"—the "rich mines worked and left by the Aztecs," or later by others "driven out by Indians," etc., etc. Afterwards I knew different parties, well equipped with animals, arms, provisions, money, etc., to spend many months in prospecting there, but they always left it, dead-broke, disgusted and often on foot.

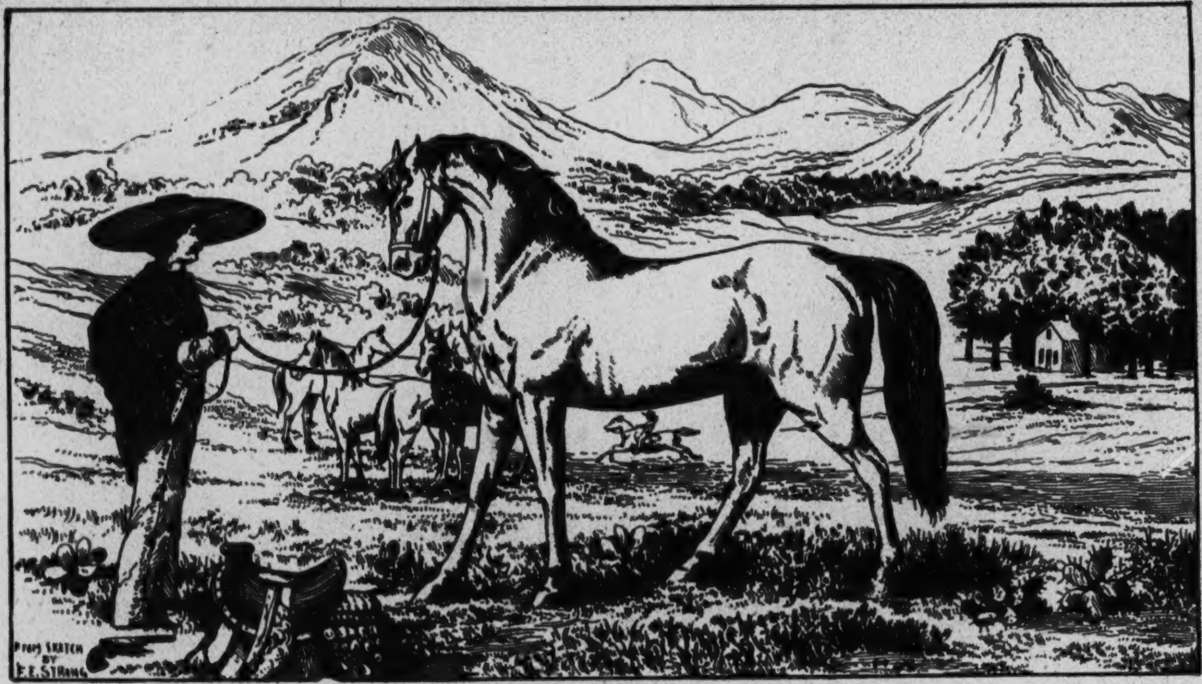
It seemed there was no way to learn the truth of that section, except by experience or instinct alone. How would I know that the army officers, other officials, editors, judges, and other prominent and respected men in the West, were "Arizona liars." Our parents and books did not teach it; our lecturers and preachers did not preach it, and the papers would deny it. It seems there should be somebody, to write plain, practical and truthful accounts of places, men and things, even if they are ridiculed and stabbed and nobody care.

"Truth ever lovely since the world began,
The foe of tyrants and the friend of man."

I noticed much good country between San Bernardino and Los Angeles—sixty miles—but little of it was then in cultivation. Much of this land could then be bought for ten, fifteen or twenty dollars per acre, now it is from one to two hundred dollars an acre. The soil is mostly a bed of sand, but with water it can be made to blossom as a Moslem paradise. There are some spots, however, where corn and other grain and fruits are grown in great abundance without irrigation. A few miles East of Los Angeles I remember riding over a level sage-brush and cactus stretch of several miles in extent, and also over the rolling hills between town and the sea, which were thickly covered with a kind of wild rank clover 'up to my knees,' which, however, would be dried up in April or May.

The streets of Los Angeles (Lost Angels) follow the windings of old stock trails, but there were some fine brick buildings and residences with tropical trees and gardens, that are lovely, indeed.

Los Angeles was an old Mexican town of six or seven thousand inhabitants. I think a majority in the county was then (1867) Mexicans, Indians, Chinamen, etc., and that the sheriff was a Mexican. The moneyed men were Jews and secret-ring army contractors, who were making big fortunes


From sketch by F. E. Strang

Mexican Herder.

out of the people in their contracts for cavalry horses and all kinds of supplies, and the freighting of it into Arizona and elsewhere (the government spent about 4,000,000 dollars in this way, at this point, each year); and they acquired large bodies of land and other valuable properties accordingly.

Common labor was twenty-five dollars a month. At some out-of-the-way places and at the saw-mills near San Bernardino labor was from forty to fifty dollars a month, and the favored contractors would sometimes allow outside freighters to make a few dollars by sub-contract and doing the work.

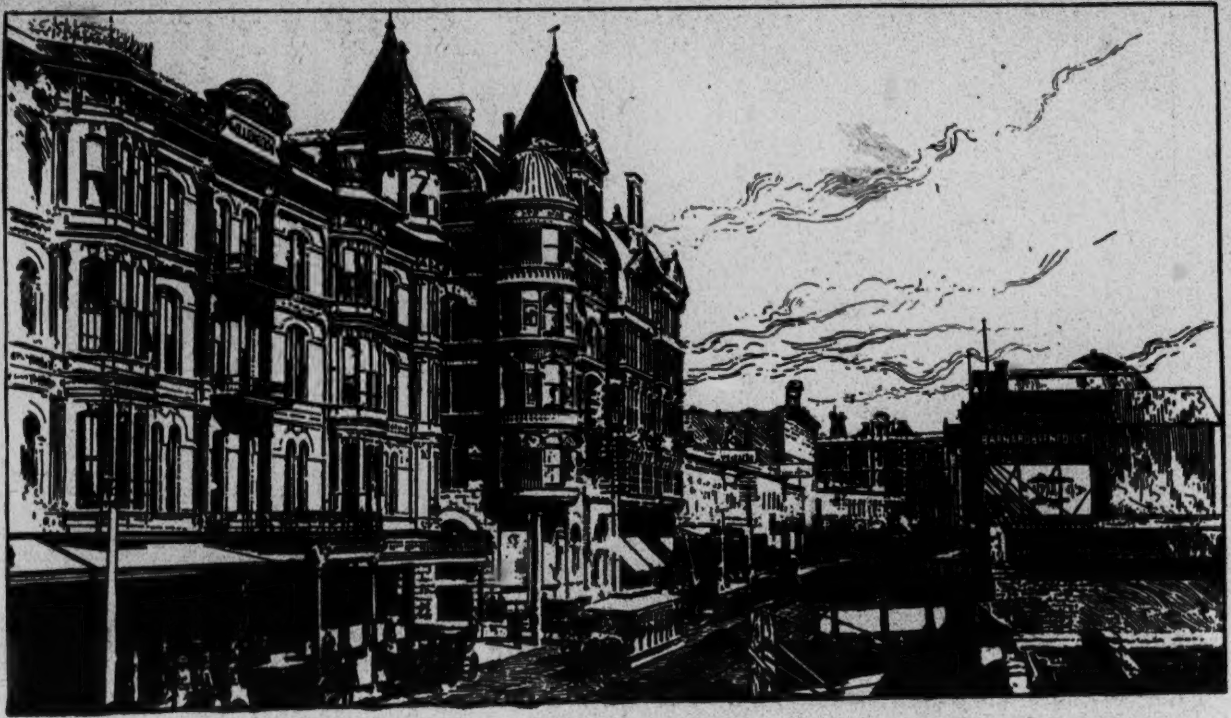
The Mexican population were mostly engaged in cattle, horses and sheep.

Mustangs—the common horses of the country—were sold by the band for about seven dollars a head. Large droves were being driven to the territories and the states; were worked into the government service at round prices, and stage companies all over the coast were using them largely.

In exceptional dry seasons the poorest of the horses have been driven over bluffs into the sea by the thousand, to save the feed for other stock. At such times, where the ranges are over-stocked, cattle, horses and sheep die by the many thousand in summer; the same as they more frequently do in winter on the ranges of the north-west.

"LOS ANGELES, January 11th, 1884.

Southern California, owing to its climatic position, being midway between the temperate and tropical, is known as Semi-Tropic California. It has about 280 miles of sea coast, with an average of 40 miles in width. This city is the commercial center of Southern California......There are three things that soon attract the attention of new comers. They are, the mild, salubrious climate, the wonderful productions of the soil and the beauty of the scenery. In speaking of the first, we notice from the signal service record that the average temperature of winter for six years was 52 degrees; for summer 67 degrees. The average difference between winter and summer is but 15 degrees. The temperature seldom gets to the freezing point in winter, or to 100 in summer. The cool sea breeze in summer gives an eveness to the temperature. There is really neither winter nor summer here but year in and year out is one continual season, similar to the

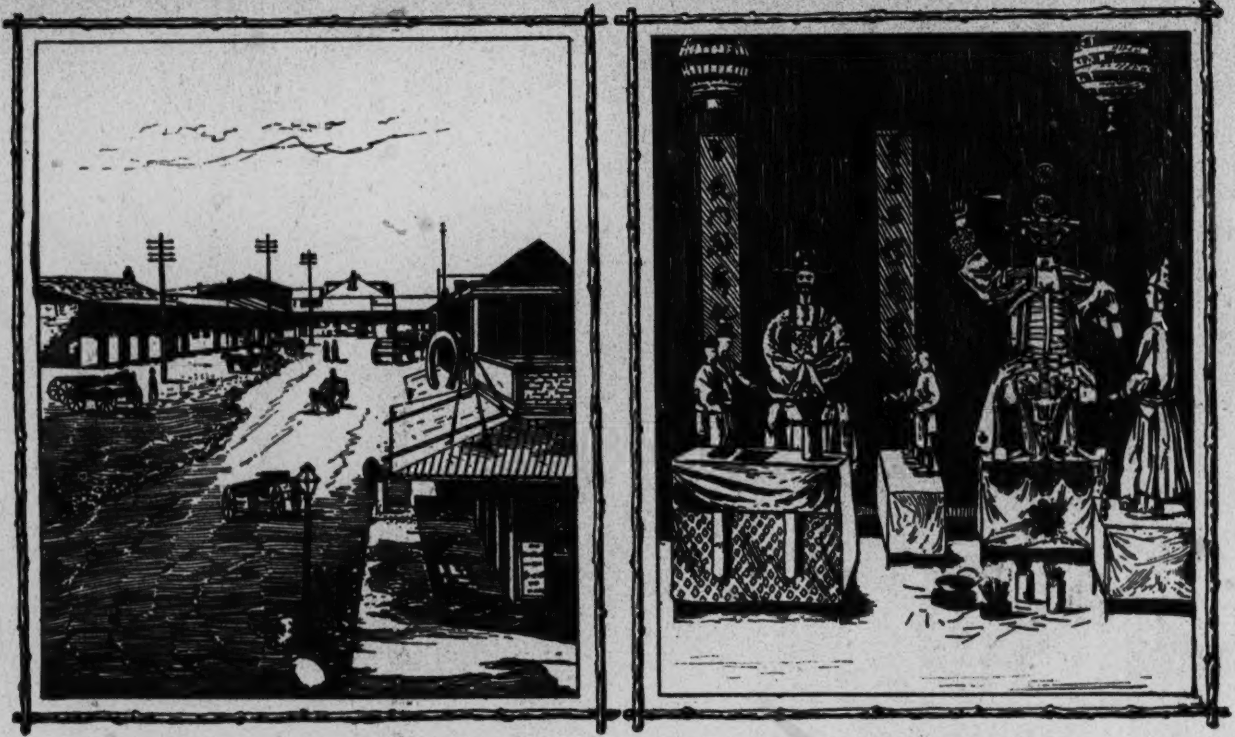


Main Street, from Temple Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

Indian summer of the Eastern States. Flowers bloom in profusion all the year; and, as an evidence that but little cold weather is experienced, we see sub-tropical plants growing out doors in the yards and hedges; geraniums and French roses bud and bloom all through the year. Tomatoes bear all the year and for two or three years on the same vines. Castor beans continue to grow and bloom from year to year, until the stocks get to be as much as six inches in diameter. Sorghum continues to grow from the same stock for years. Ripe strawberrys are gathered every month in the year. All kinds of garden vegetables grow all the year. "Spring chickens" are a misnomer here, for they are raised all the year round.

The lawns, fields and bluffs are greenest in the winter months, and more hay is fed in the summer, when the earth is dry and parched, than in the winter...... The larger tracts of land are being subdivided into five, ten and twenty acre lots, and sold to settlers for fruit raising purposes. In this way the country is settling up very thickly. The lands within five miles of the city sell, unimproved, for 100 to 300 dollars per acre; when improved and set in trees or vines, and having had five or six years' cultivation, with good dwelling and nice surroundings, they will sell at from 800 to 1000 dollars per acre......Evergreen trees grow here all the year. The range of rugged mountains to the north or northeast, with their peaks covered with snow, and the blue ocean and magnificent sunsets to the south and southwest, is a fitting margin to the intervening picture. Upon a high eminence in the city we get a view of the surrounding country. A circle of three miles in each direction from the court house will almost take in the city limits,—not all built up yet, but within that radius are 25,000 inhabitants. The sight is a lovely one. Many fine, palatial residences, with surroundings lovely as an idea, and thousands of acres stretching far away, thickly studded with orange, lemon, lime, olive, palm, cedar and cypress trees, with numerous semi-tropical plants, flowers and vines, make the scene one of rare beauty......Large orchards of the English walnut, almond and other nut-bearing trees are quite common. A part of the city is built upon the bluffs, from whence a grand view of the surrounding country can be had. The transfers of real estate within the city and county for the last two years foot up about 20,000,000 dollars.

J. S. F."



Chinese Quarter, Interior of Chinese Temple, (Josh House), Los Angeles, Cal.

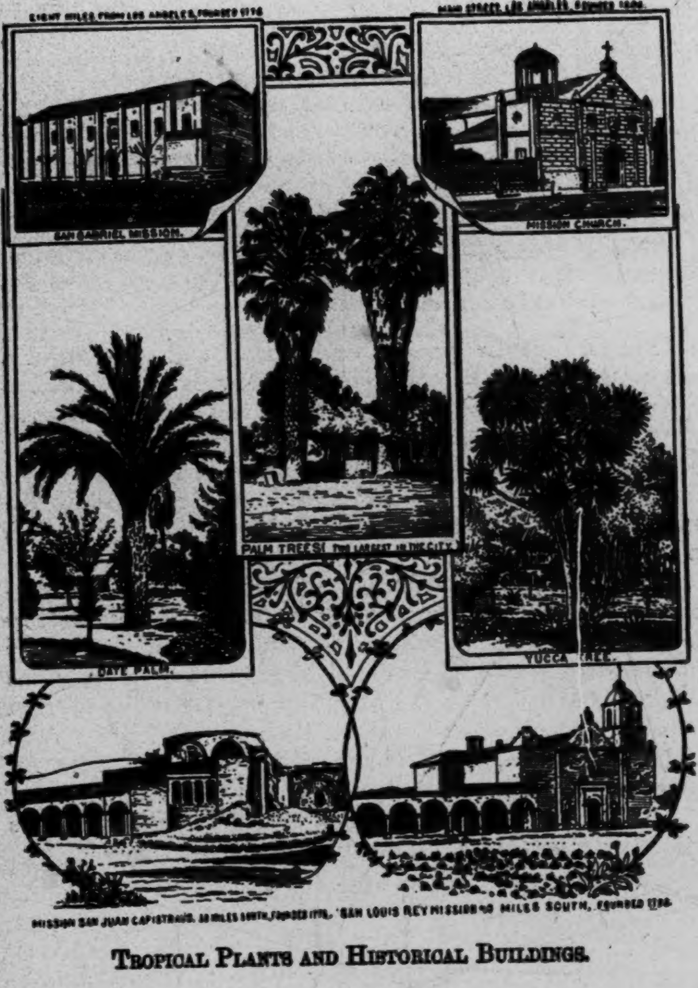
There are now many smaller towns, but similar to Los Angeles, throughout this section. Wells are bored and dug, and wind mills largely used in irrigating the land. And all the running water is appropriated for the same purpose.

Notwithstanding the apparent and real natural advantages of this section of country, the people, as a rule, were not prosperous and contented. Secret gangs of lawyers in conjunction with brethren in office in the State and at Washington, had conspired to cloud, mix, disturb and shatter the regular and legal titles to the greater part of the lands in the State; and to then, with the courts (composed of themselves), wring tribute on tribute from every man, woman and child who would own and till the soil.

"Yes," some said to me, "one can buy land here, but he never knows when he is done buying it, or when the title is settled for certain; that is all with the lawyers and courts, and is never really settled." "Doubt, insecurity, retarded progress, litigation without end, hatred, destruction of property, expenditure of money, blood-shed, all these have resulted."

If ever is truly written a complete history of but the land troubles in California alone, it will be wondered that lawyers are not outlawed and destroyed—not as men but as snakes, wolves and pests to society.

> "The man of law......
> Cunningly could he quibble out a flaw,
> And scratch men's scabs to ulcers."


EIGHT MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, FOUNDED 1776
MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, FOUNDED 1822.
SAN GABRIEL MISSION.
MISSION CHURCH.
PALM TREES. THE LARGEST IN THE CITY
DATE PALM.
YUCCA TREE.
MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, 30 MILES SOUTH, FOUNDED 1776.
SAN LOUIS REY MISSION 40 MILES SOUTH, FOUNDED 1798.

TROPICAL PLANTS AND HISTORICAL BUILDINGS.

CHAPTER V.

Leave Los Angeles for a new mining camp in Nevada.—The stock of a train captured by Indians.—"Death Valley."—Eighty-seven families, stock, etc., perish.—The surrounding region and its products.—How teamsters are revenged.—Comprehensive description of the mining camp.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we have struck it, hurrah!!"—A big Indian.—How Mining Co. officials steal.—Indian and white men hung.—The mode of government and trial.—Wages, living, business. etc.—The geological formation of mineral lodes, veins, fissures, etc., and placer mines.—Prospecting for and locating claims.—The right time to sell, etc.—Why mines are guarded with rifles.—How stock companies operate.—Why newspaper accounts of mines are not reliable.—The real prices paid for mines.—How stock, etc., is made to sell.—One and a half year's experience.

AT Los Angeles I formed the acquaintance of an agent of a mining company; he was forwarding by freight wagons a quartz-mill and supplies to their "rich and extensive mines" at Pah Ranagat in south-eastern Nevada. This was a new and glowing mining district then—at a distance, and he easily induced me to go to the mines with the train having the machinery. I was to run the engine of the mill at eight dollars a day.

Mr. Agent remained behind a few days to start and accompany an outfit of four wagons, four men, and thirty-five or forty mules and horses, with mining supplies. When on their journey, having camped for the night at an alkali spring on the desert, about 250 miles out from Los Angeles, two of the men being out with the stock, some Indians swooped in on them and run them off, to eat them; except two that struck for camp (as is quite usual), and one that was tied to a wagon.

Then three of the party stayed with the wagons, while the other two returned and procured other animals.

> "Yet happier those we name (nor name we wrong),
> Who the rough seas of stormy life along
> Have sailed contented; by experience taught
> Those ills to suffer, which their errors (or their fate)
> had brought.
> With placid hopes each torturing pang beguile,
> And welcome every sorrow with a smile."

We travelled a different road part of the way to San Bernardino, then took the same I have described, for about 250 miles, when we turned north for about 200 miles (wagon wheel measurement), to the mining camp of "great possibilities."

After leaving the Mormon road, we found water at from twenty-five to forty-five miles travel—one of the stretches being thirty-five miles. Passed along the border of Death Valley, said to be below the sea level.

"THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—A spot almost as terrible as the prophet's 'valley of dry bones,' lies just north of the old Mormon road to California—a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of a bird or wild beast never darkens its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific railroad engineers discovered [?] it, and some papers, which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing of the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from their party. The leader turned due west, and so, with the people and wagons and the flocks, he travelled three days and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white sands, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died. And the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. The children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and, with swollen tongues and burning vitals, the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here; and now, after twenty-two years, the wagons stand still, complete, the iron-works and tires are bright, and the shrivelled skeletons lie side by side."

This region produces many varieties of cactus; some being a foot in diameter and about twenty feet high, and in spots like a thick forest. The dead trunks made good camp fires.

There is alkali and soda in extensive banks and quite pure, so that, when it rains, the water running from it looks like milk. There is also petrified wood, chalk hills, vulcano craters and lava flows, and dry lakes, five to ten miles in extent, smooth and hard as a floor.

Lizards, centipedes and Indians bask in the sunshine, each apparently contented with his lot, and sometimes there are vast swarms of grasshoppers, but they fly away.

It was said, that the freighter who brought the mill, had the faculty of tricking his men out of their wages, so that on reaching Salt Lake they stole the burrs from his wagons in revenge.

I found a mining district, and a county (Lincoln) had been organized, embracing the mountain spur, containng the mineral bearing quartz rock,—the highest peak (which was composed of barren quartz) being some 9000 feet above the sea—a small watered valley, fit for farming and stock raising, ten or twelve miles away, having large flowing hot sulphur springs, and enough of the adjacent country for an extensive grasshopper and lizard range, and to show big on a map.

There were five little camps; three being in the mountain, and two in the valley,—one of which was the county seat and the other had wanted to be. They each having water—both hot and cold. One of the three camps in the mountain was supplied with water from a spring, three or four miles away, at ten cents a gallon; each of the other two had small springs.

There was some timber (pine) on the mountain, and lumber was whip-sawed for $150 a thousand feet, also a good deal of scrub-nut-pine for fuel and producing food for the Indians.

The district contained a migratory, ever changing population of about 250 men, from every quarter and station; less than a dozen women and children, and the usual complement of Indians.

These Indians are simple as children, and degraded in their habits, but as proud, patriotic and jealous of their possessions and fame, as a subject of the white Mormon secret state. Their chief had recently met the Governor of the State (Nevada), and to impress him with their equal importance,

Pi-Ute Indian Camp, Nevada.

addressed him thus:—"You big chief: *Me* big chief too; You own Virginia City, Austin, Carson, etc., etc.: *Me* own all of this, that, and the other mountain, and all of these valleys, waters, etc., etc.; You *heap big* son of a b—h: *Me* all the same."

There were now three quartz mills in the district, with more to follow, and most everybody had "feet" in mining claims. One had sold for $50,000, and they were singing, "hurrah! hurrah!! we have struck it, hurrah!!! the Gentiles have struck it in southern Utah." It was at first thought to be in Utah.

Miners' wages were six dollars a day, mechanics' eight dollars, and boss mill builders' twenty dollars. But there was not much employment to be had; there being always an over-supply of men, and the pay was mighty uncertain.

Merchants charged, on an average, about 300 per cent. profit on their goods, expecting this to be somewhat reduced by bad debts, as credit is seldom refused.

There was no smaller change than twenty-five cents, which was the price of drinks, etc. Board, fourteen dollars a week, though "baching" was the rule at an expense of about one dollar a day. Flour, thirteen dollars a hundred pounds. Sugar, butter, coffee, at seventy-five cents a pound. Boots, thirteen dollars a pair. Grain and potatoes, ten cents a pound. Hay, fifty dollars a ton. Wagon spokes and ax handles, one dollar to one dollar and a half each. Hard lumber, one dollar and a half per square foot. There were similar mining camps, 150 miles and more away; and Mormon settlements as near as 175 miles, which sent in their produce. The Mormons like to have mining camps spring up around them, for the market they afford them. They thus got six dollars a bushel for all their surplus wheat for several years, other produce in proportion. The mines, and the California and Oregon bound emigration trains, and United States troops constituted their markets.

The Mormons never mine themselves, except for wages. The counsel of the order being against investing any money in mines; knowing, that as a business it does not begin to pay, except with other people's money.

There being no home influences or comforts in mining camps, the saloons are the universal place of resort, for company, business and pleasure. Stores and saloons are frequently connected. And all men are expected, as good citizens, to contribute towards making things lively and times good for those who do not work, by spending their money for whiskey, in gambling, and at the stores. Those who would do so freely, and in advance, stood the first show for employment,—as good as those who were secret ring brethren. An employer could thus throw money into the pockets of brethren behind the counters and tables. Men seeking employment, on going to such places, should be broke and forthwith run saloon and board bills, and let them hustle up jobs for them.

Mining superintendents get a salary of about $5000 a year, and what they can safely steal; which is in proportion to the amount of business done and money handled. They are usually ring brethren of the chief men of the company, with no business ability or character necessary for legitimate success; but they must be cunning in their stealing and trustworthy in dividing. Expenses incurred are largely increased in the books, this is one of their ways. I knew the bookkeeper of a management that had him add one hundred per cent. to all expenses, or so it would average that. $100,000 expended in a quartz mill, can be made to blossom into $376,911.09 in the books to the outside stock holders; other expenses likewise.

There were state and county ring machines of government here, but they were discarded by the people for the government of the plains—carried in every man's pocket, or swung to his belt. For example:—an Indian having killed a white man, was, with others, captured, tried without lawbooks or lawyers, and hung; the others being acquitted.

A white man, of considerable eminence in the states, murdered another for his money; he was likewise given a fair, open trial and hung.

An employer undertakes to trick his men out of their money; knowing that he has it, one of them presents a pistol at his head, with the proposition to pay or die—he pays.

A boisterous desperado undertakes to "run the town," runs against some quiet little man, who kills him in his disgust at the cowardice of the famed bullies and toughs of the camp.

The people were not afraid of, or prejudiced against the professional gambler and sharp, but they had no use for the mysterious midnight trickster and confidence man.

I have noticed that the more frank, generous and honorable of men, who have had experience with the different governments, prefer this government "by the people, for the people," to that of gangs of lawyers; because secret gangs do not protect what honest industry procures.

While the selfish, grasping, criminal natures, who would get on by secret intrigue and the misery they make, are wedded to the lawyer gang system.

"They are never happy, except when they destroy
The comfort and blessing which others enjoy."

As to the geological formation of mineral lodes, veins or deposits, let the curious, as to this, imagine a mountain in a molten state; then towards and at the surface it has become cool and hardened, with a seething, blubbering mass of molten quartz, mingled with mineral, shaken, settled or run together, still in a state of volcanic action underneath in the bowels of the mountain; the volcanic action, being now more confined, becomes more violent, and the mountain above cracks open, in one or more fissures or cracks; the seething, blubbering mass of quartz-rock and mineral boils and spurts up into the fissures or cracks, till their sides ("wall rock") are smooth as glass; it finally cools and hardens there into solid mineral-bearing quartz-rock. If it is pressed, spurted, or flows out at the surface of the cracks, then out-croppings are formed, and bowlders and bodies of this mineral-mixed lava are mingled with the surrounding surface of the mountain; perhaps, in time, this is partly or completely covered with other rock, soil and vegetation. Usually it appears that nearly, or all of the mineral-bearing rock had thus flowed out and scattered about, and the fissures or cracks had then settled back or closed from beneath, or else filled up with ordinary rock or lava, which may crop out and be scattered about also. Or the fissures, cracks, may be filled with quartz, barren of mineral; nearly so, or except in spots (called "bonanzas" or "pockets"), or except in perpendicular streaks (called "chimneys"). There are plenty of ledges, fissures, etc., in quartz and mining districts that are not loded with metal. But gold and silver is usually formed or mixed with the character of rock, called quartz.

These cracks, fissures or lodes may be very deep, farther down than has ever been reached by man, (about 4000 feet). When deep, they are called *true* fissure veins, and trend in direction with the range of mountain - usually northerly and southerly. But they usually contract with depth, "pinch" or "peter out" at a short distance below the surface ; this is most always the case, if rich in the precious metals, otherwise they would not be precious. If there is no out-cropping to a ledge or lode, and it is covered with the country or common rock, or with ground, it is called a "blind ledge" or lode. Imagine again, that the mountain, on cooling, had many surface cracks or seams (which, when leading to or springing from a main or larger one, are called "spurs") and also cavities, caves and pockets, and that a portion of these are filled with the flowing and rolling quartz, more or less mixed with mineral.

In lead districts, molten lead and rock seems to have flowed for many miles, filling up the holes and low places in the way. Afterwards, other flows of lava have more or less covered these deposits and formed stratas of rock over them. Afterwards, earth-quakes and the wear of water may have changed the lay of the land.

In a mineral district, the ledges or veins of quartz-rock—either barren or containing valuable mineral, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc.,—also all of the bowlders, scattered bodies, filled cracks, holes, deposits, etc., showing signs of mineral, are, when discovered, each located as a mining claim and recorded. A mining claim may (in late years) embrace as much as twenty acres of ground.

The richest rock is, as a rule, found at or near the surface of the ledge ; though richer pockets may be found deeper down. The rich rock of the "bonanzas" struck deep in the great comstock, was very low grade, compared with that found at the surface of the ledge.

When one has a quartz claim and can find a man with money, who thinks the rock will improve, or that the ledge will widen out as depth is attained, *sell it to him, quick.*

However, if the rock will pay to work, he and his partner can blast it out and sell it on the dump; have it worked by some one of the mills that are already, or will be, built, if there is a prospect of much pay rock anywhere around. Or, if it is rock that is not difficult to work, they can put up an erasta, hitch their horses to it, and work a ton or two of rock a day themselves. But a claim that has really good prospects in sight, can be sold, for more than it is worth to work, to some gang of mining sharps who will work it off for a yet larger sum, with a "half interest" or stock game, to "raise money to develop or work it," etc. A good mine, or a good prospect even, does not need to be advertised or puffed in newspapers to find a customer. *It would be foolish to put up ten dollars on anything that might be written in a newspaper about a mine.* If it is a big bargain, do not think that the owner will hunt up strangers to favor with it, or permit them to enjoy it at all.

If a mine is really rich and is to be honestly worked, it is to the interest of the owners, in various ways, to keep its value hid as much as possible, and *they never fail to do so.*

Persons that have never owned enticing property, have no idea of the midnight conspiracies, that set to work to rob the owner of such properties. The gang conspires to have the courts in the hands of secret brethren, with whom they can secretly and safely deal, and then, by hook or crook, some little technical error (?), done for the purpose to get the property in the hands of the courts. Or the gang may "jump" it, when, if they are not killed, the court comes to their assistance, by taking and keeping the case in court until the mine is worked out—twenty or thirty years, if necessary. For example, a clerical error (?) of, I believe, but a *single word,* done in the patent to McGarahan, was excuse enough for the courts to take his mine, give it to some brethren, and keep it in court as long as the owner lived—about thirty-five years. Besides, taking all the means he could raise meanwhile. So that it is necessary to defend such property with rifles and shotguns, which is often expensive. And there are other reasons, as can be imagined, why rich strikes are concealed and not advertised.

In prospecting a new locality for quartz mines, one rides through the gulches and ravines, looks for pieces of quartz or "float" rock, which may have been washed by the elements from ledges or other bodies of it above. If any promising pieces of rock are found, the hills and mountains above where it was found are carefully looked over, to find where or what the "float" was detached from. The distance it has travelled is judged by the amount it is worn.

Frequently the out-croppings, bowlders and other surface quartz, as heretofore described, have decomposed and been washed, with their gold, down into the gulches and streams, with gravel, and other dirt washed over it—*thus forming the Placer mines.*

There were, perhaps, one thousand mining claims located and recorded in the Pah-Ranagat district. I had first seen specimens from some of them at Salt Lake; they were highly colored, and enticing to look at. This is one way of advertising a mining camp and particular mines: I mean, to exhibit rich pieces of ore.

But the ore in this district was base; that is, it contained besides silver, sulphur, antimony, copper, iron, lead, etc.; it being therefore refractory and costly to mill, separate and work. It was also very hard to drill and blast. Then it was a low grade ore, say ten dollars to thirty dollars in silver to the ton of rock. Pieces could be selected that would assay very high, while much of it was quite barren.

There is generally one principal or main ledge in a mining district, and one only; the rest being smaller cracks, spurs, bowlders and other little bunches of quartz. The principal ledge in this district cropped out boldly, ten or fifteen feet high in places, was two to ten feet thick, and was traced more than half a mile in length, certainly a fine prospect for a true fissure vein; but it did not prove to be so. The country or common rock was limestone, in which formation I believe there is hardly, if ever, any true fissure veins. Granite is the most favorable formation, it being composed, in part, of quartz. Still this ledge had depth enough to produce a great deal of ore, and so had various others. But the distance to water, to which the ore and wood had to be hauled, the high price of freight and labor, and the incompetent and swindling management would not allow such rock to be worked at a profit.

The discoverer of the main ledge secured the greater part of it, and sold it to a stock company for $50,000, which did the usual thing in expending perhaps $1,000 a day, for two years, in salaries, etc., building mills and furnaces, blasting tunnels and shafts, producing a few hundred dollars in bullion *and selling stock.* Suppose the management sold three and a half tons of stock to outsiders for $1,500,000, and their actual expenditure to have been $500,000, then they made $1,000,000 in two years. Moreover, had they developed a valuable mine, or struck it rich, they would have shut down just the same so as to buy the three and a half tons of stock back for about the cost of the paper and printing, and would not allow the mine to pay until this was accomplished. This done, the "bonanza" would be uncovered, bullion produced, and so magnified and advertised as to re-sell the stock for ten times the real value of the bonanza. Think not, that they would sell the stock or mine or any portion of it at a good bargain to strangers! Much less that they would spend money like water in advertising and hunting up strangers to favor thus.

A smaller claim (400 feet long), supposed to be of the same vein, was discovered to a man by an Indian for about fifty dollars, who sold it for one hundred and fifty dollars, which then went into a stock or share company. Don't know, how many "ten thousand" dollars were written in the deed, nor does a seller care. Another claim, located as an extension to this, was sold by an intelligent and practical miner for a saddle horse; which claim also went into an eastern stock or share company, with its big-salaried officers—ignorant as Indians as to legitimate business and management. They each bought mills, etc., the first thing, as though their rock would pay to work and their saddle horse claims had been developed into true fissure veins. One of them produced three or four hundred dollars in bullion.

How much these masons made by selling stock, shares, "half, quarter or tenth interest," depended on how many idiots of outsiders they found willing to trust their money to secret gentry of a charitable (?) order, thus leaping into the dark,—and how well they were fixed with money.

It was the agent of one of these latter companies that I met at Los Angeles, and one or the other of them I worked for the greater part of my stay of about a year and a half in the district.

I and another man had a contract to furnish the greater part of the timber and joice for the building of their quartz-mills and furnaces. It had to be sawed or squared with whip-saws. The price was one hundred dollars per 1000 feet in the woods. We could saw about 300 feet a day. Gave a man with three yoke of oxen thirty dollars a day to snake the logs together.

Then I worked in the mines at six dollars a day, and for two or three months was night watchman at the mill, etc., at seven dollars a night.

The mills, etc., being completed, spoiled the sale of stock, as the rock would not pay to work, and the companies, being in debt for labor and supplies, let the property go, and the agents skipped out. They owed me about one thousand dollars, for which I had their notes, which I placed in the hands of an ex-Chief Justice of Utah for collection from the company in New York. I also corresponded with its president and agent; got some encouragement for several years, but never got any money.

There were other companies besides those noted, that operated, more or less, on other ledges in this district; but what I have given is a fair illustration of the others and of quartz mining generally in the many other quartz districts.

A few other persons besides those alluded to, made some money by selling their claims, and some others got away with a few hundred dollars, made by working for wages or on contracts. But the most of the money, made by selling claims, working for wages, or otherwise, that was not spend for whiskey, etc., was squandered in prospecting, in one way or another, as I did.

There were prospecting parties out for hundreds of miles in all directions all the time, in some of which I was always interested. One of these went into Death Valley and beyond, thinking that it ought to contain lots of mineral, if it was "very good" for anything, as it lacked in everything else but sunshine and sand. They found but slight prospects and returned, riding and packing the shadows of death. If artesian water can be got, and it is not salt, this valley can be made very productive, there being plenty of sand and climate.

The Pah-Ranagat mining camps were entirely deserted (the population going to White Pine), and the county organization was abandoned, when the taxable properties would no longer sell for the salaries. It was never of any use to the people. The little watered valley now supports a small Mormon settlement.

Yet there is much silver-bearing quartz in the mountain, which, with improved facilities in working the ore and in transportation, with honest and intelligent management, will pay to work, as a legitimate business, and pay well.

This is a fair sample and example of many other districts with which I became acquainted; so to describe them would be but to substantially repeat, what I have written as to this one. But as White Pine was "heap big" c-h-i-e-f, as to fame, excitement, population, richness of its ore, big swindles, fond hopes and regret, and as I was there from its rise till it tumbled down, I will give my information and experience briefly, concerning the same.

CHAPTER VI.

The mines, *continued.*—Exciting reports from a distant mountain.—Outfit one of a party to go.—What he wrote me.—"Ho! for White Pine!"—The richest silver mine ever discovered.—The pure stuff.—I go, too.—Visit another camp on the way.—My horse and saddle "borrowed."—A big camp ablaze with excitement.—Belief that the stuff could be found anywhere by digging.—The many thousand "mines."—"Brilliant schemes."—Blubbering investors from the states.—Life: gambling, drinking, business and damnation.—Making big sales, etc.; the outcome.—Another year and a half of lively practical experience in the mines.—The many smaller camps in the surrounding region.—Virginia City and Gold Hill.—The great Comstock lode.—The Bonanza and other great stock gambling mines that we read of.

WHEN stories, that the since famous Eberhardt mine (then, and yet declared, and perhaps truly, to be, and to have been the richest in silver ever discovered in the world) had been struck at White Pine, I outfitted one of a party to go and prospect the mountain in its vicinity.

It succeeded in locating a claim as near as one hundred feet of the Eberhardt itself, besides others, as enticing; and with glowing prospects or faith, forthwith blasted a hole forty feet deep into the former. Somehow it was believed, that the stuff could be struck, as lead is often found, with little or no surface indications, most anywhere in that vicinity.

My partner embraced an opportunity to send me a letter; he wrote, "We have one first-rate lead and continue to work on our shaft. Shall know this week whether we are in or out of luck. They are striking it all around us. If we do raise the color it will be *rich, sure.*"

On my way to White Pine—150 or 200 miles distant—I stopped a few days in "Grant district," with a prospecting party, with whom I was likewise interested. They had formed this district. Had discovered and were prospecting some quartz ledges, and the prospects and outlook were such, as to induce parties owning a ten-stamp quartz mill to contract to move it there, set it up, and give and take a half interest in each. The mill was then on the way, one of our party having gone out on the trackless desert to meet the train and pilot them into the mines. The rock, however, was refractory to work and not rich enough to pay at that time—or so it was made to appear. But some years afterwards I read that these mines were being worked. I was riding a horse and saddle, for which I had paid $150, (having other animals with prospecting parties) and on approaching White Pine left them in the care of an old friendly acquaintance, who was then keeping a horse ranch,—that is, herding horses for the miners and others who were stopping up in the mountains, where there was no grass or water—where the winds beat against the bleak and barren cliffs, and the birds never sing. I told him, as a friend, to use my outfit as his own, on any needful occasion. He afterwards did so; having sold out, he rode it out of the country—not even calling around or sending word to thank me, or say good-bye.

Found White Pine ablaze with excitement. The hills and mountains (9000 feet high), quite thronged with men, eagerly and confidently at work with pick and drill, hunting for the precious ore.

The Eberhardt mine was at its best, turning out, with common rock, nearly pure virgin and horn silver by the ton. Bowlders of which one could bore an auger through. A guard of several men, armed with rifles, guarded the mine at ten dollars a night each, to keep it out of the courts.

A Governor of Colorado was killed by mistake, by his own men, who were thus guarding a mine of his. And Uncle Sam likewise guards his silver at the treasury, and with grape and canister, wherein he decides not to be robbed—having no confidence in his own courts. I note these only as prominent examples of a common custom and necessity, to stand ready to kill men in defence of mere property. Why should not other classes of robbers, those who pillage by secret intrigue and treason, be likewise killed in the act?

Deposits or bodies of ore, more or less rich in silver, were found in various places, some of which lay flat like coal. This, with the magnified flaming stories and rich strikes, that were continually flying in the air, increased the excitement to such a pitch, and as the Eberhardt itself was but an irregular body of ore at or near the surface, that it was the general impression that this district was nature's freak, so that silver could be found for a mile or two of the Eberhardt, as readily as lead is found in galena districts; and that it was "rich, sure."

Moreover, there were many small lead deposits in the "base mettle range," in the district close by, which always carried silver. There were also many well defined ledges of quartz (but which were prospected in vain). So tunnels and square holes were being blasted by the hundred. In many cases without any surface indications whatever, or other prospects, except that had by some other claim in the vicinity.

Shafts were so thick on "Chloride Flat," and in the vicinity of the Eberhardt, that the flying rock, from the numerous blasts in the lime-stone, made it dangerous to be about them; this with labor at five dollars coin a day, or by contract at twenty dollars per foot.

Thousands of such claims were located by private parties and companies such as ours, who would largely bond and sell to speculating mining sharps, who are expert business men. As "great successful lawyers" win with their secret power in packing juries and buying judges, so the expert business miner effects his sales by selling stock and buying other experts and agents. They making the most of the far reaching, wide spread excitement; newspaper articles (often in editorials, as though the editor was a practical man, had made a personal examination, had written the thing himself and was telling the truth) and in various devices of the profession, often succeeded in effecting fabulous sales to the good people in the states and in Europe.

As it is easier to get a big swindle through Congress or a legislature than a little one, so it is easier to sell a worthless mine for a big sum, than a small sum, as enough is thus afforded to buy the thing through, and leave a surplus.

Such were the "mines," in which so many, at a distance, hopefully invested (and so did we who were there). Sometimes mining companies, forming at a distance, would not bother about the little matter of any claim at all, except in the mind, as not needing them in their business; to the great surprise of an occasional troublesome investor, who happened to come out to visit the famed (at a distance) "silver king," etc., the idol of his heart and purse, and could not find or even hear of it in the district.

These men made a great deal of trouble now, since they could travel mostly by rail; when in former times they were just as useful in "developing the country" and were not in the way. I was told of such imaginary claims, and others of mere bowlders or holes in the limestone, that were stocked for from $500,000 to $2,500,000, and that by working famed and titled gentlemen's names as directors, etc., and have them and editors puff up the scheme, the stock would sell at a "discount" so as to leave a large surplus.

If the expert business men in Nevada and their brethren in the big cities had had their way, these meddlesome, wailing lambs would have been snatched up and buried in prison, a censorship placed over their correspondence, and the railroad ripped up.

But they were somewhat off-set and put down by other visitors, such as a famous "select party of Chicago merchants." They travelled in a special train and stage coaches, were met with a brazen band; made enticing, flaming reports as to the general richness of the mines, predicted that "the world would be amazed at the wonderful and immense streams of silver that would flow from White Pine to enrich the people of the earth," and, no doubt, made money in the business.

Of course, the entire press in the U. S. would gladly publish, unquestioned, the reports from such "good authority" and attend them with flattering editorials; when they would spurn to notice, except to kick and condemn, the stories of the bankrupt, "blubbering, revengeful investors, who would make trouble and injure gentlemen in their business." Yet somehow they would get in their work, so that foreign capital had to be invited, and even *it* got too shy and expensive to leave any profit.

Besides quartz-mills, furnaces, etc., that were building, there was Shermantown, Treasure City and Hamilton, populous mining towns, that were springing up rapidly, with lumber $400 or $500 per 1000 feet, etc., carpenter wages eight dollars a day, (board fourteen dollars a week), and lots selling for four, five and six thousand dollars, and often with titles badly clouded.

Men were pouring in from every camp, section, state and clime. Every store included a bar, to graciously assist men in their joy at selling a claim or town lot, and in their many disappointments and sorrows—for two bits (twenty-five cents) a drink. Spacious gambling houses, etc., with all sorts of games and enticing coin stacked high on the tables, to accommodate the lucky and the luckless in breaking them both. Rich strikes and big sales were daily reported, most everybody was in high spirits and expectations, many being wild and some crazed with the flaming excitement with which the very air seemed charged.

Many who had sold claims were wildly spending the money, always expecting to sell others for a stake to go away with and keep. One who was a card-sharp, gambled off $30,000 in a little while.

The mine recorder and assistants were kept busy filing the 15,000 or more claims that were recorded, and business generally went on the jump. Yet hundreds were hunting for employment or to borrow a few dollars. Two or three daily and weekly papers were soon being published. All the water at Treasure City and the mines cost ten cents a gallon, while works were being constructed to bring it up from a small stream three miles away, at a cost of $250,000, only to be abandoned or torn up soon after its completion.

In about a year and a half all this faith, bustle, business and surging wave of eager men had changed to disappointment, disgust and desertion. The prevailing question was now, how to get out of the country and where to go to, as this state was now blistered by the light of the outside world, and a railroad was running as near as 120 miles, and wires were stretched into the camp.

Not a single extensive paying mine or fissure vein of ore had been discovered, and but a few small paying deposits, not any containing a fortune, except the cause of all the flattering tales, rush and conflict of men,—the Eberhardt. And *it* was now virtually worked out, sold, and incorporated to sell again and again to Englishmen, by its fame.

Shermantown, from a population of 4000, Treasure City of 7000, besides the many hundreds of outside cabins and small camps for many miles around, were now, in a few months, almost entirely deserted. But Hamilton with its 5000 inhabitants, being the county seat and capital of a region extensive enough for a state, held on to a few hundred. This district and the surrounding regions are strangely marked with numerous deserted quartz mills, roasting and smelting furnaces, shafts, tunnels and habitations,—lasting monuments of ill-spent time and wealth.

Still there is a great deal of mineral-bearing rock in the mountains of Nevada, that will be worked in the future.

Having acquired interests in different claims at White Pine, some of which appeared quite promising, which were bonded to sell for various large sums (the poorest one—near the Eberhardt—for enough to make us each a fortune) and being still at work in prospecting others, I felt, like so many others, greatly encouraged as to the outcome.

Once a telegram came from San Francisco that a big sale had been accomplished, and our money would be deposited that day. But it transpired that in a succession of agents, experts, etc., sent by different members of the company formed to buy, there was one, and only one, and the last one to report, that was not *convinced* by those in charge of the business at the mine. His unexpected adverse telegram meanwhile, was a fatal blister on the mine and sale.

If he had given them any warning, they could have cut the wire and secured the coin. And as the reaction and collapse of the camp came almost as sudden as the blaze was kindled, none of our big sales were effected. I therefore shared with the thousands of others in the general disappointment. Way back in the wild, cannibal infested, fever-stricken jungles of South America or Africa, is the best place to locate gold and silver mines.

However, I made some money by small sales, by sinking shafts and running tunnels at twenty dollars a foot. In one claim we had a body of ore that appeared to be quite extensive, it being solid ore fifteen feet deep, as far as we sunk in it. But on having a few tons of it milled, it produced but about thirty dollars a ton, which would not pay at that time. Some of it assayed at the rate of one hundred dollars a ton. As it had not the appearance of a regular vein we abandoned it. Doubtless it was afterwards worked out by others. This was the "Union Standard," at the base of a high rock bluff, about three-quarters of a mile north of the Eberhardt.

Virginia City and Gold Hill were built up during a similar excitement ten years before White Pine. But there proved to be there one mammoth, true fissure vein—400 or 500 feet thick and more than two miles long—the Comstock lode.

In this are the "Bonanza" and other famous stock gambling mines of Nevada, some of which are being or have been prospected to a depth of 3,500 feet, and to drain it to about 1900 feet down, the Sutro tunnel was run 20,178 feet.

But even in this great fissure lode—the greatest gold and silver vein in the world—there are many mines that have never payed to work as a legitimate business. One of these has expended millions of dollars in prospecting, without finding any pay rock. I believe it has never produced a dollars worth of bullion, though "Bullion" is its name.

"RECORD OF ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE COMSTOCK MINES.

Fifty mines have *each* collected [1881] more than $100,000 in assessments, and eighteen more together have collected $735,000. In this estimate is not included the assessment by companies which have been dissolved or incorporated in others. These fifty mines have levied $58,723,000 in assessments. Of these Yellow Jacket leads off with $4,878,000; Savage with $4,809,000; Sierra Nevada, $4,200,000; Bullion, $3,850,000; Hale and Norcross, $3,409,000; Belcher, $2,268,000; Ophir, $2,988,000; Gould and Curry, $3,206,000; Crown Point, $2,423,000; and so on through the list, there being seventeen mines which have gathered in over $1,000,000 in assessments.

Of the seventy-one mines on the Comstock, seventy have levied assessments, amounting in all to $59,458,000, and only fourteen have paid any dividends. These fourteen are as follows, with their dividends:

Con. Virginia,	$42,930,000
California,	30,950,000
Belcher,	15,307,200
Crown Point,	11,688,000
Savage,	4,460,000
Gould and Curry,	3,825,000
Yellow Jacket,	2,184,000
Hale and Norcross,	1,598,000
Ophir,	1,594,000
Kentuck,	1,252,000
Con. Imperial,	1,125,000
Sierra Nevada,	102,200
Confidence,	78,000
Darney,	57,000
Succor,	22,800
Total,	$117,173,200

An *examination of this list* will show, that only six mines have paid their stockholders more than they have taken from them. These are Belcher, California, Consolidated Virginia, Crown Point, Gould and Curry, and Kentuck. One who is familiar with the Comstock, will see at a glance that all these mines have been largely owned and controlled by the Bonanza firm. So, when you say Consolidated Virginia, California and Belcher have paid $89,277,200 in dividends, you may also add, that three-quarters of this amount has gone directly into the pockets of Flood, Mackay and Fair. The outside investors have always come in just as the dividends ceased, and have invariably been on hand to pay assessments. California never levied an assessment. Consolidated Virginia only $411,000. The bulk of this stock has always been held by the Bonanza firm, and its $74,000,000 of dividends represent a good part of their colossal wealth, gained in the last ten years.

The army of small speculators have put their money into other mines, and have been allowed the privilege of paying for working ore, whose chief value lay in the elaborate analysis of well-paid experts.

An illustration of the methods employed on the Stock Exchange is furnished in the recent rise and decline of Alta. It was selling at one dollar and sixty cents, and was a comparatively dead stock. Suddenly mysterious rumors spread around, that the *diamond drillings* had shown a rich ore body. Soon these rumors were confirmed by the superintendent and others in control, and they privately advised their friends to buy up all the Alta they could lay hands on. Of course, this reached the street in a few hours. Alta bounded up to five dollars, then on to ten, and, within a week, twenty dollars, and afterwards to twenty dollars and fifty cents. A vast amount of stock was bought. Suddenly it was hinted, that a gigantic 'deal' had been made by the management who, in turn, tried to make it appear that the superintendent had 'salted' the drillings and thus got good indications. Confidence was shattered; there was a wild rout, and the stock fell rapidly from twenty dollars to three dollars and fifteen cents. When there was talk of an official investigation of the mine, the lower levels were conveniently flooded with water. This is but an example of many other swindles.

A short time before a very bad 'deal' was made in Belcher, and it was found necessary to flood the mine, when the outsiders had all been fleeced.

There is a growing sentiment among the people, which demands that some check be placed upon the lawless schemes of those who, for years, have fleeced the credulous by swindles that would make a faro-dealer blush, and have driven thousands to suicide and crime.

"1882.—We [committee] consider the management [of Bullion] recklessly extravagant and characterized by a total disregard of the rights of stockholders. With reference to the Belcher and Crown Point mines, the Belcher mine has produced from May, 1881, to December, 1882, 28,154 tons of ore, the value of which we are unable to determine [it being a ring secret]. Such evidence as we could obtain placing the value at from thirty to forty dollars per ton. This ore was sold in the mine for fifty cents per ton, and the parties [brethren] buying said ore were allowed to use the company's shaft and works to raise the ore to the surface. We find, the Crown Point mine produced from March, 1881, to December, 1882, 68,457 tons under similar conditions, and it was also sold for fifty cents per ton [to brethren]. These mines are still producing about 5000 tons per month on the terms as before stated. These two mines are managed badly and with a total disregard of the rights of stockholders.

The proxy system enables people who do not own any stock, to control mines and run them in their own interest.

"*'Tis sad, but 'tis well.*—1883.—There is something peculiarly sad about the decline of Virginia City. The story of its rise and its character in prosperous days, reads like a brilliant flight of imagination. No other city in the world was ever like it. Its business, its wealth, its prodigality, its wickedness—each, in its way, was peculiar. And the desolation which now so contrasts with the rush and glitter of the palmy time, is a desolation the like of which has never before been seen on the American continent. Eight years ago Virginia City and Gold Hill, adjoining each other, had 35,000 population. It was the largest community between Denver and San Francisco. There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses that cost $100,000. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost $500,000 each. There were three daily newspapers, and a hotel that cost $300,000. Among the people were a score or more men, worth from $300,000 to $30,000,000. Mackay and Fair both lived there. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theatre and a costly court house. Eight years have passed and the town is a wreck. The 35,000 people have dwindled to 5000. The banks have retired. The merchants have closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bankrupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away, or given over to bats. Real estate cannot be given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who remain are the miners, their superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The latter are usually the first to come to a mining town and the last to leave. The cause of this decadence, which has swallowed up millions of capital and wrecked the worldly ambition of thousands of persons, is the failure of the Comstock mines to turn out additional wealth.

Since its discovery, in 1860, there have been taken from that single vein, in a space of less than 3,000 lineal feet, no less than $285,000,000 of gold and silver, and of this about $110,000,000 came from the Bonanza mines alone. Exclude Flood, Mackay, Fair and Sharon from the list, and those who have preserved the fortunes, made on the Comstock, may be counted on one's fingers. But the millions upon millions that have been sunk in the whirlpool of speculation are almost incalculable. San Francisco is to-day full of financial, physical and moral wrecks, by the treachery of the great Comstock and the illusive hopes of the gambling multitude."

And the Comstock was *the* great gold and silver lode of the known world, having yielded, it is said, about $500,000,000 to date.

CHAPTER VII.

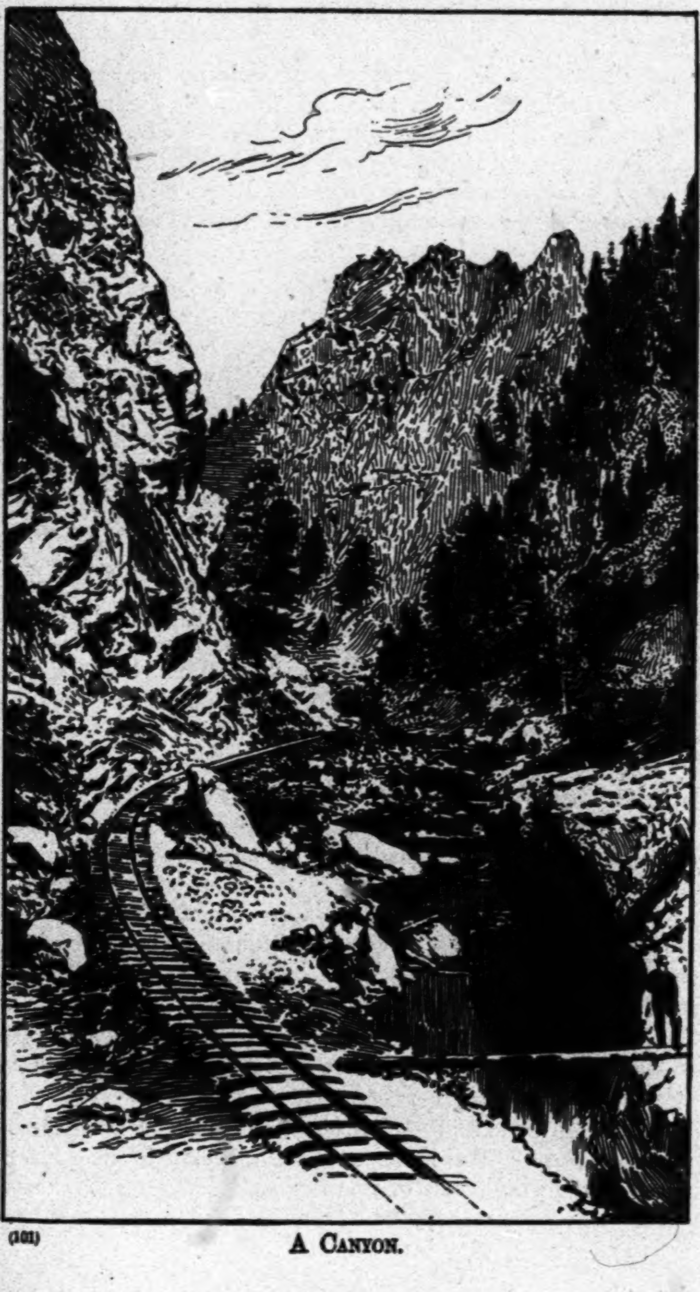
Building the U. P. and Central railroads.—A general rugged prospecting tour of seven months in Nevada, Idaho and Montana.—On to Washington Territory.—The country, climate, soil, scenery, fishing, hunting, incidents, etc., etc.—Finding the true source of the fine gold in the Snake and Columbia rivers.—The more famous of the Idaho Placer mines.

IT was February, 1870. The U. P. and Central Pacific Railroads were completed a few months previously. As the Government had given these companies more money and other means than was required to build the roads, they could afford to, and they did spent it with an open hand in rushing them through. This made times good and lively along the route, so that money was made rapidly in various ways and channels of trade, by live men, with but little money capital. For example: one with a few pony teams could make a stake in a short time, in grading or teaming on or along the road. The wages paid were high—five dollars or more per day for a fifty or sixty dollar team, and driver, to scrape, etc., and the wages were doubled for night and Sunday work.

Several of my acquaintances had left the mines for the railroad, and had done far better than we, who remained to dig it out of the ground.

The Northern Pacific railroad had now been chartered by Congress, with a land grant more than sufficient to build and equip it, with a provision, that the road had to be built immediately, or the Empire of land would revert to the people. Therefore, it was the talk and general belief that it would be pushed through at once, and that the opportunities for earning money on the N. P. would be good, if not equal, to that on the U. P. and Central.

The glittering prospects in the mining regions were blasted since the railroad was built, but I was not yet quite satisfied to give up the chase; mainly, because of my love of travel and adventure, and I would now have the advantage of my previous three years' active experience in quartz, making me somewhat expert in the business.



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A CANYON.

So I concluded to now make an extensive, general prospecting tour through the wild mountain ranges to the north, for both quartz and placer diggings, and for the pleasure of travel; and if unsuccessful in finding any ground enticing enough to cling to, would terminate my travels at Puget Sound, or else where near the proposed route of the Northern Pacific railroad.

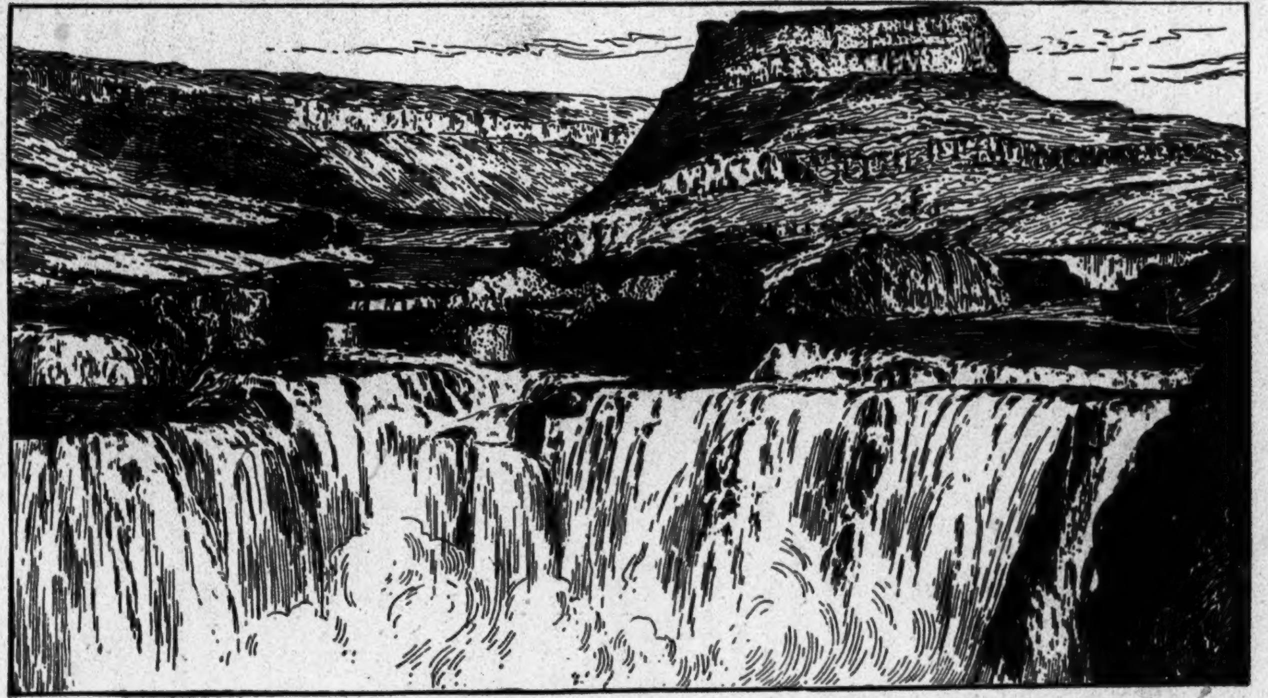
Accordingly, during the succeeding seven months, I visited several mining districts and camps in Nevada, Idaho and Montana, and prospected, more or less, the mountain ranges intervening. Was in the Owyhee, Upper Snake and Salmon river regions, and in the mountains at the source of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri river.

I noticed some spots of pretty good farming land on the Humboldt river in Nevada, about the northern line of the state, and in Idaho, also in Lemhi and Bitter-root valleys, near the summit of the Rockies in Montana, also much good grazing country. But I saw far more that is rugged, shaggy, barren and forbidding. I talked with immigrants from good localities in the Western States, and on asking one why they chose to leave what I considered fairer sections of country to live in, to settle in such a wild region, he answered: that these valleys were like the places they had left—very enticing at a distance; or in his own words, "they are hell a good ways off." Neither had filled the pictures of their imaginations.

Was at the two great falls of Snake river, 175 and 260 feet fall, and enjoyed some beautiful scenery, but the most of it is dreary and distressing. Had good fishing sometimes,—in the upper Snake there were plenty of salmon trout, weighing ten or fifteen pounds, and very fat. Game—including bear, wild-cat, etc.,—was likewise quite plentiful, though not by any means as much so as we usually read about, and is generally supposed.

Climbed over snow-clad mountains—wading and plunging in the snow in July, and the next day or two would be suffering with heat in some valley below.

Generally found plenty of company in various prospecting parties. Many of these men were highly learned and experienced in the world, and of fine feelings, while even the others



Shoshone Falls, Snake River, Idaho. (260 feet high.)

are agreeable companions for a time, to one who knows how to take them.

I will note a little incident of many, I would like to give, in illustration of the generous traits possessed by many who despise the selfish, sign- and grisp-machine charity (?).

Meeting a party of miners with their pack animals on their way to a settlement and store for supplies, (they being settled and working a Placer claim) I borrowed a pocket knife of one of them, as we stopped for a moment to talk, as I had lost my own. He would not receive it back or any pay for it, "as he would soon be where he could get another," he said. It was a fancy one, worth three dollars. They also furnished some of our party with provisions in the same way. We had never met before, and never expected to again. If we should go with them to their rough cabin home, we could see gold dust in a segar box on a shelf, or in a powder keg, and as long as it lasted no one would be allowed to pass them by in need.

Those who experience in themselves and appreciate in others the pure pleasure in these unguilded, unselfish, genial traits, should be judged in kind whenever they fall among professional "charitable" brethren, as they are pretty sure to do sometime, being neither cunning nor cruel.

Having a good outfit, permitting nothing to worry me, and having no great expectations to be shattered, that season of travel was mostly a picnic. The rugged side was in fording rapid and rocky streams, and others having deceitful bottoms of mire; crossing steep, rocky gorges, and through African jungles, woven with fallen timber.

My horses became so accustomed to climbing, jumping and sliding, that they were so reckless of danger, that their often superior judgment could not be trusted. Sometimes, however, they would pick their way and somehow get over or through places, where one could not see any possible way, when often a mis-step would send them tumbling to roaring waters in the rocky gorges, hundreds of feet below, and when weary, would jump *at* the opposite side of a ditch or against a ledge, or fallen trees, when they knew they must fall back.

Sometimes flies and mosquitoes were so thick and masonic, that we had to blanket our horses for a slight protection; so it was no wonder they would leave us alone with strange Indians, to take up with their horses that were free. But a small number of horses, if their leaders are kindly treated, are not apt to leave a camp unless they know of better company near by. And a single animal will hardly ever leave its rider in a strange and lonely place. My pack-horse was no more trouble in travelling, than a dog—being as sure to follow. Once on the side of a deep gorge he fell, rolled over a time or two and landed against a log. After he had climbed back, I, with my foot, started the log tumbling to the bottom, which I could not see. While more lost and separated than usual, I was twenty-four hours without water; the day was hot, got past being thirsty and became sick, so the water did not taste good when I found it, which I did by my horses scenting it at a distance.

Found beaver quite plentiful in places. In their work is displayed a reasoning faculty equal to that of some men. In felling trees for dams, they cut them so as to fall where they want them.

One night we were all awoke by the rumbling sound and three distinct shocks of an earthquake, but could hear nothing about it on reaching habitations.

Ice sometimes formed at night at our camps, in July and August.

My whereabouts that season were so uncertain, that I received letters which had been re-mailed half a dozen times.

As to the golden object in that season's prospecting:—Found several prospects in quartz, about equal to that I had left in Nevada, and in placer diggings many places that would yield one to two dollars a day, but none that would probably pay to work at that time. The whole country had been pretty closely prospected, and the paying ground worked. I was now satisfied as to this, and tired of the business, of the mountains, and of rambling about in this way.

I learned, that times were pretty good in Washington Territory, and horses were cheap in the Walla Walla section. So I decided to go there and work at whatever I found to do, and buy as many horses as I was able, to work with on the N. P. railroad, whenever its construction was commenced in earnest.

Arriving at Fort Owens, in Bitter-root valley, Montana—which valley was then being settled and improved—I found myself on one of the proposed routes of the N. P. R. R.

With a single companion struck West through the mountains by the Lo Lo Indian trail for Lewiston, Idaho, and the Walla Walla, Washington Territory country, fifty or one hundred miles beyond it. Lewiston being situated on the western verge of the pan-handle of Idaho, near the head of navigation on Snake river, 400 miles from Portland, Oregon, and 495 miles by water from the mouth of the Columbia river.

On the way to Lewiston, we fell in with a couple of railroad surveying parties, who were hunting for a route; also numerous Nez-Percé Indians, on their way home from hunting buffalo and fighting the Sioux on their own or neutral hunting grounds in the Yellowstone country.

The Grouse, or "fool hen," is a bird of the same family, it appears to me, as the partridge and pheasant. They differ from each other in about the same degree as do the Chinamen, Esquimaux and Indians. Inhabiting different climates, and compelled to live by different modes and food, may account for all the difference found in them. As to the difference in dialect, this can be comprehended and accounted for by observing the same in different local districts among the same race of white men—in those of the East, South and West—after so short a time and with such comparative free and frequent communication and mingling with each other. We found this bird so plentiful and tame at many places on this trip, that we could kill most any amount of them with sticks, as we rode along.

Camped by a hot sulphur flowing spring on this Lo Lo trail, and enjoyed a bath in its blue waters where it formed a pond, cool enough for comfort.

These mountains are craggy, but thickly wooded with much good timber of fir, tamerack, spruce, cedar and pine.

On the western slope are some fertile prairie valleys, and on approaching Lewiston (twenty-four miles east from where I finally settled to make a home) found ourselves in a good prairie farming country, though not inhabited, except by Indians. Here we found a Government Indian Agency, also a military post and the American flag. We called at the post for information as to our whereabouts. Afterwards I sold grain here that I had raised.

There is fine, light gold in the bars of Snake river, anywhere from near its source to its confluence with the Columbia (150 miles below Lewiston), also in the Columbia and Salmon rivers, which was supposed by many to come from some fabulous rich fountain or quartz deposits in the rugged mountains at the rivers' source. But we had found this not to be the case, but that the rivers flowing, as they do, through a gold-bearing country, where a color can be found most anywhere, got their supply from the natural washes and streams tributary to them, with the annual wash of sand, gravel, mud and drift. Hundreds of Chinamen and some white men mine, with rockers, on the bars of these rivers, during the low stage of water, making one or two dollars per day.

Orofino, Warrens, and other rich placer camps, which created such excitement and brought Idaho into notice in the states, in 1860, are in these Salmon river and Clearwater mountains. Lewiston being their point of supply and wintering place. Its climate nearly equals that of the valleys of California.

For a year or two the lowest price for supplies was one dollar a pound at the mines, and they created a splendid market for many years; which started many into farming in the Walla Walla country, and gave it and them a good start in the world. The old Indian and packing trails to Walla Walla and beyond are ten or fifteen in width, and tramped deep in the fertile soil; and mining is still going on at those famous camps, and pack trains are still trailing to and from Lewiston. I had been acquainted with different ones in Nevada, who had travelled through this country from California and Oregon, and dug gold in these mines, so I had in advance quite an accurate idea as to each.

CHAPTER VIII.

A comprehensive description of the Walla Walla country; soil, climate and productions, and the lay of the land.—Hire out on a farm for two months.—The secret of success and failure in government and corporation contracts.—Secret intrigue at military posts, etc.—Experience in work in the mountain.—Locate a land claim and get married.—A year's experience.

ARRIVED in Lewiston about the middle of September, 1870. Crossed the river into Washington Territory, and travelled north-west for eight miles over a somewhat sterile grazing country near the river; when I came onto a wooded creek with narrow bottom (the Alpowa), inhabited and farmed somewhat by Indians, for a few miles, and by an old Yankee bachelor who kept a hotel and stage station, and raised cattle. Said, he had found it to be the best economy to provide flour, instead of other feed, for his stock, when the weather was such that they needed feeding. (It was at the head of this creek, to the south-west, that I afterwards built my home). Leaving this creek by a big hill, and riding for ten miles over a level bunch-grass prairie (destitute of water and wood, but a belt of timber was plainly to be seen twelve to fifteen miles to the south), when I went down another big hill on to another creek (the Pataha), having a bottom quite destitute of wood, and about a quarter of a mile wide for twenty-five miles to Snake river.

The upper portion, reaching back into the Blue mountain about thirty miles, being still more contracted and more wooded. All of it, from its source to its mouth, is quite fenced in by high, abrupt hills on either side, and so is the Alpowa.

From the top of these hills, vast, thickly-planted bunch grass prairies extend north to Snake river some fifteen miles, and south to the timber of the Blue mountains about the same distance away. These prairies, however, are more or less cut up with ravines and gulches, are scantily watered and completely destitute of wood. I found this creek bottom, or the most of it that was fit for cultivation (the lower portion), settled up and farmed, but the adjoining prairies were entirely unoccupied, except by a few bands of cattle and horses belonging to the creek settlers. The farmers here were threshing their grain with a ten or twelve horse power machine. They had to collect and change work with each other for a distance of ten or fifteen miles to form a threshing crew. They being short of help, and I having but a few dollars left, stopped and worked for them a few days, at two dollars a day, which seemed very small wages to me then.

The yield of wheat, oats and barley was thirty to sixty bushels to the acre, and the up-prairie land appeared equally as fertile. The nights being always cool, this is not a good corn country.

Following this creek for eleven miles, it changed its course to the north, while the road and old Indian and pack trails left it by winding up a hill 700 or 800 feet high, thence over a level prairie for a mile, when I looked down into a Canyon (Tu-Canyon) 1200 to 1500 feet deep, having a stream with wooded bottom, a few hundred yards wide. The wood on these streams is mostly cotton-wood, birch, alder and pine.

A few spots on this stream were being farmed for hay, by men with stock, as a safe winter retreat.

Crossing this Canyon, I found, spread out as far as I could see, another similar vast rolling fertile prairie country, with richer hollows, coves or bottoms, and blessed with an occasional spring or stream of good water; but wood still to be seen only in the one direction—many miles away to the south. After about eight miles of unbroken prairie, I found the hollows and choice spots by the road settled, and more or less farmed, according to the time, means and energy of the settler in hauling fencing and other wood, fifteen to twenty miles—there being no barbed wire then.

On approaching Walla Walla, the country was more thickly settled and improved, there being streams with more extensive bottoms, bordered by less abrupt hills, and wooded sufficient for immediate fencing and domestic use. Though much of the soil along these streams was not as productive as that of the hollows, or even the extreme upland prairies, until made so by irrigation.

Near Walla Walla the lay of the land becomes less broken by ravines; but to speak of this Walla Walla country as a *valley*, is misleading. The stream Walla Walla has a little narrow valley to be sure, but it don't amount to much, except in rare spots. The same is true of even the Columbia, Snake and other rivers at a distance from the coast. They might have had broad fertile valleys or bottoms, like the Sacramento, Mississippi, Ohio and the Mohawk, but they hav'nt. I mean to give a true and comprehensive, though brief description of Eastern Washington, and the settling thereof, such as may also give an accurate idea of that north of the Columbia and Snake, as well as of that portion of Idaho adjoining, as these sections are similar. With their fertile soil, each has its deeply embedded streams, narrow vales and ravines, steep and long hills and sections of rocky waste land, or suited only for grazing. Each having its mountain range, for timber and wood supply, to tap the rain clouds and giving variety of climate and scenery.

Singular though it may seem, during the most severe winters the mercury sinks lowest in the lowest altitudes, and snow falls there quite as deep at such times as elsewhere. Stock have wintered with less loss in hard winters, on some opening back in the mountains, than others on the Columbia and Snake rivers. The best lands are usually found near the mountain ranges, and the lighter, dryer and poorer soil as the Columbia and Snake rivers are approached, though irrigation would, and sometimes does, where practicable, make this the best, and the springs are a month or more earlier here than at the higher altitudes, and less snow usually falls. But it gets ten to fifteen degrees hotter than on the upland prairies; it being sometimes one hundred degrees and more. And it is covered with a bank of cold fog for several weeks in the winter, while the sun is shining bright and warm on the high prairies.

Every four or five years there is a hard winter, when the mercury sinks to twenty or thirty degrees below zero for a few weeks. But where there is an open range that has not been over-stocked, horses that are not worked will winter all right without feeding; and cattle need to be fed but a month or two, and some winters not any.

The warm trade or "chinook" winds from the South-Pacific are a great blessing to this country in winter; they come with black clouds—as a thunder shower comes, and sometimes bare the ground of a foot of snow in a day or night; but they cannot be counted on. The winter winds from the opposite direction are stinging cold.

I continued my journey from Lewiston for about sixty miles, to near where Dayton was afterwards built and become the county seat of a new county (Columbia), composed of a part of Walla Walla county, which before embraced all the region between the Columbia and Snake rivers and the Oregon line. Since, Garfield and Asotin counties have been formed out of Columbia. Dayton is on the Tou-Chet (Tū-she) stream, and this section was then known as the "Upper Tou-Chet."

I hired to work for a farmer for two months, at $35.00 a month.—This was the first and only good farming country I had seen since leaving Eastern Nebraska, over four years before, except that in Salt Lake valley and in Southern California.

Here I found improved farms with orchards, barns, colts, calves, lambs, geese, chickens, women, children and girls in their teens, with an occasional buggy or side-saddle to be seen. So considering me having been raised on a farm and at home, and then having been for about five years roving about—a homeless wanderer, in wild, unsettled desert regions, unblessed with the innocent prattle of children or the voice of women—is it any wonder that having become tired of such a life, I was impressed, as the plains-tired traveller is on reaching Salt Lake and Los Angeles, with their fruitful trees and vines, meadows, flowers, singing birds and flowing streams, and as Mohammed was when he beheld Damascus and exclaimed, that "man can enter but one paradise."

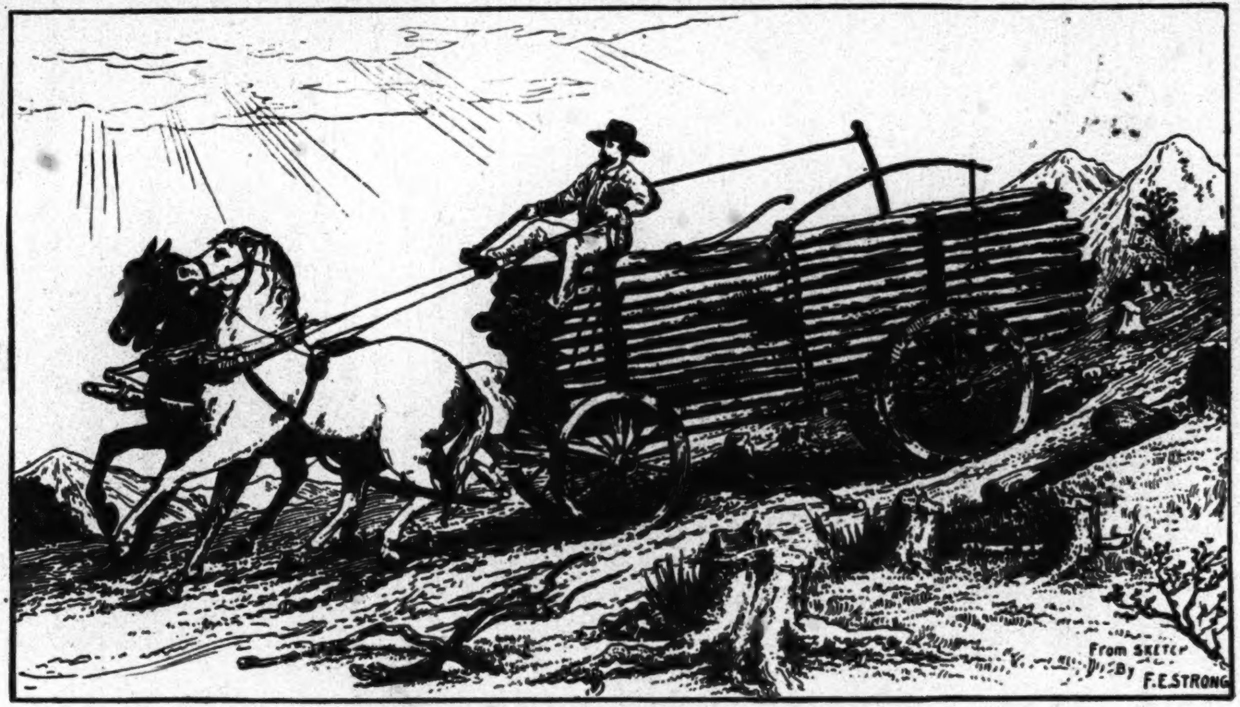
I worked with a threshing machine, as it changed about for the man I hired to, for a couple of weeks, and was impressed with the bountiful yield of grain, the ground being new and only the choice spots in cultivation. I then put in the most of the remainder of the two months in hauling rails and wood from the mountain for him.

My employer was related to one who had recently been a Government Indian agent, and himself had been engaged at an agency and military post; and I having before and since become intimately acquainted with Government contractors, etc., and also with intelligent agency Indians (one of whom wrote for me the story of his life, which I may give), together with my personal observations, enabled me to become informed concerning affairs at such places and the mode by which ring favorites get fortunes and outsiders are crushed in dealing with Government secret ring agents or officers. I will give a few points for the information of those who are curious to know how it is, that one man can take a Government contract for supplies and make money out of it, while his neighbor, possessing superior business abilities, would lose money.

For example, will consider the grain, hay, wood and horse supply. The allowance of these, as with other supplies also, is usually greater than is necessary for the service. Proposals are duly advertised for a certain quantity or amount of either, (it being the full amount allowed or to be suffered for a certain time), the same to be of "the best quality," or "per sample," and to be delivered by or during a stated time, or at the pleasure of the Grand Master, as the case may be. Now this time may be while the roads are almost impassable, and while the outsider will be required to fulfill the contract to the exact letter, the secret brother, who can be relied on as to "division and secrecy," under the obligations and penalties of the ring, knows that the time will be modified to suit his (their) interests, and that the quantity, with him, need only be such as is barely necessary for the service; though the full amount allowed is receipted, booked and paid for. Thus are favorite contractors and their gangs enriched by government and corporation contracts, even when the figures are *below the market price.*

In the West but comparatively little forage is necessary or really used, as the stock usually runs out to grass on the ranges all the year. In buying horses and mules, none but those fully up to the standard will be received from a full-fledged citizen of the Government, while from some one who is a sworn subject of a lurking, foreign, pagan-government, most anything in horse or mule shape is often taken.

I have known several men who were badly bitten by counting on some of the concessions always accorded to secret subjects. The difference in the cost between a favorite and outsider in filling a contract is often twenty-five to fifty per cent.



From SKETCH By F.E.STRONG

"I HAULED WOOD AND RAILS FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAIN."

An example given me by the party who furnished the wood, and who had occasion to procure full proof of the following examples of loyalty: For the post, and the year alluded to, the Government allowed and paid for 575 cords of wood, at $5.50 per cord, equal to $3,162.50; while all that was really bought or paid for was 350 cords, at $2.50 per cord, equal to $875.00. What per cent. of loyalty is that?

They also received from the Government, that is not good enough for them, pay for 500 rations at a time, supposed to be issued to the Indians, when the highest number was really but forty-five, and this of condemned stores. What per cent. of loyalty is this?

Now take the annual appropriations of Congress, and see what sworn secrecy-under-horrible-penalties in office is costing Uncle Sam in money alone!

My informant as to these mere examples, said, he reported these facts, with the *indisputable proof thereof*, to two city editors, but they, being subjects of the same secret government, would not publish them. That he also reported the same to the Government at Washington, to find that the influence of their secret government extended there also and was supreme.

And jobs were put up against his life, and the courts were prostituted to get him out of the way, so he could not make any more trouble with their "mysteries."

When extra transportation and supplies are required, as in case of an Indian outbreak—which is often purposely induced by the lurking subjects themselves—they get contracts to supply it at fourteen prices, and then sub-let it to others, who do the work and furnish the supplies for small pay.

After a gang has made such a raid against the Government in the name of the Indians, and has the plunder divided up and secured, *then* a few journals, as a cloak for their servility, come out of the dark as follows, but they dare not strike at the root and secrecy of the evil; and they are brazen in the assumption, that the officials at Washington do not know the "true inwardness" of these jobs in advance, *after forty years' experience with the same game.*

"The Government has finally begun to see the 'true inwardness' of the Arizona 'Indian war,' and peace may be looked for now any day. Not a solitary Indian was killed, not a single pioneer, miner, or any other man who minded his own business, was molested, but several enterprising [?] men made a million, or so, a piece, out of the scare; and it was started for no other purpose. Crook broke the Apaches' backbone years ago; the poor wretches haven't vim enough left to fight a coyote."

When my two months' job expired, the most profitable work I had learned of was that of making rails and clap-boards in the mountain for the farmers living out on the streams and hollows. Rails were worth twenty dollars, and clap-boards fifteen dollars per thousand at the stump, and the timber—tamerack, fir and pine—split well.

There was a small company of men thus engaged, who tried to discourage me, saying, that on account of the scarcity of money there was only a small cash demand for such work. I, however, found that it could be readily traded for stock, especially horses, which was good enough pay for me. So I bought an outfit and six months' supply of grub and went to work in the timber, where I split my first rail and clap-board. Shingles were also being made there, by hand, at four dollars and fifty cents per thousand.

I worked here the most of the ensuing ten months, and though not very rugged, and unable to do as much hard work as other men, I made 8000 rails and 55,000 clap-boards, which was more than was done by any other man about me or whom I knew of, though to hear many of them talk, they could do and did more work in one day, than I could in three; and may be they could, but, somehow, they had not much to show in results for their superior ability, and those who had farms had poor fences, and their shelter was like that noted in song by the "Arkansan traveller." I cleared by that ten months' work eight hundred dollars worth of horses and other property, and had spent more in living than any of them. Besides this, I meanwhile located a land claim on the prairie, fourteen miles away, and built on it a twelve by fourteen feet lumber cabin, which claim I sold for a hundred dollar mule and fifty dollars. Had also spent many pleasant Sundays and other days with hospitable farmer friends living in the valleys, and in riding over the prairies and in shaded vales in yet more congenial company.

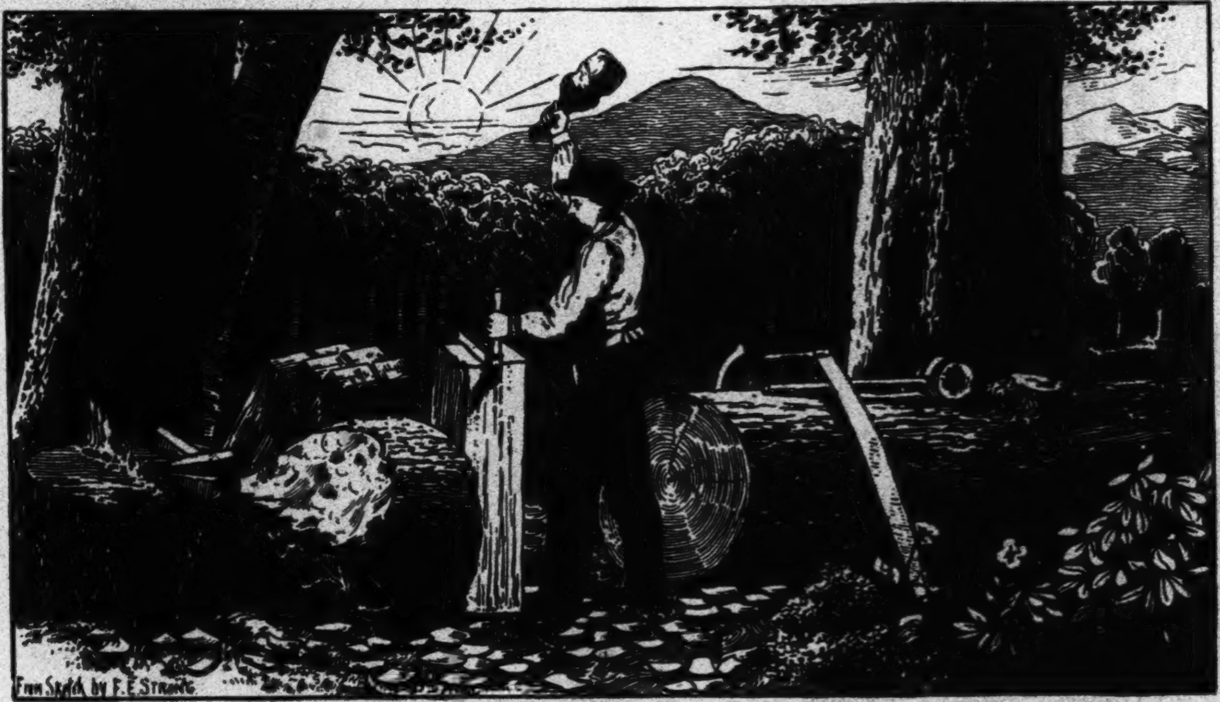
I kept a saddle horse with me in summer, and as I put on a clean shirt once in a while, rode about more than my timber companions; did not boast of fabulous amounts of work that I had not and could not do, or even what I did, and asked so many fool questions in friendly satire, and as though I hardly knew what timber, land, and work really was; was therefore looked upon by some of the innocent settlers with an air of suspicion, or of ridicule, that was amusing in its crude simplicity in judging human character.

Having been out and about in company with a timber companion, he came to me one day in great trouble and vexation of spirit, saying there was a "terrible story out about us." "Why!" says he, "they take me for a *highwayman* and call you *the gentleman rail-maker*," and he felt that we were fatally slandered and should weep and wail, or else curse and fight together in putting the stigma down.

Once I had 4000 clap-boards to make in a trade for a horse, when one of the boys told me that it would please my customer to make them very thick; so I made them very thick. Then he reported to him that I "had made a lot of wide staves for him, instead of *thin* clap-boards, the kind he wanted." So he spent a day in coming to see about it, but was satisfied when I promised to suit him entirely; which I did by simply splitting each one into two in a little while, which he himself could have done at home, making twenty dollars a day in doing it. While I afforded some amusement to my generous companions in toil, I (being incompetent, an orphan and stranger in a strange land)—was also a subject of anxiety and care to some, who kindly made my business and social genial welfare their ardent concern. This brings my story to the fall of 1871.

The prospect of the early building of the N. P. railroad had waned, as it was not to be built until other railroads were built without any subsidy and the country was settled up, so it would be a paying investment at once; thus having the great land grant as a clear gift, if, through secret intrigue with brethren in office, they could hold it against the law.

Fire had destroyed the manufacturing business of my



From Sketch by F. E. Strong

Making Clap-Boards (Shakes).

father, and he and my mother had died, so the scenes of my boyhood, thus saddened, had less attraction for me than when I left them; and finding here apparently as favorable an opportunity to settle down and prosper, as would be afforded elsewhere, I concluded to remain, get married, make as good a home as I was able to carve out of the wilderness, and grow up with the country.

Was married the same fall, a year after my arrival in the country.

CHAPTER IX.

A brief description of Eastern and Western Washington, and of the various sections in each.—Their industries and inducements.—Their advantages and their disadvantages.

WASHINGTON is the most north-western territory, or state, belonging to the Union, with the exception of Alaska. It lies about ten degrees north of Washington City, D. C. Yet the eastern part is not as cold in winter as New Jersey, the ground seldom being frozen as much as six inches deep; and the western part is not as cold in winter as it is at Washington City on the Potomac, and it is more healthy.

Irrigation is not absolutely necessary anywhere in the state, to raise crops; but some sections in the eastern part get very dry and very dusty, and most anywhere more or less irrigation is, or would be, if water was accessible, very beneficial, and so it would be in the states. Though it rains more in summer in the states, than it does here, or anywhere else on this coast. But the soil is such that in unusual dry seasons half a crop is raised without any rain or irrigation.

The state, as a whole, is separated into two natural divisions, known as Western and Eastern Washington, the Cascade range of mountains intervening. It contains, besides the mountainous regions, which are covered with timber and wood, nearly 50,000 square miles of pasture and agricultural lands. About four-sevenths of these are classified as timbered, two-sevenths as bunch-grass prairie, and one-seventh as alluvial bottom lands. Over half of the timbered and nearly all the bottom lands lie in the western section; while the bunch-grass prairie lands are all in the eastern part.

The annual rainfall in Western Washington is about seventy inches, and in Eastern Washington about thirty inches.

Extending far inland from the Pacific ocean into Western Washington is Puget Sound. Although sufficiently narrow to admit of both shores being seen at the same time, it is in all parts of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest ocean-going steamers, and in places it is a hundred fathoms deep. It has a shore line about sixteen hundred miles in length, and includes a series of land-locked harbors, in which the "navies of the world" might anchor in safety. Emptying into it on every side are numerous streams, some of which are navigable for many miles into the interior. The bottoms of these streams are very fertile, and some are spacious, nor are they unhealthy, as is so usual in the states. These, as well as the bottoms on the streams that empty into Grays Harbor, Shoal Water Bay and the lower Columbia river, are the best tame-grass sections on the Pacific coast, if not in the United States. These bottoms are from, say, one to six miles wide, and fifteen or twenty of these streams are navigable—the Chehalis for sixty miles at all seasons of the year.

But these bottoms are mostly covered with a dense growth of brush, vine-maple, alder, cedar, spruce and other timber.

Nearly the whole of Western Washington is covered with a dense forest, composed of fir, cedar, spruce, with some oak, vine and curley maple, alder and other vegetation, belonging to a warm, humid climate. Between the Sound and the ocean are the Olympic mountains, with snow-capped peaks; and between it and the ocean is the best unsettled section of country that I know of at this time (1889). Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, in the Cascade range, is near 15,000 feet high, and its top is always white with snow. The "Sound Country" has numerous thriving towns, Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend and Olympia being the largest. The country bordering upon the Sound and extending back to the mountains, is rich in coal and lumber, and the soil, when cleared, is more or less productive for hay, grain and vegetables, also fruits and berries. There are sections that are most excellent for apples, pears and plums. Coal is shipped in large quantities to San Francisco. There is quite a variety of fish in the Sound, and they are abundant; and so are clams on the beach.

Cedar trees are frequently 200 feet in height, and firs sometimes 300 feet, and 100 feet to the first limb. Spars and other rare ship timbers are conveyed from Puget Sound to all parts of the world. Common lumber is shipped principally to California, Central and South America, Australia and the Sandwich Islands. It is a great lumber region, if not the greatest in the world. Some of the mills cut about 500,000 feet a day, each.—The Sound hawks will ride on hogs' backs while they root up clams on the beach, then snatching one will fly high in the air, and directly over some rocky spot, letting the clam drop, to break it open.

The climate of Western Washington is warm and wet, the average winter temperature being about thirty-three degrees above zero, with lots of rain. During the summer season it rains less and the temperature is milder, but the climate is quite even the year round. Flowers are often seen blooming in the gardens in the midst of winter. The scenery is grand, especially in summer when the air is free of fog and smoke.

Eastern Washington is as different from Western Washington as one country could well be from another. Generally speaking, it is an open, or timberless region, and is therefore chiefly useful as a farming and grazing country. Its chief rivers are the Columbia and Snake, which have their junction near the center of the state. Besides these rivers are numerous smaller streams, that have their sources in the mountain ranges – some of them flowing eastward from the Cascades, some from the Blue mountains, which lie to the south-east, and some from the Coeur d'Alene mountains in northern Idaho. These streams, with the exception of the Columbia and Snake, are more or less wooded. They are all more or less deeply imbedded below the farming country, the upper portions being deep canyons. The Columbia and Snake are bordered with sand and gravel, and rocky bluffs; the small streams with rich alluvial bottoms and rocky bluffs.

Taking one's position upon some elevated point, and looking over this vast region of Eastern Washington, the general appearance is that of an endless contiguity of grass-covered, gently waving hills. Thus viewed at a distance, the color of the landscape is that of a dull gray. The scene is monotonous; grand, but not beautiful, and it makes one feel lonesome. These timberless hills are covered with bunch-grass or grain. This grass and a mild, dry climate, made Eastern Washington, Eastern Oregon and Idaho a good stock country. Passing through the country, especially through the settled portions, the scene is more interesting, as it has lost its sameness and gained in variety. Nestled in among these timberless hills and flats, on one stream or another, are towns and villages, and cities of non-producers; they are about one quarter of the population of the country; are organized into secret charitable (?) gangs, and thrive by ruling and filching the producer, home-builder and immigrants—they earn almost nothing, but steal almost everything—the courts being in their control. They are to the people, what the English and German trader is to the natives of countries they have conquered.

"For knaves to thrive on—mysterious enough:
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave."

"They linked their souls
By a dark oath in hell's own language framed."

These towns and villages are surrounded with fertile and productive farms. The soil is generally a rich, ashy loam, which is easily plowed and cultivated, and grain, vegetable and fruit are produced with much less labor, than in most other countries. But for the reasons heretofore and hereafter given, over eighty per cent. of the farms are mortgaged, and the whole country is held under tribute that would make the Egyptian, the Hottentot, the Sepoy, or the Chinaman rebel in his own country. Therefore, farms can be bought cheap. "Except the virtuous, men *ought to be slaves*, because they are either wicked themselves, or are ready to crouch before the wicked. A feeble herd, happy to crouch to a master."

Eastern Washington is divided up into numerous large or small districts or sections, usually bearing names which they have derived from streams passing through them. The oldest of these is the Walla Walla country, which surrounds a city of the same name. North of this—across the Snake river—is the Palouse country, the Spokane country, and the Big Bend country, all lying east and south of the Columbia river, and west of Idaho.

West of the Columbia river and east of the Cascade mountain is embraced the remainder of Eastern Washington. This region is divided into two large districts, known as the Klickitat country and the Yakima country.

"The Yakima country lies north of the Klickitat, and includes an area of nearly ten thousand square miles. The western boundary being the Cascade range of mountains. The Yakima country is penetrated from that direction by numerous long spurs which trend eastward in the direction of the Columbia. Between these long hills or spurs are numerous fertile valleys. By some freak of nature the Yakima river, which runs southward and eastward, cuts through these long hills at nearly right angles, and in this way crosses the several valleys comprising the Yakima country. The first, and one of the largest of these valleys through which the river passes, after it flows from the Cascade mountains, is the Kittitas valley, which is the centre of a county, with Ellensburg as the county seat. Fifteen to twenty miles to the north of Ellensburg is an extensive coal region, perhaps the best in the state. And to the north of this are gold, silver and other mines. Further down the river, from Ellensburg, south and east of Kittitas, are numerous smaller valleys, including the Wenas, Selah, Natcheez and the Ahtanum. In the latter valley, at the junction of a little stream, known as Ahtanum, with the Yakima river, is the town of Yakima. Opposite this town (being like an extension of the Ahtanum valley) is a level, fertile tract of country known as the Moxee. Immediately south of town, the river cuts throuth another of the long hills above mentioned, and enters another valley, the greater portion of which unfortunately is included within the Yakima Indian reservation. This is the finest valley or tract of land in Eastern Washington, and if it was available for settlement, would be one of the most productive [for tribute] sections in the West. [Of course] an effort is being made to acquire such portion of it as the Indians do not need [?] for their own use [?], and if the movement is successful, Yakima City will at once become an important inland city."

[There are also other people who have more land (that *they* have *stolen*), and also more money (that *they* have *stolen*) "than they need *for* their own use." Why not take or rather *recover* these first?]

"Opposite this reservation is an immense country. From the Yakima river it slopes back and rises gently until it reaches the summit of a long range of hills, and then the slope is in the opposite direction and toward the Columbia. The general name given to it is Sunnyside. Below the reservation and on the opposite side of the Yakima river from Sunnyside, is a somewhat similar tract of country known as "Horse Heaven." It being a good range and largely occupied by horses. The Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific railroad is constructed up the Yakima river, and, like the stream itself, passes through the numerous valleys. This section yields large crops of grain, hay, hops, vegetables and fruits, also tobacco, flax, broom-corn and sugar-cane. It has a mild climate and fertile soil."

The Palouse, the Spokane and the Colville countries are, in one way and another, equal to the Yakima. The Palouse will produce much more grain, but less fruit, and so will the Spokane. And the Colville country is quite rich in lead and silver, with some gold, and has much fertile soil, with a superior stock range.

But the Walla Walla country is naturally the best of all the sections, it being hardly surpassed anywhere in the world as a general farming and fruit country.

In the foothills of the Blue mountains the soil was equal to the virgin soil of Illinois, and the climate generally much more congenial in winter. About six weeks is the average time that the ground is too much frozen to plow. It catches more of the warm chinook winds than any other section.

Apple and peach trees bear in three years from the seed, and there are localities where corn, melons, tomatoes and other vines grow and bear in great abundance.

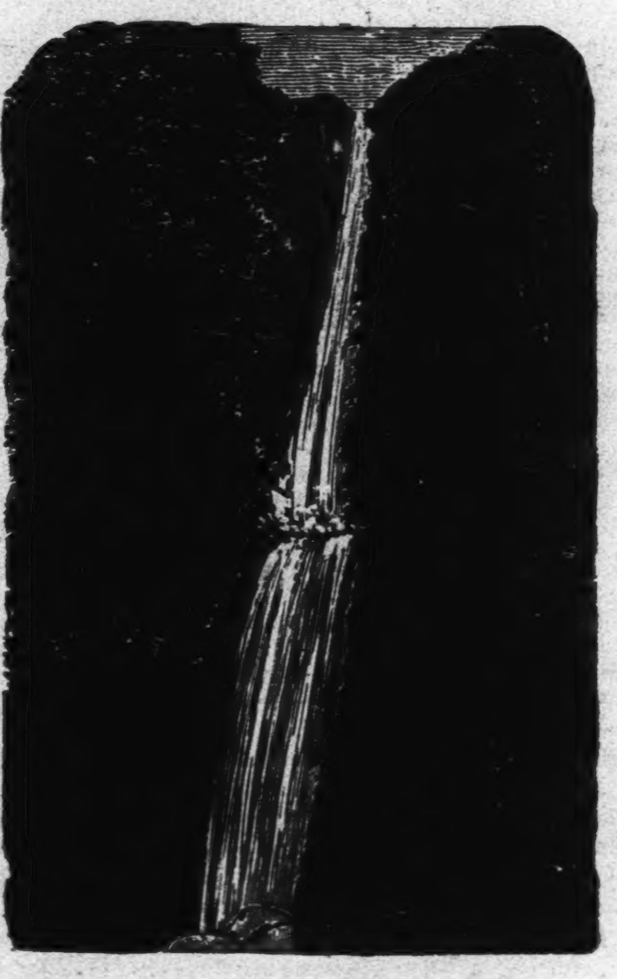
The Umatilla section in Eastern Oregon is considered as belonging to the Walla Walla country. The Grand Ronde valley, in the Blue mountains in Eastern Oregon, will compare favorably to the Palouse country in Washington. And the Boise country in Idaho is similar to the Yakima in its climate, soil and productions.

Western Oregon is very similar, though larger and superior to Western Washington as a farming country. But it is older, and its timber and mineral resources are not as great as those of Western Washington.

Oregon originally embraced the whole region from California Nevada and Utah to Alaska, and from the Pacific ocean to the Rocky mountains, and the Columbia river was named "Oregon."

The water may be said to be universally good throughout the whole Northwest.

> "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
> Save his own dashings."



MULTNOMA FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

CHAPTER X.

History of settling of the Walla Walla country.—Report of Government experts, as to the soil.—Packing to the mines of Idaho.—The market and opportunities.—The outlook in 1870, when I landed here.—The country grasped by its throat; the Government prostituted—1000 miles of river navigation to the sea strangled, and the tribute that was levied.—The result.—The promised railroad.—First land claim I located.—Life in the beginning of a home.—Dangers and drawbacks.—My first outfit.—Sell my claim.—Hunt for and locate another in a new wild section.—Description of it and the locality.—My Indian neighbors; how they treated the first white men they ever saw.—A homebuilder's land rights, and what he must necessarily endure.—Warned of the perplexities, conspiracies and treason to be planted in the way.—How we started out to build a good and spacious home.—Our house, etc.—Travelling, moving and camping in the West.—25 miles to blacksmith shop, etc.—The "Egypt" for supplies.—Land claims located about us and abandoned, are re-located by others time and again.—My first crop.—Crickets one hundred bushels to the acre.—So that we are left alone in the "France Settlement."—The section surveyed and I "file my claim."—Raise hogs.—The result.—Get a band of cattle.—Experience on the range.—Getting roads opened.—First railroad in Eastern Washington.—Struggling for a livelihood and home.—How I managed.—Other new settlements and people.—How they did.—"Land hunters."—Prove up, pay for and get patent for pre-emption claim, and take a homestead claim adjoining.—Copy of U. S. patent.—How we just loped along and ahead of the country.—It settles up.—New County; towns, etc., built.—Settlers swindled.—Build school-house, etc., etc.

THE first settlements in the Columbia and Snake river basin were at, or near Fort Walla Walla—afterwards the town of Walla Walla; and then on the through-road and pack-trails leading from Fort *Wallula*—on the Columbia river—to Walla-Walla, and thence easterly—by the way of Lewiston—to the mining camps and military posts in Idaho.

The ferryage for crossing Snake river at Lewiston was six dollars for wagon and single team, and one dollar each for riding and pack animals. And during the rush to the mines the travel was so great, that a single boat could hardly carry it; at times hundreds had to wait their turn.

These western ferry-boats are propelled by the current of the stream, by keeping them diagonally against the current and in a direct course by guy ropes, attached to pulleys rolling on a wire cable, stretched high across the river.

This travel, emigration and military operations afforded the early settlers of the Walla Walla country a home market for many years, that was perhaps never surpassed in the West. They also secured the most desirable spots in the country for permanent homes—that of wooded streams with prairie bottoms.

Some of these first settlers got their start by digging it out of the rich placers of Idaho or British Columbia; others, by working at such, as teaming or packing to the mines, either on their own account, or by wages, at sixty to one hundred dollars a month; while others again brought it with them across the plains, or from Oregon.

Found their farm wagons worth here $200 or $300, cows $50 to $100, and good horses and mules also very high, and a good new range.

There being large numbers of Indian horses already here, such and half-breeds were cheap.

Up to the time I came here (1870), Government land was offered at private sale to anybody, at $1.25, greenbacks, per acre, and as much as they wanted and could pay for. On account of the proximity to and richness of the mines, money was plenty; a good market was afforded (about one dollar a pound at the mines), so a settler with a broken leg made a stake out of an onion patch he tended in a season; wages were high; all kinds of business applicable to the country and situation, gave large returns, and the mines did not begin to fail till 1865. And, until it became thickly settled around them, they had a very healthy climate. Never before, or since, did home seekers have such splendid opportunities as the Walla Walla country afforded to its first settlers. Yet, famed and titled, high-flown Government experts, with big pay and pomp, had officially reported, after expensive examination, that this whole Columbia river basin was worthless for agriculture.

When I came here, about all the land that had been taken up in the Walla Walla country was a tract adjacent to and east of Walla Walla; that which bordered on the streams, where it was fertile and otherwise suitable, and the hollows and level spots containing springs of water and situated on the road from Wallula to Lewiston.

There were but two villages—Walla Walla and Waitsburgh—and but four Post Offices in all the region of Washington, that lies south of the Columbia and Snake rivers, now comprising four quite populous counties, but then all belonging to Walla Walla county alone. So there was yet plenty of vacant land to choose from.

But the fruitful neighboring mines were quite worked out, and valleys near them had been settled and put in cultivation to supply their wants; so these markets and sources of money supply were mostly gone; river freights were so high, that no produce could be shipped down to the sea; the great Columbia and Snake river basin was without a market, and times were getting hard when I settled in the country.

This Columbia and Snake river basin is quite barred in from the sea by the Cascade mountains. But the Columbia river gorges through it, making a good natural outlet and inlet to and from the sea, which could have been made available and almost free to the people at a comparative slight expense, by Washington or Oregon, or both, in overcoming some rapids which obstruct navigation.

The available ground by these rapids was soon acquired by a close company of secret brethren, who—by building eighteen miles of narrow-gauge railway—were allowed to hold the whole country between the Rocky and Cascade mountains by the throat, and levy a tribute of untold millions on its people. They were thus taxed fifty to one hundred dollars per ton on all their imports, except what was hauled in over the mountains on wagons. And a like tribute on all exports to the full amount each kind of produce could pay, and continue to be produced.

To own or control the transportation of a country, is to virtually own the whole business of it; because such owners can thus reap all of the profits in the production of all of its produce. *What more could they get if they were made Counts and Dukes and sole proprietors of the land and people?*

The tribute paid to these brethren by the United States Government alone, for the passage through their custom house gate, of military supplies, etc., would have more than built these eighteen miles of narrow-gauge railroad, worked a great saving to the Government, and afforded to the inhabitants of the country the utility of about 1000 miles of navigable rivers; which would be better than the same number of miles of railroad built and given to the people.

And the money overpaid to this charitable (?) ring in but a few (of the many) years by the people, would have thus opened these rivers, and besides have grid-ironed the country with narrow-gauge railroads to them.

But the people, not being advanced beyond the claptrap-catchwords of "Democrat" and "Republican" (both meaning the gang), allowed brethren in the ring to hold office to the extent that nothing was ever accomplished against *its* interests and for the people's general welfare.

Finally (1876) to hold out false hopes to the people—so they would not rebel and would continue to vote for the brethren, and to further fill their pockets—the general Government was caused to commence a $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 lock-canal around the obstructions, which has been used as a blind for big appropriations by Congress to enrich the gang,—there being comparatively little work done to open the river.

There has never been an editor in all this upper country, who *dared* to give the true secret inwardness of this nefarious job of clutching by the throat and choking off from the people, for one or two generations, a thousand miles of navigable rivers that drain a fertile grain and mineral producing country, that in its natural resources is only surpassed by that drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. And when the Government frequently spent as much money as was needed to utilize all this on single wagon roads and trails that were of little use. And the Washington and Oregon Legislatures (of brethren) squandered away as much at single sessions.

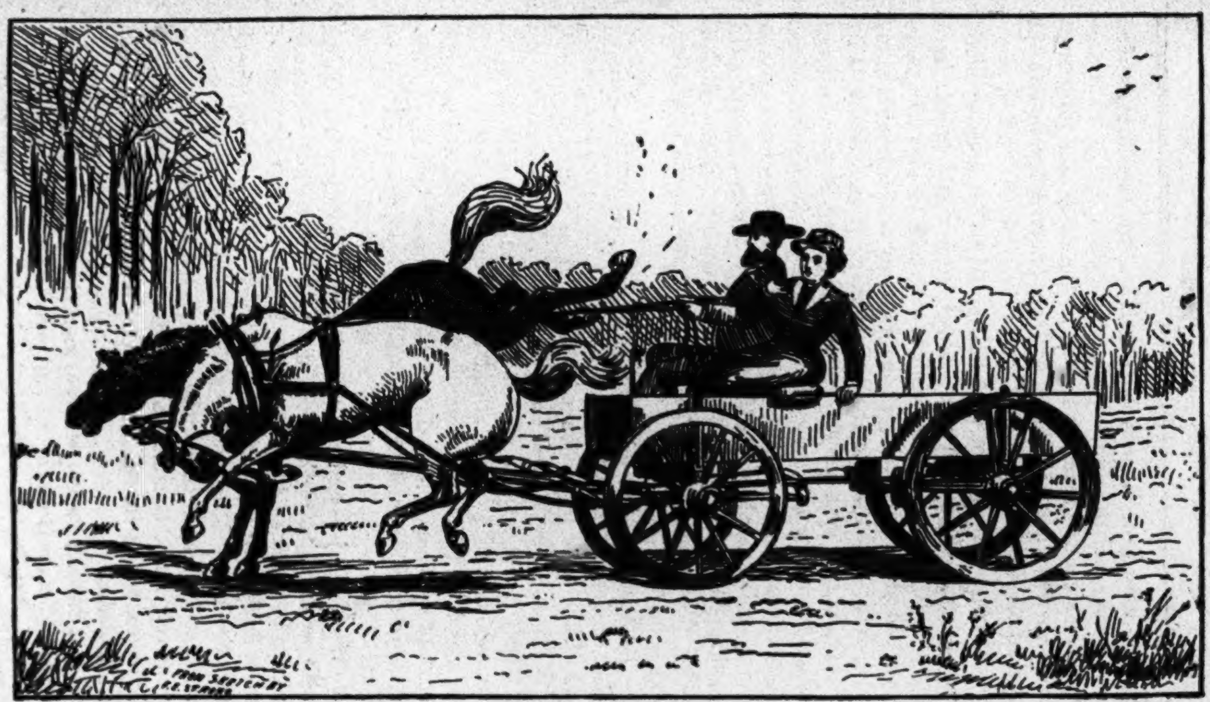
When the markets of the mines failed to be equal to the supply, and the natural channel of trade to the sea and the world being still in the hands and power of a foreign—"mogul king"—secret government, that had its custom house in the only pass of the country, and was stabbing our Government into submission, the settlers had to do as the Indians had done before—go into stock raising. This demand for stock cattle kept their price up, until the time I came here, (1870) when, there being a surplus, they gradually fell to half or one-third of the former price. A man bought a lot of yearlings at that time at twenty dollars a head, and sold them three or four years later for the same price—their growth just equalled their decline.

The country was on this downward turn when I settled in it. Though the people were hopeful that they would dislodge the mystic pirates on the river; that the N. P. railroad, or some other would be speedily built to Puget Sound, and the people be permitted to prosper. "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

The land claim I had located, was a mostly level and fertile one-quarter section of prairie, with a good spring and building site by it, and it was adjacent to the Walla Walla and Lewiston road noted before. But it was fourteen miles from timber and wood; on which account my means were scant to do the necessary fencing, building, breaking, etc., to afford a living without working for others at least fourteen miles away; as nothing could be raised on the place for a year or two, and perhaps no profit the third or fourth.

There are many expenses to meet all the time in making a home, though no help be employed, and accidents will occur. One little one is enough to break a settler all up, if it throws him into the hands and power of a lawyer or doctor. It being secretly fixed with the courts of justice (?), that either can get or spoil all that the victim has, though known to be guilty of inhuman deceit and malpractice. Thus do so many blacklegs thrive and homebuilders fail. And the necessary outfit of team, wagon, harness, plow, harrow, feed, seed, tools, grub, etc., to work with, costs quite a sum.

Of course, one expects to get along for years with the kind of a house, furniture, out-buildings, etc., that he can build himself, by perhaps exchanging work with his neighbor, if he has any, wherein one cannot work to advantage alone. Nor can he spend *much time* in them either, as he has so much other work, such as breaking, fencing, hauling, etc., etc., that must be


FROM SKETCH BY

My First Outfit.

pushed ahead, or he will be overtaken by the hounds, and never make a living on the place.

The situation must be looked in the face, and fully comprehended without blinking, and any regard for fashion or appearance to others spurned.

My first team was of wild, half-breed Indian horses; would have to catch them with a lasso, and they would snort, buck and kick to a wagon. And such a wagon! It was like those scattered about to adorn (?) the lawn of a blacksmith shop. But I built 3000 rails for it all the same; not on account of its beauty, but to put off the greater expense of two hundred dollars for a new one,—the secret charitable (?) pirates at the river charging a tariff of fifty or seventy-five dollars on a wagon; and so a plow cost thirty or forty dollars; and on hard wood, so that an axletree, tongue, etc., cost ten or fifteen dollars each. A man paid eighty-five dollars to have a common farm wagon repaired.

Remember going to a fourth of July celebration and on other business, and when I went to hitch up, found the double and whiffle trees had been used and left at a distance, when with an ax, piece of a rail and picket rope, I made another set in a very few minutes for the occasion. Such was the outfit we went about with to keep ahead of the hounds, when not on horseback, in building a home and competency, and it took two packs of ravenous, blood-thirsty bloodhounds, and the prostitution of the Government, to hound, intrigue, stab and ring us down.

We would jest and ridicule with those so disposed at our outfit, or anything of the kind, and hold it to be a new fashion, soon to be imitated by all; which happened to be about so, when, having cut the bush of my horses' tails square off for an attractive mark I had never seen or heard of, that I would more surely hear of them when they strayed away; for afterwards this mark became the fashion of the world, and men adopted it for its *beauty*, who had ridiculed it to me as ugly and detestible.

Not having means enough to go ahead to advantage on a claim so distant from timber and wood, and hearing of a fertile prairie and timber country at the head of the Alpowa, about twenty-five miles away, where "there were natural meadows of clover," and situated nearer Snake river (the prospective market) and Lewiston (the best present market), and through which were Indian trails and a shorter route for a through-road from Walla Walla to Lewiston and beyond, I went to see about it.

Passing over an extensive stretch of unsettled, rich, upland prairie, bordering on Padet creek to the west and Tu-Canyon to the east - striking the Indian trails—then going down into the big, deep Canyon, crossing its wooded bottom and stream up towards the mountain; then up and over the brakes on the trails; over another stretch of high in altitude, but promising prairie, reaching south to the mountain, and east and north to the breaks of the Pataha (Pa-táh-há prairie). Settlement on both of these up-land sections had lately been commenced, and two or three houses built on each.

You see now, that the "sections" and settlements are separated by canyons and gorges, and the rough, rocky breaks bordering thereon.

Following the Nez-Percé trails (as did Lewis and Clarke the same in 1804) down and across the Pataha gorge and creek, where it forks; then on a ridge, between the Pataha and breaks of the head of the Alpowa, for four miles, and here lay the spot I was looking for.

It is likewise high in altitude, but is interspersed with belts and groves of timber—of pine, intermingled with fir, tamerack and cottonwood, (giving this tract of country a pleasing, park-like appearance, in striking contrast with the treeless expanse on three sides, as far as the eye can reach—a view of fifty miles), with prairies intervening, that are unlike in extent, evenness and fertility; they being partly arable, and partly pasture lands.

Of course, there were no roads across the gulches; it was as scantily watered as other sections; the clover meadows were a delusion; no post-office, school-house, blacksmith shop, sawmill, grist-mill, or store nearer than twenty-four to thirty miles by trail, and forty to fifty by wagon road. And there was nothing of the kind this side of the big Tu-Canyon or Snake river—with its six dollars ferriage to Lewiston. And there was no grist-mill at Lewiston.

"Alpowai" is Indian for "Spring Creek." It empties into Snake river. Two missionaries—Dr. Whitman and Spaulding—stopped a short time at the mouth of this stream on their arrival from the States to this coast, in 1837, when they planted some apple seeds here for the Indians. From these seeds have grown some very large, fruitful and famed trees—living monuments of good men, and the oldest mark of civilization in the Walla Walla country, if not in the North-west. Twenty-five or thirty Nez-Percé Indians still (1889) live, farm and raise stock on the lower creek. But the "Old Indian Orchard" is not theirs anymore. They long ago renounced their tribal relations and are good citizens.

At one time they loaned some horses to volunteers, to fight hostile Indians, for which they never got any pay or even the animals back. And when Colonel Steptoe and his force got whipped by hostiles beyond the river—in 1858 - old Timothy led them out of a death trap, and, with the other creek Indians, ferried them across the river in the night—thus saving the lives of over a hundred men, and for which the cowardly-ingrate Steptoe never even said "thank you."

Timothy's wife died recently (1889), aged ninety-five years; she remembered Lewis and Clark quite well, and how well they were entertained by her people. The oldest Nez-Percés revere the memory of Lewis and Clark, as the first white men they ever saw (1804).

At the time of this land hunting trip (1871), when I located my place, there were five or six white men living on the Asotin creek, twelve to twenty miles to the south-east,—only one of whom had a wagon—but there was not a white woman in what is now Asotin county. Jerry McGuire, Noble Henry and Wm. Hopwood were the first settlers, I believe. Joseph Harris and Dan Faver lived on the Alpowai creek, Dudley Strain on the Alpowa-ridge-prairie (which lies between the Alpowa and Pataha). The latter was soon joined by Mr. Harris, who had a band of cattle to help them out. They and their families (eight miles away) were our nearest permanent neighbors for several years, and, happily, they were good and useful ones in times of need.

The foregoing, with the fifteen or twenty men living on the Pataha creek and prairie to the north-west, constituted the population of the region between Tu-Canyon, Snake river and the Oregon line—now forming two quite populous counties.

There was, indeed, a branch Indian trail route—up the Padet creek through this park-like tract (at the head of the Alpowai) - to Lewiston and the Asotin country, and no practical route across the Alpowa between this and the other one, (that I travelled sixty miles on when I came to the country and stopped in the "Upper Tou-chet" section), and to the south are the Blue mountains. But to make a wagon road across Tu-Canyon and the Pataha required a great deal of work, which could not be done until the country along the route was somewhat settled up. And there was road work to do in crossing the wooded gulches here.

In one of these gulches, where the trail crossed it, there flowed, for a quarter of a mile or more, the principal spring, or springs of water for several miles around, and fertile prairie land lay more adjacent to this spring, than to any other, that would afford water for so large a band of stock and for other business.

Here was "water, wood and grass," with a good sheltered building place, joined to land ready for the plow; which is joined by enough more land that is destitute of water, so as not to be valuable to others, on which I could lay my other land rights, or buy, so as to have enough for a spacious home and business, to justify the pioneering and toil necessary to undergo in the building of a home alone in a wilderness.

The Government justly gave to the pioneers of Oregon and Western Washington claims of 640 acres of rich bottom and prairie lands, bordering on rivers flowing unfettered to the sea; and it was death to a jumper. Patents to 8000 such "donation claims" were issued. Yet, when I had more surely earned, and obtained by subsequent and more exacting laws, a less tract of land in a back wilderness, bottled up and strangled from the sea by the gang, the grasping, black-leg, midnight, blood-sucking hounds held it to be death-deserving, to hold and enjoy it.

This I will prove in one place and another so plain and *positively*, that none but a contemptible, villainous thief will dispute it.

After looking around, I laid the customary "foundation," (four poles in a square) by the big spring of my hopeful desire, and posted a notice that I hereby claimed it, with a quarter section of land about it, October, 1871.

This land being then unsurveyed, it could not be designated and filed on at the Land office, which was at Walla Walla. Nor could one tell, within forty rods, where his lines would be, till it was surveyed. As the claim I had located before was also on unsurveyed land, I therefore had not used, or lost any land-right in locating and disposing of it. So I had the pre-emption and homestead rights to use here, and the timber culture and desert land rights left to use elsewhere, if I so desired.

There were a few other claims taken in this locality about this time by others, and more the following summer, but they were all abandoned in a year or two, after more or less work. For this locality was so far away from supplies, that had to be hauled by such a round-about way, or packed in by the Indian trail, and there being no one anywhere near, who was able to give employment to those short of means, necessary to meet expenses and go ahead with their improvements; with everything to buy at big prices, and nothing to sell, it was a hard struggle to get along.

There was a surplus produced on the Pataha creek, along the road; but oats, barley and potatoes were two or three cents a pound; hogs, eight cents gross, and wheat, one dollar a bushel. And this in the face of a limited and declining market. Prices got less towards Walla Walla—which was the Egypt of the new settlements – and greater towards the mines of Idaho and British Columbia.

A future market depended on a river or rail outlet to the sea, and on a numerous immigration, that must consume before they could produce.

The prices of merchandise were between that of a settled farming country and a mining camp. My store bills for seven years, after we were married, run from $150 to $350 a year.

However, thinking that what by our ability, industry and economy we honestly earned, we could hold and enjoy in peace, we concluded to go to work and build a good and spacious home here, and we went at it full of hope and ambition, to succeed in the face of both ridicule and earnest advice.

One who did not toil or spin, yet gathered in other people's barns and things, impressed me with other and easier ways to get a competency, than such a hard and homely way. "There are other ways for you to get along, better than by work—whatever you do, let such work be the *very last thing* to THINK of doing," he said. And he warned me of the tangled meshes of perplexity, and the treacherous, deadly mire of grim conspiracy and treason, that is masked and planted in the way, to stab, bleed, ravage and murder the homebuilder; examples of which will be given in other chapters.

True, I had some business ability and experience in the real and living world, and by linking in with the gang that prostitutes the courts, could have acquired larger tracts of land and ready made homes without any toil, as so many charitable brethren do. There were others with ridicule or advice, who had not ability enough to make a living for themselves.

But no one questioned our *right* to build, hold and enjoy a home here if we could; and certainly no one then envied the prospect or place. Some declared they "would not settle in that neck of woods for a deed to a township of land." But, having no responsible guardian, I went ahead and laid in a supply of necessary implements, tools, etc.; grain for feed and seed; a few hundred feet of lumber; a year's supply of grub, clothing, etc.; settled up my accounts; gathered up my stock—in which our start thus far mostly consisted; parted from what little civilization there was, and went to work on the place.

Our house was a log cabin, neither spacious nor elegant, but being the best we had ever owned, it seemed to us to be both spacious and elegant. And the furniture would have sold for not more than $2.50 in a town.

But, "the house and home of every one should be to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defense against injury and violence, as for his repose."

> "The true test of liberty is in the practical enjoyment of protection in the right.
>
> Where the same laws extend to all the citizens of different denominations; where the poorest claims obtain redress against the strongest; where his person and property is secure from every insult within the limits assigned to him by the known laws of his country."

Thus we started out on the rugged road—that not one in fifty travels over successfully—without pomp or assistance, but full of love and hope, agreeing in all things, truly in earnest to succeed, and asking no favors of men.

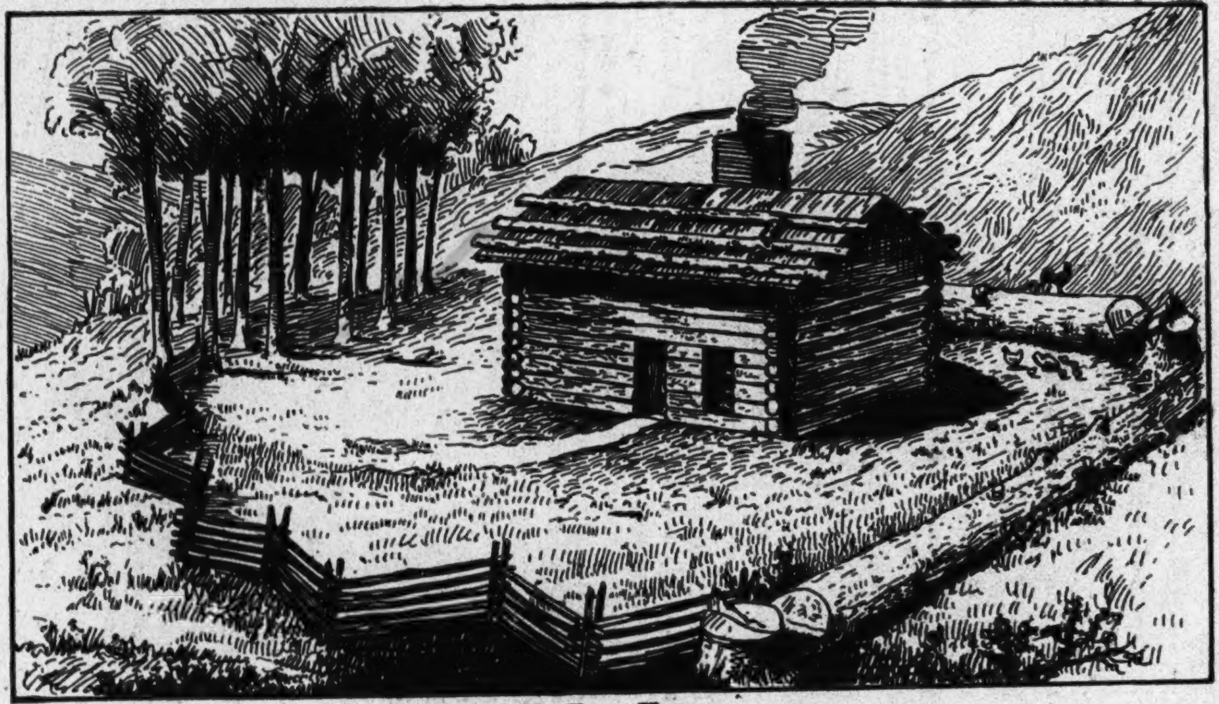
Nor were we at all dismayed by any such stumbling blocks as the first, cast in our way at the critical outset—the worse than stealing of a few hundred paltry dollars in property, that was an absolute gift and heritage to a child from her grandmother, greatly enlarged by her own skillful endeavors.

In travelling in the West, as in moving, etc., one carries picket-ropes, grain, grub and blankets and camp out, because money can be more easily saved in this way, than made by working; and, except an occasional ranch on a main road for such accommodation, houses of any kind are not often available, even in a storm. But with a good outfit and agreeable company, camping out can be made enjoyable.

The plows in the west are of steel, and must be frequently sharpened by a blacksmith. The nearest one for me during the first season was twenty-five miles away. He used bark, not having time to burn coal; he was a skillful mechanic, and Sam Miller was a good man. After this there was a blacksmith but eight miles away. When my plow got dull, would hitch on two more horses—making five or six—to stave off such trips.

But the hauling of supplies from the nearest 'Egypt,' over long and often bridgeless and otherwise almost impassable roads, to a new settlement, is a great drawback. And when this is prolonged by failure of crops, by insect or other pests, it is so costly and discouraging, that many fall back.

The claims about us that had been abandoned were soon relocated by other men, who added somewhat to the improvements on the same. But in the following spring these settlers



MY FIRST HOUSE.

took spells of gazing *intently* at the ground. An old prospector—passing through on the trail for a season's prospect in Idaho, with his pack mule following like a dog—inquired of one of these gazing homebuilders, "have you struck a color, pard?"

But he gets no reply or notice; and no wonder, the ground is indeed "lousy."

The homebuilder from Kansas—as he gazes at, kicks and stamps the *fertile* soil—is heard to mutter "*Grasshoppers, by G—d!*"

His past experience loomed before him like a hideous dream. Heretofore he could mortgage his home for a little of something that was portable, and skip to the trackless West. But there was nobody to invest anything in such a prospect, as was here, and the trackless West was about run down.

A company of Nez-Percé Indians rode carelessly and happily by on the trail; they were well-mounted, also well fed and clothed, and had as good a home as the homebuilder. They were going to some *camas* or *kowsh* ground, where a sort of wild potatoe grows in abundance and variety, and where fresh meat could be had for the killing. In a month they would take a fishing excursion, and it was all a pic-nic.

As they pass along, the Indians, perhaps, discuss the white man's boasted civilization, and point out examples to their children. Be this as it may, the Kansas and Washington homebuilder looks up at them and wonders why he never had the common sense of an Indian.

The hoppers turned out to be big, black crickets, though as destructive as grasshoppers, and often more so, many men wasting a great deal of time in ditching and otherwise fighting against them. This was in 1873.

That spring I had twenty acres into grain—on land I had broke the spring before—and a big garden. My first crop.

Had also a good start of expensive stock-hogs; 8000 rails into fence; and had set out an orchard of about 200 trees; and had done a good deal of road work.

I commenced to ditch against the crickets, but finding it useless, gave up my whole crop to them without a whimper. Some people haven't sense enough to know when they are whipped. They overcrept the land more or less, for fifty miles around, taking the gardens, except peas and potatoes, and the small crops of the new settlers. The large fields of grain of the old settlers, being more than a supply for them, were only partially destroyed.

While I went straight to breaking twenty acres more prairie for a bigger crop next year. I was the only one in this section that did so; and in a few months was the only man living on his claim, in the now known as the "France Settlement." And nobody yet envied me my possession.

The crickets left us potatoes and peas, that they did not like, and enough grain to winter the thirty-five head of hogs, that promised to give us a lift the following year. The pest was an all summer's feast to them.

I cradled over all of the twenty acres, and hauled and stacked the grain alone. The same summer and fall this section of country, 6x12 miles—two townships—was surveyed, as near as essential, into forty acre-square tracts.

So now I could lay my place definitely by the lines, and file my claim to it at the land office, after some months, when the office got ready for it.

A portion of my field turned out to be on a "School section," (there being two such in each township) but having settled before the survey, could therefore hold my claim as it was, except that I must draw in or push out to the survey lines. Could take four forty-acre tracts, but they must be connected and butt square against each other. Could do this and form the claim either in a half mile square; a mile long and one-quarter wide; in the shape of a T, L, or Z: whichever would take in the most desirable land.

However, as there was a law—that was being generally availed of in the old settlements—for leasing such school sections, in whole or in part, at a nominal sum; and as this tract was entirely destitute of water, so that it would be of little comparative value to others, I did not file on any of it, thinking that hereafter I could lease, and afterwards buy—if it was sold—such portion as I might need in my business, and was able to pay for according to present and future laws. I could get a few acres of land in the garden of California, on a clam beach on Puget Sound, or in the Sandwich Islands—enough for a bare living. But, of course, I wanted land enough for a desirable home and a profitable business and for my children. What else was I here for? What other inducement was there to pioneer in a back wilderness while it would produce nothing but big, black, hungry crickets—a hundred bushels to the acre! Nobody wanted to murder me then for my possessions! Even the Indians looked on me with compassion as I struggled along, and they never did us any harm, with all their opportunities to do so.

While I was thus *earning* a competency, members of the charitable (?) gangs were conspiring to *steal* school and other lands by the section and township, as will hereafter appear. And that they were held up for admiration by high officials who conspired to murder me by inches in cold blood!

Not finding it profitable to raise crickets and grain at the same time, I thought I would try to make something out of the famous bunch grass range. So that summer (1873) I got a band of over 100 stock cattle to keep on shares for half the increase. But learned by the following spring that the range for cattle was greatly over-rated, except for those having secret influence at court, so they can make their losses good from other people's bands with impunity. I had provided feed on the range where the cattle were running, and fed those that were unable to rustle. Though it was a moderate winter, and there was grass in sight all the time, but few of them did well on the range. So I traded the business off for six good milch cows with calves, and having two, made eight cows, or sixteen head of my own.

The man I traded with made nothing out of the band.

Whenever a snow storm set in I straddled a horse and struck out over the range—five to fifteen miles away—to see to the cattle.

It is a pitiful sight one sees in riding over these western stock ranges in winter. Cattle gather in on streams and ravines for shelter and water, where they will stay and starve for feed rather than strike out and climb for the bare windward side of the hills, or when they are on the leeward side of a hill or gorge, where the sun strikes with good effect and keeps the grass pretty bare of snow, they will stay here and starve for water, and then go to the, perhaps frozen-up, creek, where, if the water happens to be open, they will drink to excess, and then stop in the brush and trees—if any there be—and starve for grass. If no water, they moan and die for a drink. The feed near watering places is always eaten off close in summer. It is here that cattle largely pine, are cast, and die; here they battle the fates and each other like men; half a dozen big, long-horned steers gore a single crippled, weakly animal down or fast in a drift of snow or wood, because it does not belong to their band or clan. I found a cow thus wedged into a clump of trees and hanging by the hips with her knees down the bank on the ice, and her calf bleating pitifully near by. One sees many calves bleating in despair, pining and dying by their cast, dying and dead mothers, while clans of wolves are barking and feasting on their quivering misery, like clans of human kine. Cattle gather in on the Columbia, Snake and other rivers, inflamed and crazed with burning thirst, crowd out on the ice for an opening in the stream, when the ice breaks and they are drowned—whole bands at a time.

Early in the spring, before many owners know what the winter has left, cattlemen of the clan that rules the court, strike out and gather up about everything that can travel, drive them out of the country—often to British Columbia—and sell out, to do it again and again. But when one, who has been but a hired hand for these gentry, steals but a few head *on his own account*, he is branded as a "cattle thief," his property divided among the court gang, and he is sent to the penitentiary for five or ten years.

The survey plats being received at the local land office, from Washington, I filed my Pre-emption claim and received the following receipts:

[redacted] **Land Office at** WallaWalla

June 11, 1874

Mr. Geo W. France has this day paid Three dollars, the Register's and Receiver's fees, to file a Declaratory Statement, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged.

J. H. Boyer
Receiver.

No. 861

Mr. Geo W. France having paid the fees, has this day filed in this Office his Declaratory Statement, No. 861 for W 1/2 of S. E 1/4, N. E 1/4 of S. E 1/4 & S. W 1/4 of N. E 1/4, section 25 township 10 N, of range 42 E, containing 160 acres, settled upon May 1, 1873 being un offered.

Wm Stephing
Register.

I had from six to thirty-three months from date of settlement to pay $200 for this claim and get a patent for it, when I could take a homestead claim.

It being uncertain as to the time I would need to do this, my settlement was dated only about a year before I filed. The word "Unoffered" means that the land was not for sale outright, as it had been about Walla Walla up to 1870.

I had been working to get a county road laid out from near Dayton, up Padet creek, through this section to Lewiston. And with the assistance of Messrs. Stringer & Whaley (then living on Tu-Canyon) it was viewed out, surveyed, mile posts set and granted—fifty-two and a half miles—October, 1874.

But there was yet much work to do to open it, which cost me—first and last—much time, labor, and other expense. And afterwards I likewise secured the cross roads that are in this section.

The cricket pest was still (1874) in the land, and besides, it was a dry, hot season.

I had sown 60 bushels of grain—mostly wheat—that I had hauled fifty miles; did not make enough out of the forty acre crop to pay for the seed.

The Mogul pirates, still having control of the rivers of the country, and the immigration being the wrong way, my expensive hogs were only worth two and a half cents a pound. So the crickets were of no more use than the River Clan.

Some of the clan about this time relieved the county treasury of about $20,000 in cash. *Then* an error (?) was "discovered" in the security bonds. All the officials were sworn brethren, so nobody was punished, and the people paid for the charity!

A man built a wooden and strap-iron railroad from Walla Walla to the Columbia river, thirty miles. He got $5 and upwards per ton for freight, though much was hauled on wagons as before. But the river tariff was so high that it did not pay to ship grain anyway. There were not even any grain shipping facilities on Snake river in 1874. Up to this fall, with all my hard work and farming and expenses I had had nothing to sell but some horses and cattle from my little herd, and was $200 in debt. But had managed to yet have a good start of horses, cattle, hogs, hens, etc., and had pushed my improvements way ahead: yet, nobody envied the place.

All the places about us were now again either abandoned for good by the owners, or for an indefinite time, and we were alone in the settlement.

Even our staid neighbors—Harris and Strain—were about to leave the "damned country." I was berated and my sanity questioned—more than usual, and in no uncertain sound—because I did not join in cursing the country and leave it when others left. But such rebukes of fortune—as natural pests or accidental injury—not being due to conspiracy, treachery, or breaches of trust, caused in me no bitter sorrow or any loss of sleep, and we were not unhappy.

Moreover, I had quit prospecting for an undiscovered, ready-made fortune, had settled down to earn at least a livelihood; did not expect a picnic and had not found any.

And the other new settlements before noted could be bought entirely by the claim for much less than the costs of the improvements, and some of them were now deeded land.

Many who had got in debt, and most all had that could, had to sell their places for what they could get to other home-seekers, who were able and willing to take their turn. Money was very scarce and hard to get. Old settlers left their families and went 200 or 300 miles away to work for money, to pay for their land and to meet other expenses.

Those who had bands of cattle, horses or sheep, and were out of debt, could hold their own and more, with good management and no bad luck.

I had made some money by working and hauling for others, etc., and bought a better wagon, harness, plow, etc. And now sold all of our cattle except two, also a horse, hogs, potatoes, chickens and butter; paid up what I owed, bought seed for another year—still fifty miles away—and laid in a full year's supply of provisions, clothing, etc., and some cash in hand for another siege. Plowed ten acres in December, when it set in cold, for a very hard winter. And we made a visiting tour of six weeks as far as Walla Walla and beyond. Then I hauled and cut up my regular year's supply of wood for stove and fire-place - spring of 1875.

The country between the Snake and Columbia rivers—known as the "Palouse" and "Spokane" sections—through which the Northern Pacific railroad had been located, had been more or less settled up. But on account of the tariff extorted by the river pirates, and failure of the other charitable clan to build the promised railroad, almost all of these settlers, except those well provided with stock, had starved out and were now leaving the country for Oregon, California, and the States. Immigrants came in and took their places.

Others who held their own, or did even better—in spite of the adverse situation - were set upon and pillaged more directly by brethren with influence at court, and their places also were taken by others. Some left the route of the railroad to settle nearer Snake or the Columbia river, thinking it would be opened first. But it is still fettered by the sworn clan.

The cricket pest was now past, but the hard winter, together with the bottled condition of the country and other afflictions, further discouraged settlers, and during this summer of 1875, many also left this division. But others came in to take their places and continue the struggle on both sides of the river, until their successors should come. And a few of the claims that had been abandoned about us were re-located.

I spent much valuable and often thankless time in riding about and otherwise assisting these migratory land hunters. My house and grain stacks were always open to them without charge, as well as to all travellers passing through on the trails. As my place was widely known and often the only convenient place to stop at, many availed themselves of it; were frequently crowded in this way.

Besides farming, in 1875, I worked with my four horse team in hauling for others, including freight from Walla Walla to the Lewiston stores. It was five years this fall that I had worked hard and put it mostly into this place. And having it improved enough for practical use, I wanted to prove up and get a patent for it, so as to add to it an adjoining quarter section below, that was vacant.

I asked a man to lend me the necessary $200 at one and a half per cent. a month for the purpose. "Yes," he said, "but I must have other security *besides* a mortgage on the place." Yet I had done $600 to $700 worth of fencing and breaking, and $200 or $300 of other work on it.

It is about the usual thing with homebuilders to have to face a lawyer or doctor's bill of $250 or more—for a week's service of mal-practice, backed by the ring courts—at this stage of the struggle, or before, when it takes $5 worth of hard earned property to get one dollar in money. Pause and reflect.

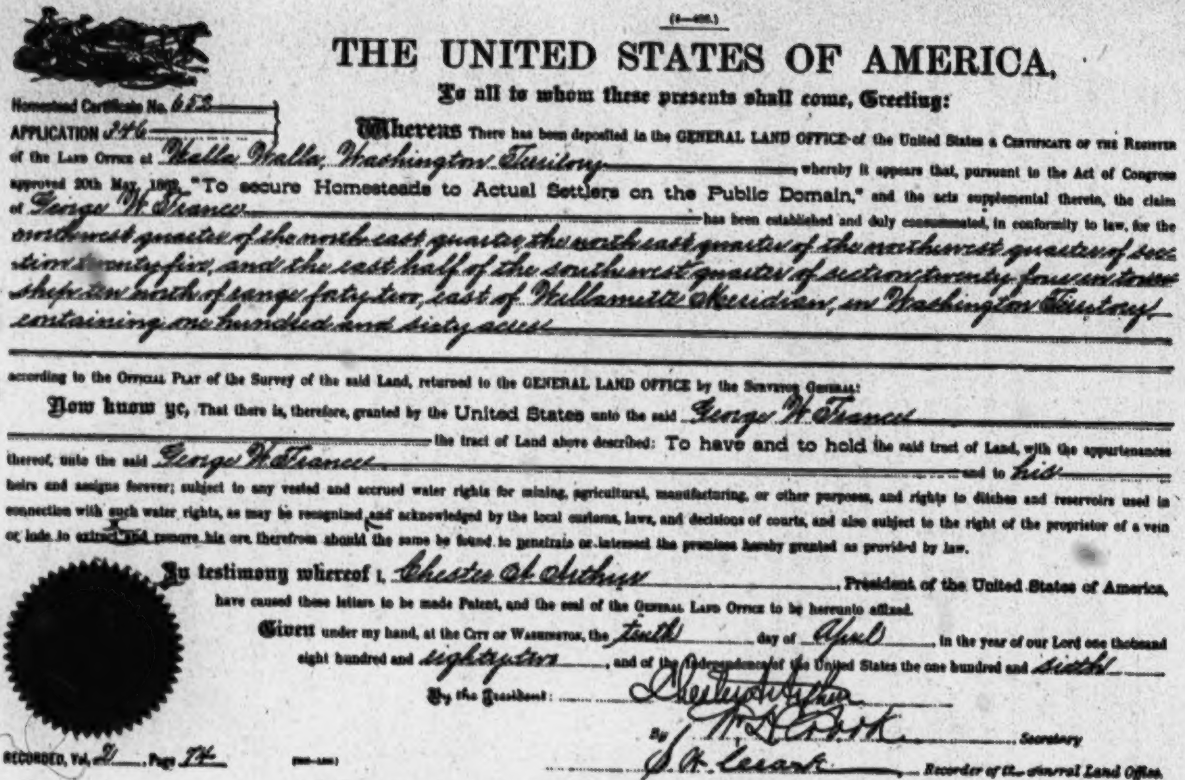
I had escaped this, though I had sacrificed $350 at one time, and $250 at another to thieves, rather than undertake to buy justice of the court gang. So was able to borrow $200 (of another money-lender) to prove up and deed the land, which I did and filed a homestead claim.

Then, having built a log house, 16x22 feet, corral, sheds, hen-house, etc., on the best building place, at the lower spring in the spring gulch before noted, and just on this homestead claim, we moved there September, 1875.

The 320 acres contain 160 acres of arable land, the rest being either timber, steep or rocky, but all good for pasture.

What good rail timber was handy had mostly been cut and hauled many miles away, so I had to go as far as six or seven miles back in the mountain for my future supply. But I had good teams now and wagon, was practically free of debt, had means to employ help, was otherwise so much better fixed lo get along than at the outset, and there being no more insect pest, that we just loped right along and ahead of the country.

Columbia County was formed out of Walla Walla County this fall. And as there was now about 200 settlers this side of Tu-Canyon, they started a town in it ("Marengo"), made an effort to build and own a grist-mill, and vote the county seat to this place. They lacked the votes necessary to get the capital, but money and work was generally subscribed by these poor



(4—406.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 653
APPLICATION 346

Whereas There has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Walla Walla, Washington Territory whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of George W. France has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the northwest quarter of the north east quarter, the north east quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty five, and the east half of the southwest quarter of section twenty four in township ten north of range forty two, east of Willamette Meridian, in Washington Territory, containing one hundred and sixty acres

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the Surveyor General:

Now know ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said George W. France the tract of Land above described: To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said George W. France and to his heirs and assigns forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietor of a vein or lode to extract and remove his ore therefrom should the same be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted as provided by law.

In testimony whereof I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

By the President: Chester A. Arthur

By Wm. H. Crook, Secretary

S. W. Clark, Recorder of the General Land Office.

RECORDED, Vol. 21, Page 74.

UNITED STATES LAND PATENT. (HOMESTEAD.)
Reduced to one half the original size.

half-housed, mortgaged settlers to build the costly mill as a joint stock concern.

Here was a chance for some brethren having secret influence at court, to get control and engage in a swindle. Of course they did, and did nothing but manage the business against the victims, and grasp for money.

The mine was equal to what would be a moderate lawyer or doctor's fee for each outside investor.

FROM THE PRESS, SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS FROM THE BEGINNING.

> "The Marengo mill difficulty has at last been arranged. The remaining indebtedness of the concern has been raised among the unfortunate ones who signed the notes, although it will nearly break up a number of our best farmers to pay the amount subscribed."
>
> Also.—"Mrs. W. S—— is very sick. It is doubtful if she will recover. She is destitute, all her means of support having gone to furnish whiskey and other luxuries for some of the Marengo mill thieves."

Some got very indignant at me for refusing to take any stock in, and for ridiculing this scheme. One of whom afterwards skipped across the British line and started a masonic newspaper with his plunder.

After the hard winter of 1874–5, common stock cows fell to $10, and the remnants of bands left by the winter were sold very cheap. Even stock men were breaking up now and leaving the country in disgust. Horses, however, were more regarded, so one was no longer laughed at in reply to an offer to trade them for cattle.

I thought this the time to buy cattle, and in the following winter bought twelve good milch cows at $20 each, making 15 in all besides their calves, and soon had a fine band of cattle.

In 1876 I threshed 1,000 bushels of wheat and barley (and had lots of other produce) being the first grain I threshed with a machine. It was the first time I could get one, or a threshing crew; and now had to go eight miles to do so after employing every settler and land hunter in my settlement. And had to take a ten horse power outfit that took three and a half days time and pay, all around, to do the one days work, and leave one-third of the grain in the straw. The ground yielded thirty to fifty bushels to the acre.

And for the ensuing six or eight months A-No 1 wheat and barley would not sell for more than 25 cents a bushel anywhere in the county, or in Walla Walla county either.

"Never before have I heard so much talk about hard times. The general question now is, is your grain attached? There having been several attachments in this part. Cannot the merchants avoid heaping costs [say $150 each] on the already overburdened farmer until he can market his wheat?"

Later.—"It is asserted by some of the inhabitants that there is not money enough in the county to pay its territorial tax, and we noticed four deputy sheriffs rustling for county taxes. One of these rustlers, but a short time since, was loud in his denunciations against having the stock sacrificed to get tax money, but he struck a happy thought, so he wrote to the sheriff for a deputyship and obtained the same. About the first man he struck shamed him off of his place. Property must be sold for taxes if buyers are to be fonnd, and if not, then the county will have to collapse. We were told that one of the county commissioners said it was impossible for him to pay his taxes."

However, I was fixed to pay my harvest and other expenses without selling my grain for 25 cents a bushel, and found a market at Lewiston that winter for the wheat at 45 and 50 cents a bushel, and barley at $1.25 per hundred pounds; the latter delivered at Fort Lapwai, twelve miles beyond. Don't know what it cost the Government, *which should buy direct from the producer.*

I induced the ferryman (Mr. Piercy) to cross my four-horse outfit over the river for $2 a round trip. I believe this was the first crop of grain ever ferried across Snake river.

There was no one living on the road at the time from one and a half miles beyond my place to Lewiston, or between that place and Fort Lapwai. I had before made the first wagon tracks from my place to within five or six miles of Lewiston.

During the summer and fall of 1876 there was quite a large immigration in this country, and the vacated claims about us were again taken and many new ones located.

And settlement to farm was commenced in the "Deadman," "Meadow Gulch" and "New York Gulch" sections, lying west of the lower Alpowa and south and east of Snake river, and north of the stage road and the Pataha creek. I believe the first grain raised in this section was in 1878, after which time it was mainly settled.

Two miners on the way from the Idaho mines had perished from the cold, or been killed for their dust at the head of Deadman hollow and creek near the road—hence the name of "Deadman." The gulch and stream are about 25 miles long.

And settlement to farm was commenced in the Asotin country to the south-east. As it was also on the bench or plateau lands about Lewiston, 1876.

With this immigration and these settlements, a town-site ("Columbia Centre") was located four and a half miles west of my place, on this new road, at the forks of the Pataha, and a steam saw-mill, grist-mill, store and blacksmith shop set up. And the towns of Pomeroy and Pataha City on the creek lower down were started—each with a grist-mill, store and blacksmith shop, 1876–7.

All of these places were between our place and Tu-Canyon, which up to this time had to be climbed over on the way to the mills, stores, graneries, etc., of "Egypt."

A grist-mill was also built at Lewiston, 1876–7. Asotin City was laid out at the mouth of Asotin creek on Snake river, 1878; is now the capital of Asotin county.

Sometimes immigrants settle in family or little contracted sectarian groups, each grovelling close within, averse to each other, the people and the world—as in a strange and foreign land, so that a full and general neighborhood meeting and greeting of a Sunday is never seen. While others of a more travelled and expansive turn, yearn to encompass broader fields. The one as insects whose world is but a single leaf. The other as comprehensive man, whose visions see and comprehend the whole tree and forest.

Yet by the sting of an insect, man may die, and by their multitude forests be destroyed.

In the spring of 1877 the settlers in this "France Settlement" had a schoolhouse meeting, at which we agreed on a location for the proposed school house; subscribed the necessary lumber, other material and work. And afterwards met from day to day, and built the best school house except one, I believe, then in the county.

CHAPTER XI.

An Indian war.—Neighboring Indians go on the war-path.—The reason. —Description of their domain.—Their horses and cattle.—"A job on Uncle Sam."—How they plead for their country.—"Earth governed by the sun," etc.—Whom they killed.—How they marched and fought. —Settlers either stampede or gather in fortresses.—Efforts made by men to have other tribes break out.—For plunder.—What an Indian must do to become a citizen.—How Indian claims are jumped.—What the Indian was before the advent of the Whites.—Their government, pursuits, etc.—What fire-arms and whiskey did for them.—How they started fire, lived and died. Their religion.—How to improve the Indian.—"A cry of the soul."

THE summer of 1877 Chief Joseph and his band of Nez-Percé Indians, joined by White Bird and Looking Glass with their bands of the same, went on the warpath against Gen'l Howard and his army, assisted by Generals Gibbons and Miles with their troops. The Indians numbered less than three hundred men, besides their women and children. They were non-treaty Indians, and each band owned separate tracts of country. Their country had been bartered to the Government many years before by a chief, who was not, however, recognized as such by this portion of the tribe. They denounced the transaction as fraudulent, and could never be induced to receive any portion of the stipulated annuities or pay.

The Government had built a grist- and saw-mill, and established an agency, and fenced and broke for them patches of land. But they were not to be deluded into civilization, and be governed by ring agents in any such way.

They could see nothing in the mode and vexation of living, as practiced by the ignoble poor and ignorant of the Whites, to cause in them any desire to become similarly situated. They believed white men and their agents to be vile, grasping, treacherous, tricky and mighty uncertain. And the chiefs declared, that their people could not be educated to successfully compete with them, and combat their whiskey and contagious and loathsome diseases.

As it was, they were healthy, well to do in their way, happy, contented and free, and had leisure from toil. They could not see more for them in civilization. They could not expect to achieve for their race, that which a great majority of the white race were ever struggling and toiling for, but failed to possess and enjoy.

Joseph's band consisted of eighty or hundred men, besides their women and children. I had seen him, and talked with many others of his band; and was well acquainted with several of his tribe. One of whom had been to Washington, when they were bartering off their country, of which distinction he was very proud. It can easily be imagined, how the more simple of the Indians could be deluded, and the more vicious otherwise managed, by experts, employed but to succeed.

I suppose the records at Washington show that every foot of land now, or ever, claimed by the Government, was honorably treated for and bought of the Indians. But, if the race was to-day strong, enlightened, and had a newspaper press, to work against diplomatic liars, they could, with any acknowledged standard of honor and law in one hand, and a rifle in the other, burst into flinders enough of such titles, to give each tribe a city and a good-sized bank account,—amid the plaudits of the whole world; when, perhaps, they would take more kindly to civilization.

A part of Joseph's coveted domain lay in my county, and, extending into Oregon, where it mainly consisted in the high, frosty Willowa valley, containing about enough arable land for each of his band a farm, less in extent than that allowed to citizens under the homestead, pre-emption and other acts. This section they used for a summer range for their herds of horses and cattle, just what it was best calculated for. The rest of their country was steep, rocky, wild and craggy; consisting principally in a canyon, about 2500 feet deep, through which runs the rapid Grande Ronde river, which empties into Snake river. Here is where they lived in the winter with their stock; this canyon affording a good winter range for them. There is no river bottom or arable land in it, except a patch here and there of a few acres, some of which the Indians fenced and cultivated. But it was all a good game country, and there was also good fishing. One could see bands of deer feeding a mile away, but it might take half a day to ride to them, on account of some deep, steep, rocky ravine intervening. There were also mountain sheep, elk, bear and other game.

I was through this portion of Joseph's domain, hunting out a route for a through road from opposite Lewiston to the Wil-low-a country for the county. Others with me, who alike indignant and impressed with the ruggedness of it, declared that "Joseph must be putting up a job on Uncle Sam, to get him to buy the waste, and move him and his people to a country more suitable even for Indians." But with its good winter and summer grazing, its good hunting and fishing grounds, its rapid, laughing waters, and it being an inheritance from their fathers for many generations, it therefore just suited Joseph and his band.

Joseph portrayed and supplicated with much feeling, in exhortation to the grasping invaders, how his grand father Joseph had, on his death bed, exhorted and obligated his father Joseph with a solemn injunction, to "keep, cling to, and hold with his people this their country," and how, in turn, his father had laid the same injunction on him. But they exhorted and supplicated in vain.

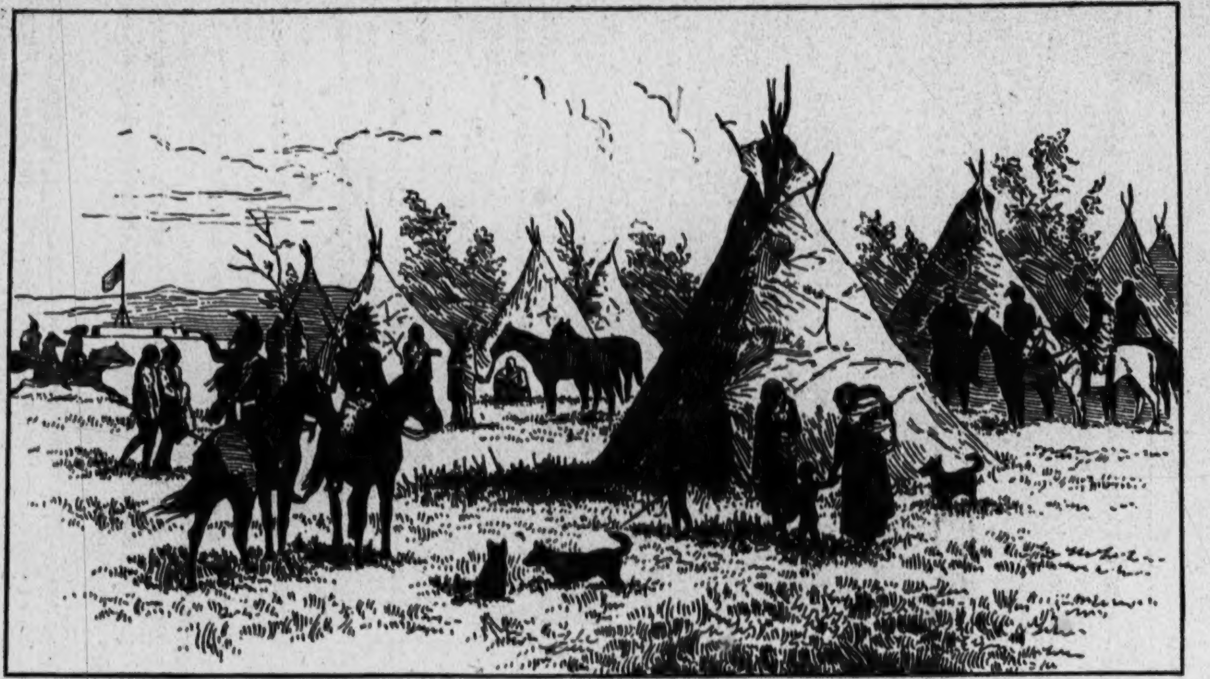
These Indians excelled most others in ability, appearance, living, dress and wealth. And they were peacefully disposed towards the Whites. I never heard of them stealing anything from even those who were encroaching on their domain. But the time had come, when they must forsake their country, go on to the reservation, and live as the poor, ignoble and ignorant white man lives, or fight!

In pleading their cause, one of them said, that "the Earth was governed by the sun," and taking a piece of earth in his fingers, crumbled it fine, letting it fall to the ground, saying, that "rather than be ruled by the treacherous, grasping Whites, he would become as that piece of earth;"—dust to dust. And he died, fighting for his liberty and country. When war had been declared against them, they first killed the men they could find who had taken action for their removal from their country, about six.

When with the bulk of their horses and their families on the travel with them, they combatted, out-generalled and out-fought over 1000 soldiers, citizens and officials, who were engaged against them, in one way or another, all summer. Old soldiers, who followed them all through the campaign to the surrender in Montana, say, that they were better trained and did fight and charge more bravely and desparately than our regular or irregular troops; that their horses were trained to stand alone under fire, while they dismounted and charged the soldiers among the rocks and cliffs; and that their systematic manoeuvering and horsemanship was unequalled anywhere. They would shoot under their horses' bellies, etc., while riding. An Indian of another tribe told me, that some of themselves had horses trained to drop down behind a bush, rock, fallen timber, or other obstruction, when under fire; that he had a horse "that had more sense than himself." And these Indians never saw West Point.

Joseph sternly opposed the committing of any outrages, usual in war, against persons or property, except as to those, who had or were actively engaged against them; for which, it is said, the more vicious of them became rebellious. That this element had a captive woman with them, and, after some of their own women had been killed, they killed her in revenge, or that their squaws did it—the same, however, of whom white men frequently marry wives, and, 'tis said, they are good and true. That, after several of their own wives and children had been killed, Joseph saved, mounted on his horses, and sent away out of danger, women of his enemies, and for which some of his men called a counsel to kill him.

At the outset it was unknown which way the Indians would go when attacked, to drive them to an equality with the ring-ridden Whites, or what depredations they would commit in revenge. It was thought by many that they would raid through our and adjoining settlements; a few soldiers were stationed at a pass back in the mountain, and for a time nearly everybody in the section about us, and to the south-east, either left this part of the country, or gathered into fortresses. Some were warned by Indians to leave. I was busy with my work all the time and did neither. I would sooner trust my home and family to Joseph and his tribe, than to many white men with more secret, selfish and hellish tribal relations; as they are more vile, cruel and



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

treacherous than the worst of savages, as will be made manifest to the most careless understanding.

On account of their superior generalship and training, had the different Indian tribes of this upper country been so minded, they could have laid waste all the settlements in the country, as Sheridan did the Shenandoah valley. And secret ring-men tried to instigate and goad them into a general outbreak, so as to feast in the blood and destruction.

While a peaceable chief (Moses) with good record and principle, was continually riding from one of his bands to another, to pacify, prevent and hold them from rising to join Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass in their revenge, jobs were put up on him, and he was thrown into prison by the gang, backed by a servile press; just as they do with other outsiders who are in their way, or to grasp their money.

It does not appear that either General Howard or the Secretary of the Interior were in with this job; as to which I herewith give an extract from the official report of the Secretary of the Interior at Washington, dated 1879.

> "There never was any trustworthy information in possession of this department, to justify any suspicion as to the conduct or intentions of this Indian chief (Moses), on the contrary, he is known to have rendered good service during the Bannock trouble, in maintaining peace and good order among the Indians under his influence. But the efforts to take his life, or at least his liberty, or drive him into hostilities, appeared to be so persistent, that it required the most watchful and active interposition on the part of the Government to prevent a conflict. On several occasions I requested the Governor and General Howard to personally interfere and protect Moses."

And it is further declared that by Moses' efforts a general Indian war was prevented.

In Indian campaigns the transportation and supply accounts are immense, (though the common soldier often fares no better than the Indian warrior without any paid quartermasters' department), and the plunder therein is a big object to secret brethren.

"General Crook was asked if the present campaign would put an end to Indian outbreaks in Arizona. He answered with a smile: 'I know and you know that a great many people make money out of Indian troubles. These same people exercise considerable influence in control of the Indians.'"

The Nez-Percé Indians were rich in horses and cattle, and in land to sustain and enlarge them. Some of them owned one or two thousand horses. And among them were race horses, equal to those bred by their white neighbors, and which they would frequently beat on a track for coin.

Several companies of volunteers went to assist General Howard and Co. in fighting these Indians, and they captured a good many horses and cattle. Every few days during the campaign some of them would pass my place with a band of Indian horses, and all covered with glory and dust. These bands numbered from a dozen to 150 head. Three men stayed at my place one night with 125 of Joseph's cattle. They thought the Indians had more stock and land than they needed. And men who had never earned a dollar by work in their lives, and would steal and ravage before they ever would work, exclaimed, that "*the Indians should be made to work!*"

To know and comprehend human character of each sort correctly, it must be realized that there are widely different elements and dispositions in each race, tribe and even family. That there are but individuals, or a comparatively small element of the Indians, that will flay alive a captive because he belongs to a hostile, grasping race. And we should show them that there are but individuals, or a small element of Whites, who glory in killing their women of any tribe, and in dashing out the brains of their children on the rocks, or who kill Indians whenever they find them alone and defenseless, just because some other of their race had, perhaps, committed a similar outrage on some one dear to them long before.

And let us look to those of virtuous pretentions, in high station, who directly and indirectly practice, with impunity, heartless cruelties and traitorous prostitutions—deeds of darkness that would make a savage blush!

"To become a citizen, the Indian must make affidavit before some qualified person, that he has severed his tribal relations. He must also bring two witnesses, to testify that he has severed such relations."

Why is it that they are denounced, plundered and killed for clinging to their tribal relations and government, and required to renounce that first, before they can be citizens with us in our Government; while, at the same time, we suffer *sworn* subjects of more secret and selfish tribal governments to pass as full-fledged citizens, and to hold office and prostitute our Government, to rob us and the Indian with impunity?

"Sitting Bull is evidently a very observant Indian. He declares, that, if affairs continue on in the same groove, the Indians will not have ground enough left, upon which to stretch their tepees and rest their limbs, and that they will have to pay taxes and be as poor and ragged as pale-faces."

As follows.—"A delegation of Indians came up, on their way to Fort Walla Walla, for a conference with the commanding officer, concerning the jumping of their land The Indian whose land has been confiscated is very intelligent. It seems that he had a small place under cultivation, with fence, house and stable. The jumper has filed on the land, and now requests the dusky Siskiow to *hiack clatawa*, or he will blow off the top of his head.

Siskiow remarks that he is not as young as he used to be, or he should not allow the jumper, or any other man, to scare him out of house and home. He has concluded to have a talk with the commanding officer and the land agent at Walla Walla, and find out whether he has any rights a Boston man is bound to respect."

"This place was the scene of the misunderstanding last spring between the Whites and Indians, which looked as if it might prove serious. It seems but little encouragement for Indians to try and adopt the habits of their 'civilized' brothers, by locating and cultivating their land, if they are liable to lose it any time their improvements are worth the taking."

While we are enjoying the fame, glory, plunder and victory over these poor, damned, friendless Indians, let us at least concede to them the skill and the bare, fruitless sentiment of patriotism and valor that is due them.

"Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountain and read their doom in the setting sun."

Intelligent old Indians, of different tribes, tell me that they were very numerous in the north-west before the advent of the

Whites. That they were healthy, vigorous, and endowed with fine constitutions, and were not on the decline.

The principal trouble with them was that they gloried in war and plunder, one tribe with another, and battles in which 1,000 or more Indians were killed, are related. The smaller tribes would often combine to fight a stronger one, such as the Sioux, as do civilized nations. And their great war chiefs were glorified as those of the Whites are to-day.

It does not appear, however, that they were quarrelsome or criminally disposed within the tribes, and peace and justice were maintained without prisons or taxes, or much trouble or pain.

They cultivated no habit or taste that could not be easily supplied to all. They enjoyed and had leisure for the hunt, as much as an English lord. They appear to have been more happy, and have gotten as much good out of life as do the ring-ridden, toiling masses of the Whites. The introduction of fire-arms among them, first by the Hudson Bay Fur Company, inaugurated a more peaceful era among the Indians, as the more destructive war machines have done among the civilized nations. But the whiskey, diseases and vices of the Whites have proved far more fatal to them than their wars. Consumption, deadly fevers, diphtheria, small-pox, measles, scrofula, and more loathsome diseases are said to have been *unknown to the Indian until they had known civilization.*

Nor did they have any medical colleges or dollar-a-mile doctors. A steam bath in their "sweat house" was a remedy for about all their illness. They had no taste for salt and used none; nor tobacco, opium, etc. They started fires with punk and friction. The whirling of a hard stick set on to punk, by looping the stick in a bow string, will soon produce fire.

The greater part of the country west of the Missouri river is more adapted to the raising of buffalo, deer, elk, goat, bear, rabbit, and other game, and horses, than for anything else. And before the advent of civilization—that slaughtered them off for their pelts, and the sport (?) of hunting down, maiming, killing, and seeing God's beautiful creatures suffer, quiver, and die—there was a great abundance of such food supply. Deer was as easily caught as sheep are now, and destroyed the crops of the first settlers on Puget Sound. This great natural food supply—together with the fish, clams, berries, roots, and seeds that made a rich flour, afforded food in great abundance, more healthy and better than that had by millions of the children of boasted, flaunted civilization, with all their endless toil, diseases, vexation, sorrow and vices.

And by a little care and regulation this natural God-given food and clothing supply could have been increased to support a population—dressed in seal-skin and martin, instead of calico and dungaree—as dense as in the present toiling, vexatious and vicious way.

It seems that even in Europe it has been found the best economy to raise game instead of grain. Grasshoppers, unseasonable weather, fashion, the prosperity of others, had no terrors for the Indians, and they knew not suicide or insanity.

Thus did the red man live—able to spurn common toil like a prince, enjoying the sports of the chase like a nobleman, the glories of war like a Bonaparte, Hannibal, and Grant. And had leisure for study and that rest, that the Whites can only hope and pray for in heaven. This thing, called civilization indeed! has proved to be a humbug to every people in the history of the world that have tried it very long, so that they either called a halt, like the Chinese, or perished like the Indian under the ban.

As to the religion of the Indian before the advent of the Whites, it appears to have been similar to that of the Chinese from whence the race is believed by themselves to have come (crossing Behring Strait, or by the Islands). It is a sort of Spiritualism—that all animals have immortal spirits. It is in accordance with the same that they had their favorite or attached horses, etc., killed at their death, believing that the attachment and association of these spirits—man and horse, etc.—before death would continue after death in some form if freed of the body by its death.

They worshipped the sun, etc., as great sources or mainsprings of life and goodness, as some Christian people do the "harvest moon."

They say as to their belief in an intelligent supreme ruling power, a living God, "great spirit," "happy hunting ground," or any comprehensive future existence, that this is all an invention of the Whites.

Like so many of the Whites, the religious belief of most of the Indians is very vague, and they are ready to change it for anything else that will give them cash or increased happiness in hand.

If the Indians are to be benefitted by the better element of civilization, they must be dealt with more honestly by the Government, and protected against the depravity of the worst elements, masonic agents, etc., or else be permitted to protect themselves against the lurking serpents. And the same can well be said as to the simplest and artless of the white race also.

A CRY OF THE SOUL.

"I have read in the lore of long ago
How a symbol of our life below
Is a boat with palsied men to row,
And a blind man at the rudder;
Or a pensive, mild-eyed mother of kine
That roots and grubs in the ground like swine,
With a serpent at the udder.

O shaven priest, that pratest of souls,
Knowest thou not that men are moles
That blindly grope and burrow?
The field that is gray shall be green again.
But whether with grass or whether with grain
He knoweth who turns the furrow!

It is only a step from cradle to grave,
And the step must be taken by knight and knave,
By stupid alike and clever;
For sleep is a death that lasts but a night,
And death is a sleep when the lips are white,
And open no more forever.

O poet, be still, with thy maudlin verse;
For singing of love, when love is a curse,
Neither mars the thing nor mends it;
And sure as death and sleep are twins,
So life in mystery begins,
And another mystery ends it!

And he who only sleeps for a night,
Though never before were his dreams so bright,
Shall surely awaken with the light
To another day of sorrow;
So better by far the sleep of the dead,
For the sleeper that sleeps it need not dread,
Though hard be the pillow beneath his head,
The doom of a sad to-morrow.

Ah, life is a riddle that none can guess;
And whether it curse, or whether it bless,
Depends on no endeavor;
For the spider of fate, with a thousand eyes,
Sits weaving its web for human flies;
And the flies buzz on forever!

And the wolf of hunger, gaunt and grim,
Full often stops at the door of him
Who was cradled in bliss and splendor,
And the wolf of sin and the wolf of woe
Lie in wait for souls that are white as snow,
For the spider of fate is their sender.

And the king, who lifted his hand to slay,
And the priest whose blue lips tried to pray,
And the beggar in rags, who begged his way,
All beaten and brown with the weather;
And the poet, who sang his song so sweet
That the maiden knelt and kissed his feet,
While he wrapped her about with her winding sheet,
They are all rank grass together.

And the greener the grass on graves, 'tis said,
The surer its roots to be damp and dead,
For both have a common mother;
And death is a rest, and death is a spell;
And life is heaven, and life is hell,
But each completes the other.

Ah, true was the myth of long ago,
That a symbol of our life below
Is a boat with palsied men to row,
And a blind man at the rudder;
For life is a pensive mother of kine,
That roots and grubs in the ground like swine,
With a serpent at the udder."

CHAPTER XII.

Indians, *continued*.—Chief Joseph.—White Bird.—Looking Glass, and Indians generally.—The White Bird fight.—These Indians in early days.—Their flocks, herds and fine farms.—The result of the war to the Indians.—"Cold-blooded treachery."—How chief Joseph treated white prisoners.—"The glory of the West."—Col. Steptoe's defeat.—"For God's sake, give me something to kill myself with." The others saved by other Indians.—An ingrate.—Col. Wright's victory.—690 horses butchered.—How Wright treated Indian prisoners.—"The Chief Moses outrage."—$70,000,000 squandered by the gang.

WILL resume as to the Nez-Percé, or Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass outbreak, and Indian affairs generally, by condensing from the press.

The White Bird Fight, near Fort Lapwai, Idaho, 1877.

"When the Indians attacked Col. Perry with about fifty men, they expected to be repulsed, and then fall back about a mile where was their reserve force of about sixty, entrenched for the purpose of receiving the troops, as they pursued the advance skirmish on their retreat. But their advance never had to retreat, for Col. Perry and the troops fled in precipitancy almost at the first fire, and never did stop until they had gone four miles up the canyon. The Indian reserve never came into the fight, except a few old squaws, who, on seeing the soldiers in flight, followed close up, to plunder the dead. They were frightened at the first volley discharged in their direction, and Col. Perry was determined to save his own scalp by flight. So demoralized was he, that he said, he kept one charge in his revolver in order to shoot himself, in case the Indians were about to capture him. He had rode down one horse and took another, belonging to a soldier; and had not W. B. Bloomer, a citizen, notified him of his danger of annihilation, he would have rushed into Rocky canyon and been slaughtered. Bloomer called to him to stop, when Perry says to him, "then you lead the way out of this."

But Lieutenant Theller gathered six or eight soldiers around him, and stood off the Indians and fought them until every man of his squad, including himself, was shot down. And for eleven days Col. Perry's dead soldiers lay mortifying in the hot sun on the field of battle, while the Colonel [a mason] and his fleeing force were at Cottonwood in good quarters, and the Indians had left and gone to Salmon river and across. The citizen volunteers buried Perry's dead.

Manuel lay concealed in the brush near by, and personally saw the Indians, when they made their breast works of rails, the number who were there, and the number who sallied out to meet the soldiers; and he says that not more than fifty of the Indian warriors left the breast works, and that there were not at any time more than 200 Indians in the hostile party at the time of the White Bird fight, and from fifty to sixty of these were women and children. After the fight, when they had their revelry over the victory they had gained over the soldiers, Manuel was within a few yards of the party, concealed in the brush, and could see and hear all that was done and said. He is willing to make oath that at that time not more than 200 men, women and children were in the hostile party.

Such are some of the facts that [Mason] the pretended historian should have embodied in his pretended history, instead of excusing the commander [Mason], who held the key position on the hill, when the fighting commenced, and could have easily held it."
—"*Lewiston Teller.*"

Why should the people support a horde of such loafers to *command* real citizens of the Government in time of war?

"CHIEF JOSEPH.—By his performances became entitled to be recognized as one of the remarkable men of the age. One more day's march would have placed him inside the British dominions. For four months he had eluded his pursuers, having travelled more than 1500 miles through the wildest, rockiest and most mountainous region in America. He had crossed ranges, leaped canyons, and swam mountain torrents; all this while carrying with him, on this remarkable flight, the women, children and property of his tribe. He had been pursued altogether by several armies, any one of which far outnumbered his force. He had fought five battles against an enemy, supplied with all the resources of modern warfare, and each time he had been practically victorious. Had he had the least suspicion of Miles' approach, it is evident that his fertile genius would have eluded his enemies once more, and have been able to laugh at all their toil."

"A BLACK PAGE OF HISTORY.—In the fine address delivered before the Oregon Pioneers' Association by Col. Geo. H. Curry, we find the following: On the third day from seeing the signal smoke [while immigrating to Western Oregon in early days], we arrived at the rim of the Grande Ronde valley. Looking down upon this, the most beautiful valley in Oregon, we could see large numbers of Indians riding over the plains. No choice was left us, friendly or warlike, we had to pass through that valley, and down the hill we started. Reaching the foot, we soon learned that the Indians we had seen were a large band of Cayuses and Nez-Percés, who, following a custom taught them by Dr. Whiteman, had come this far, to meet the immigrants, trade with them, and protect them from the Snake Indians. Here, for the first time in several months, we felt safe, and went to sleep without guard, leaving our hungry stock to feed at will among the abundant herbage of the Grande Ronde.

The smoke which had caused so much apprehension was the Nez-Percés' signal of aid. It was the fiery banner of friendship and succor, sent aloft by these dusky people to proclaim their presence and good will.

The sad reflection, consequent upon reading this passage, is, that these friendly Indians, who protected the weary and famishing Oregon pioneers, should have subsequently been the object of the most outrageous, unjust and inhuman persecution that our Government ever inflicted upon the Indians. Generals Howard, Gibbons and Miles, who were obliged, under the orders of the Government, to execute Secretary Schurz's inhuman orders for the ejection of the Nez-Percés from their homes, unanimously testified, that these Indians had reached a comparatively high stage of civilization; they had flocks and herds, had fine farms; were a brave, manly, spirited race of men, and so humane, that they forebore to murder, scalp, or otherwise torture our wounded, that fell into their hands.

In their retreat through our settlements they did not murder or rob; they paid for their supplies and only asked a peaceful passage in their flight. Gen. Gibbons describes Chief Joseph as a man of high intelligence, and of superior military talent, whose men were equal, man for man, to our soldiers, and who out-generalled and out-fought us in every fight. [Why should not such Indians be given commands in the army, over the masons, in times of war?] When Chief Joseph surrendered to General Miles on honorable terms, which stipulated that his people should not be removed to Indian territory, Secretary Schurz disgraced the

Government by violating the terms of surrender, [but was the masonic President dead?] and General Miles never ceased to protest against this outrage. But Schurz persisted in removing them to a district in Indian territory, where the tribe died of disease, like sheep with the foot rot.

The only excuse for the Nez-Percé war was that greedy men wanted the splendid grazing and farming lands of the tribe. [There was plenty of just as good and better land that was vacant at that time; it was more for the plunder of the Indians of their other property, and the Government, in the furnishing and transportation of supplies by the gang that had so much evil influence at court, and are sworn subjects of their secret mogul government that prostitutes ours.] So these Indians, who had protected the Oregon pioneers, who had offered an asylum to settlers fleeing from the savages in the Indian war, who had laid aside the inhuman practices of scalping and torture of captives, [even while the Government hired and armed other Indians who did this against the Nez-Percés], who were rising steadily in the scale of industrial and agricultural civilization; these Indians were lashed and goaded into rebellion, and fought a heroic fight against our soldiers, who heartily sympathized with these brave men whom they were ordered by the cold-blooded [tools of the gang] to shoot down and evict from their homes. It is the blackest picture in the whole history of the dealings of the Government with the Indian [but it is not very far from a fair sample of the whole], and we have no doubt, that the Oregon pioneers who were aided in the Cayuse war by these Nez-Percés, agree with General Gibbons, who to this day pronounces the Nez-Percé war as a cruel outrage, contrived by [the gang] and executed by a secretary of the interior, who was as cold-blooded and treacherous as the meanest savage that ever wielded the tomahawk and the scalping knife."—*Portland Oregonian.*

Yet he was a pretty good Christian compared to brethren who were appointed to high offices out here.

"ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., MARCH 26, 1885.—Information is received here that the remaining members of the Nez-Percé Indian tribe, with the noted Chief Joseph, are to be transferred from their present reservation in Indian territory, where they are dying by the score from broken hearts, to their old reservation in Idaho. In 1877, when Joseph and his men went to war with the Whites, he conducted one of the most wonderful marches and succession of fights in the annals of Indian warfare, and when, at last, he surrendered to General Miles at Bear Paw mountain, Montana, in the fall of 1877, he was over 900 miles from his reservation.

Chief Joseph, at last, would only throw down his arms upon the promise *that he and his tribe should be returned to their old reservation.*

And so well were they intrenched behind stone fences and breastworks, that Miles' men could not dislodge them, and at one period of the fight, when General Miles asked his command if they could not drive them out by assault, they replied, 'Charge hell! We are not Sioux!' it being generally known that the Sioux were the only Indians that would charge the Nez-Perces. The tribe are to be transferred to the land of their forefathers. Of the 600 men, women, and children, who surrendered, over 300 have died of broken hearts, and the only flourishing spot within 100 miles of their present reservation is their graveyard, where newly made graves are to be seen on all sides. Chief Joseph has cheered up his tribe by the words that some time the Great Father at Washington [with the permission of the gang] would keep his word and let them return to their own hunting grounds near the setting sun."

"Chief Joseph, the Nez-Percé, who, with his tribe, 800 strong, of the best fighters the United States troops ever met in field, canyon or ambuscade, broke out in June, 1877, and after a march of nearly 2,000 miles, were finally captured at Bear Paw mountain, near the British line, in November, the same year, are now on their way back to the home they love so well in Idaho. Of the 800 who left but 250 are left, and of these 119, with Chief Joseph, will be taken to the Colville reservation, and the remainder will be taken to Lapwai. With the single exception of Joseph himself, the Chiefs of the outbreak are all dead. Looking Glass was killed by General Miles' troops at Bear Paw, Rainbow we saw lying dead with a bullet through his brain and his face upturned to the sky on the Big Hole battle-ground; he was the first Indian killed as he was going out at daybreak to gather in his horses. Tool-hool-hool-suit was killed on the same field and his body dug up by Howard's Bannock scouts, scalped, and a general war dance and corrobboree held over his carcass. Caps-caps, who was prominent in the Salmon river massacre [?] is also dead, having been killed in one of the numerous engagements. On the surrender, General Miles gave his word to Joseph that he should be returned to his own country, but such has been the opposition of the white people [who had stolen their property and had influence at court] it has not until now [when their property is secured beyond their reach so they cannot "make trouble"] deemed advisable to allow them to return, and, hence, Joseph will be placed on a reservation far remote from the scene of his depredations. Whenever he had the opportunity, he spared the lives of the prisoners who fell into his hands, and caused to be delivered, safely and unharmed, two ladies, who with their party were at the time in Yellowstone Park. Joseph interceded and sent them on their way rejoicing, when they had been condemned to death. [I wonder whether these ladies did anything for Joseph's justice when *he* was in distress.]

He has paid dearly for his crimes [?] the vengeance of all should be glutted by this time." [Having got away with their homes and herds, and robbed the Government out of big piles of money; yes, these gentlemen, who "lashed and goaded them into an outbreak" for plunder, might forgive them now, if they will forget it all and say nothing about it.]

"At last, after waiting nearly eight years, the remnant of the Nez-Percé tribe, which was transported to Indian territory, after the surrender of Chief Joseph, is to be brought back. Of over 500 persons that left, less than half remain, the others filling graves in the land of their exile. The story of this exile is a pitiful one, and that they have amply atoned for their crime [?] as a tribe few will deny. Since their departure great changes have taken place in their old homes, and their return need cause no alarm, for it will be a broken-hearted, broken-spirited band, filled only with the desire to live at peace with their surroundings, and lay their bones in the soil their ancestors have claimed for generations past." *March*, 1885.

"The Nez-Percés and Cayuses were, by all means, the greatest tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. Why, they used to roam as far east as the Missouri river on their hunting expeditions, and if they chanced to meet a war party of any tribe, they were ready and prepared to uphold by strength of arms the glory of the West.

An officer who fought in the rebellion, told me that some of the fiercest and most valiant fighting he ever engaged in was with the Nez-Percés. They, he said, maintained a solid front in battle, and fired and manœuvered as if they had been drilled by a graduate of West Point."

But they *out*-manœuvered and *whipped* such graduates.

"STORY OF COL. STEPTOE'S DEFEAT BY THE SPOKANE INDIANS. AND COL. WRIGHT'S VICTORY OVER THE SAME AND THEIR HORSES.

By L., in "Oregonian."

In the spring of 1858, some Palouse Indians stole some stock belonging to the Government from the vicinity of Fort Walla Walla, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Steptoe was in command, at the same time certain complaints of disturbances and dangers caused by Indians, and suffered by miners in or proceeding to the Colville mines, were also brought to the same officer's notice. Two miners coming overland from Thompson river, British Columbia, to Colville, had fallen victims to the savage ferocity of some natives, of what tribe it is impossible to say. Such being the case, Steptoe judged it proper to conduct an armed expedition to Colville to inquire into the matter, and punish the murderers and restore order. On his return he "allowed" (Steptoe was a Southerner) to stop in at the home of the Palouses and see about the stock they had lifted. The Palouses were not, on the whole, very desirable neighbors. If there ever existed a people to which they might fairly be compared, it must have been the ancient Scotch borderers, whose business was theft, and whose numbers, as in the case of the Indian tribe, were recruited from the worst and most desperate individuals of all the neighboring nations. Notice must here be taken of the beginning of the trouble—the proposed government military road from Walla Walla to Fort Benton, on the upper Missouri. [This road alone cost the Government more than would have opened 1,000 miles of river navigation free to the people, down to the sea. And it was not half built. And the Government spent ten times as much on each of other roads that were never even open to travel.] The military and topographical engineers had pronounced it practicable, and the secretary of war had ordered the survey. Lieutenant Mullan was ordered to perform the work, and was to have an escort of soldiers from Walla Walla. He was to set out in May, 1858, but so slow were the motions of the authorities that the Indians heard of it, and immediately concluded that it was but a move designed for taking away their country. They became nervous, and their spirits being preyed upon *by designing men*, they combined for resistance.

It is proven by good evidence that when Steptoe and his 150 men set out on May 6, 1858, to march north-east from Walla Walla, the supply of ammunition which was intended to be taken, was taken back to the magazine because there was no room for it in the packs of the 100 mules. So the men set out with only the ammunition carried in their cartridge boxes. Hence occurred the disaster. The force consisted of two howitzers, five company officers, and 152 men.

The line of march led through what are now Columbia and Garfield counties, and the Snake river was reached at Alpowa creek, where a small band of Nez-Percés resided, whose chief, Timothy—a Christian Indian—was a firm friend of the Whites, and who still continues to live at the spot. Timothy, with three warriors, joined the command—a circumstance upon which depended the lives of all. Marching north, the expedition approached four lakes, (the medical lakes) where a great body of Indians were met, who threatened violence if the troops did not at once turn back and get out of the country. It was resolved to return to Walla Walla. They broke camp at three o'clock in the morning, followed by all the noisy horde of savages, who seemed intent on fighting, and only waited for the troops to strike the first blow. Saltees, a Cour d'Alène chief, appeared, accompanied by Father Josef, the missionary to that tribe, and held a conference with Steptoe, the missionary interpreting. The chief then shouted something to his followers, when Levi, of the Nez-Percés, struck him on the head with a whip handle, exclaiming, "What for you tell Steptoe you no fight, and then say to your men, wait awhile? You talk two tongues." [Getting civilized like a Governor.]

The fight began as the command approached Pine creek. Approaching this creek, the command passed down a ravine, and on reaching the stream the Indians commenced firing from the brush on the south side and from various elevated points near by. Lieutenant Gaston charged forward and cleared a way to the highlands southward, and the entire force gained a commanding position. The howitzers were unlimbered and opened on the foe, and one or two charges were made. Two privates were wounded and a blundering soldier killed a friendly Nez-Percé, mistaking him for an enemy. Again the retreat was resumed and continued through the forenoon, the Indians following closely and fighting with the troops in the rear. As long as their ammunition held out they were kept at bay, but Gaston's men having fired their last cartridge, he (Gaston) sent to Steptoe requesting him to halt long enough to procure ammunition. The request was not granted. On arriving at Cache creek, word was passed that Lieutenant Gaston was killed, and the order to halt was given. A violent struggle took place over his body, the Indians securing it. Taylor was killed there and two privates, Barnes and DeMay, were killed or mortally wounded, and another one was wounded by an arrow from a dying savage. Lieutenant Gregg called on the main body of troops for volunteers to relieve the rear guard, but only ten men responded. He ordered them to fall in behind him, but looking back directly after, found himself all alone. The heroic rear guard repulsed the Indians, however, and the command went into camp on the spot. Pickets were thrown out, and such of the dead as could be found were buried here. The howitzers were also buried, but the pack train and provisions it was decided to leave for the Indians, in order to delay their pursuit. The savages were encamped in plain sight in the bottom waiting the morrow, when they would make a last onslaught and end the contest with a general massacre. Their sentinels had surrounded the camp, and were guarding all the avenues of exit save one, which it was not supposed the soldiers could traverse. But this became their salvation, for the pass was known by the Nez-Percé, Timothy, and through it he led the troops to safety. But for him, probably, not one of the command would have escaped.

The night was dark and cheerless, and when the proper time arrived the entire force mounted and followed the chief in single file, as noiselessly as possible, through the unguarded pass. Two wounded soldiers, McCrossen and Williams, the one shot through the hip, the other with his back broken, who, tied upon horses, begged to be killed at once rather than be tortured by such a ride, and becoming untied, were left alive on the trail, a prey to the Indians—a fearful fate, too horrible to contemplate. "For God's sake, give me something to kill myself with," they cried, as the troops disappeared in the darkness.

Through the night the rapid trot or gallop was kept up, following the faithful Nez-Percé.

The wounded were left to take care of themselves, and the line of demoralized and frightened troops passed southward, putting whatever of distance they might between themselves and the enemy for twenty-four hours. They rode ninety miles, and reached the Snake river four miles below where they crossed it on the march northward. Going up to Timothy's village, that devoted chief summoned his own men and put them on guard, while the exhausted cavalcade was ferried across to their haven of refuge, the south side of the Snake.

On the 24th of September, Steptoe's force reached the Pataha, where he was joined by Captain Dent, who brought supplies and reinforcements. Here, too, came Chief Lawyer, with a formidable war party of Nez-Percés, who begged the defeated troops to return with him and try the fortunes of war again with the Northern Indians. But was rejected. Considering the gallant behavior of the Nez-Percés, two of the four only escaping alive from the fight, and the services they rendered subsequently, their treatment by the Whites was contemptible. And Steptoe, in an official letter, to swell the number (500 to 600) of enemies which had been encountered, falsely stated that some of the Nez-Percés were engaged in the attack, and omitted to mention their offer of reinforcements. Then Steptoe was promoted, and then he joined the Southern Confederacy."

"General Clarke at once sent up four companies from San Francisco to re-inforce the troops at Walla Walla. Keyes came up in charge of the expedition, with orders to report to Col. Geo. Wright at Walla Walla. The march of 177 miles over land from the dalles [rapids of the Columbia river] was very exhaustive, as it was late in June. At that time (1859) the sound of a steamboat whistle had never been heard above Celilo. He built a small fort near the mouth of Tu-Canyon, where he left one company of artillery, under command of F. O. Wyse. The party, numbering about 900 men in all, crossed Snake river in boats on the 25th of August, and five days later met the red foe at the Four Lakes, where a battle was fought, which showed the Indians that Hudson Bay muskets were no match for the long-range rifles of the troops. This battle, which is known as the battle of Spokane Plains, ended about fourteen miles from where it began, and was fought in the smoke of burning grass. Not a soldier was killed or wounded. The Indian loss was over ninety. [May be so.]

On the 8th of September, Col. Grier captured a band of 900 horses. These he drove into camp. The officers and the quartermaster were allowed to select a certain number; two were given to each friendly Indian; and, on the following day, the remaining 690 horses were driven into a high enclosure, and shot down as fast as they entered. Toward the last the soldiers seemed to exult in the bloody task, for such is the ferocious character of men. While the work of destruction was going on, I saw an Indian approaching our camp, carrying a long pole with a white flag on it, and in the cleft end of the pole was a letter from Father Josef, S. J., at the Cour d'Alène mission. He informed Col. Wright that in 'consequence of our victories, the hostiles were greatly cast down, and wished him to be their intercessor for peace. The father added in his communication, that the friendly Indians were delighted at our victories, as they had been threatened by the hostiles for not fighting. On the 22d the command camped on the Nedwall, a tributary of the Spokane, and in came old Owhi, who had been wounded on the Spokane plains. Wright ordered him to be put in irons at once. That afternoon six Indians were hanged, in squads of three, each. A messenger was then sent in search of Qualchin, the son of Owhi, who came into camp on the 24th. He asked to see his father, and Col. Wright answered: 'Owhi mitlite yawa.' (Owhi is over there.) As he said this a section of the guard sprang upon Qualchin and disarmed him. He had the strength of a Hercules, and notwithstanding he had an unhealed wound in his side, it took six men to tie his hands and feet. Within an hour, from his entry into Col. Wright's camp, he was hanged, by order of the stern, old warrior."

Yet, he had no more right in their country with an armed force, than Bismarck has against the natives of the Samoan Islands at this time, 1889; or the English to force rum into Africa, or opium into China, in the name of Christ and civilization.

"THE CHIEF MOSES OUTRAGE, 1883.

The Oregonian has contained an account of the arrival of chief Moses at Fort Van Couver, to protest against the action of the Government in restoring to the public domain a portion of the reservation, granted to Moses and his people a few years ago.

By orders, dated April 9th, 1879, and March 6th, 1880, President Hayes set apart for chief Moses and his people, what is known as the Chief Moses Indian Reservation in the big bend of the Columbia river. It contains about three million acres, and some mining districts, supposed to be valuable. It will be remembered, that the reservation was set apart after a long conference with Moses, who visited Washington and came back with the assurance, that he would never in future be dispossessed of the grant.

On the 23rd of February last, President Arthur issued an order, restoring a tract about 15 miles wide and 100 miles long to the public domain. The strip is at the northern boundary of the reservation. What influence brought about this action by the President, is not known here. That he should have taken such a step, when the faith of the Government was pledged, that the reservation would not be disturbed, and that step, too, without consulting Moses' tribe, is a [masonic] mystery.

It is a part of the grievance of chief Moses, that he was not consulted in the matter of taking away his land. Even to this time he has not received official notification of the President's action. His first hint of the order was the presence on his reservation of miners and squatters, [themselves, or in the interest of a gang of masons, having big influence at court,] who staked out claims, selecting in many instances lands occupied by Indian families. A better scheme to excite the anger of the Indians could not have been devised, and it is surprising that the outrage did not result at once in bloody warfare. And, in truth, only the promise of Moses, to have the matter fixed to their satisfaction, restrained his people from summary measures. The country has seen, in the case of the Musell slough settlers in California, [that were plundered of their homes by a gang of masons, having control of the courts,] how white men feel under similar provocation, and from that can, perhaps, understand the spirit which Moses had, and has still, to combat.

For a long time past it has been known, that rich gold and silver bearing ledges existed in the mountains within the limits of chief Moses' reservation, but it has not been so well known, that men [masons], owning immense wealth, have an interest in these mines, and that to their influence, and *solely for their benefit*, has such a large slice been taken from the Indians, without a why or wherefore, [and given to the gang. Practical miners and real citizens could never have thus acquired valuable property.—Hereafter, when the people were trying to repel a fraudulent invasion of Chinese, it will be seen, how these charitable brethren wrung their hands in horror at "violating the plighted faith of the Government," as they were making money out of them, and how they made money out of the Chinese war, as they do in that of the Indian.]

The country so thrown open contains fifteen hundred square miles of territory, and, outside the mineral bearing region, contains land of very little value.

It is known that the Indians are deeply dissatisfied with the act of the Government. That this act of bad faith rankles in their hearts as a most inexcusable and wanton injury. They cannot but interprete it as a further declaration, that the Indians have no rights, which the white man or his government is bound to respect. They cannot look upon it in any other light, than as a most perfidious violation of the plighted faith of the Government. Moreover, they look upon it merely as an initial encroachment, which will be followed by others, until their lands are wholly taken away, leaving them no dwelling place they can call their own.

What has heretofore happened in similar circumstances need not be recited in detail here. The Indians are not numerous. They can muster perhaps 600 men. But a less number of Modocs and a less number of Nez-Percés fought with a courage that won the admiration of the country, while they made its army mourn the loss of great numbers of its best officers and men, terrorized the country for hundreds of miles, and cost the Government tremendous exertions and millions of money [for the gang] to subdue them. The causes of these risings bear a close parallel to the complaints now made by Moses and his people. In each case it was an attempt to deprive the Indians of their dwelling place without their consent.

It is not to be supposed that the President has acted in this matter upon his own motion. By whom were the representations made which led to the order? In case of an outbreak on the part of these Indians somebody will have to answer this question, [on the contrary, they are sworn to "ever conceal and never reveal" these masonic mysteries]. It may be that the delegate from Washington territory could tell about the influence that secured the executive order. [But he was a mason himself].

The [masonic] policy of perfidy and robbery is as poor in point of expediency as it is poor in point of morality. We have paid for these things hitherto in murdered families, depopulated settlements, men slain in battle, and untold sums of money expended in Indian wars. The Indian is a strange compound of hasty spirit and stubborn fatalism. He acts from an impulse, dismissing prudence, and taking no thought of consequences; and when overcome, he accepts his fate with indifference or fortitude. He reasons that he might as well die at once as to be stripped of his home, have no abiding place and no means of living; and hence the motive from which he acts is a mixture resulting from a sense of injury, a desire of revenge, and a feeling of despair.

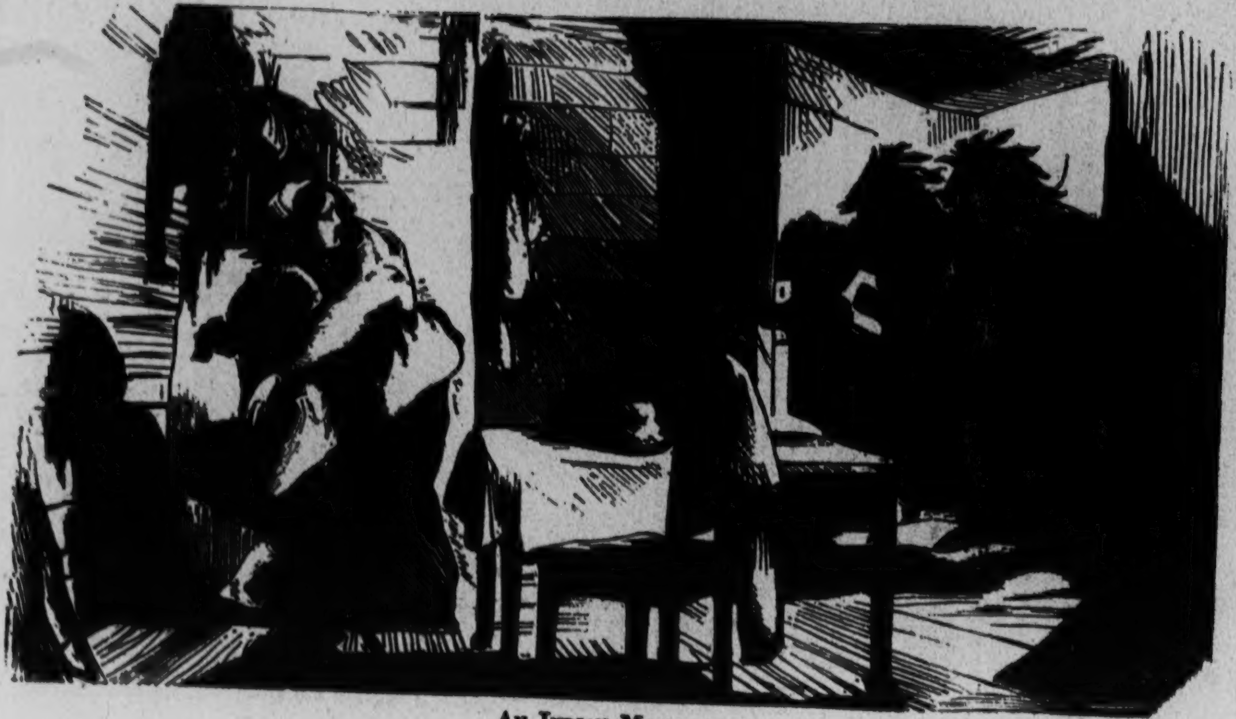
But the weakness of these Indians let no one despise. Weak, indeed, they are; but the poor reptile, trodden upon, has the instinct of self-preservation, and may fatally sting.

If it was deemed so necessary to get back a part of Moses' reservation, the honest way would have been to open a negotiation with him and his people, and satisfy them for the land.

The [linked] politicians who shared in the attempt to rob Moses and his people of their land, the crowd who hoped for profit from this crime, and those who from principle, or the lack of it, or from habit, cry down the red man [and the white] without regard to the merits of his cause, have attempted to justify the careless [?] act of the President. Unable to make out a case which could demand respect, with the simple truth, they have not hesitated to misrepresent the facts—in other words, they have *lied.*

It is the opinion of officers now on the reservation, that if the old chief should begin hostilities, he would be joined by the disaffected living near him, and that he could muster a force sufficiently strong to spread desolation over the whole of northeastern Washington, [which would be a mint for the gang]. But warfare on Moses' part has never been feared, unless, forced by the passions of his people, he should have to abandon them or lead them."

"During the past ten years the Government has expended nearly $70,000,000 in caring [?] for the Indians [?]. The total number attached to agencies is only 246,000, and of these 60,000 in Indian Territory, 7,700 in Wisconsin, and 5,000 in New York, are supposed to be at least partially self-supporting."



AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Indians, *concluded.*—"The Wailatpu massacre."—The thrilling story of one who, as a girl, was an eye witness and then taken away as a prisoner.—Forebodings of the murderous outbreak.—Friendly warning given.—The dying hours of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.—Mission life among the Indians.—As the Indians were in 1852 and then in 1856.—Death of chief Kanaskat.—How Indians are preserved.—How "civilization" was introduced to the natives of South and Central America.

THE WAIILATPU MASSACRE.

[Mrs. Clark Pringle, whose maiden name was Catherine Sager, and who was one of the children adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, was 13 years old at the time of this notable massacre. She was an eye witness to all that preceded it, as well as to much that occurred. Her experience was dreadful in the extreme. The following article was written by her and sent to Mr. S. A. Clarke, as a contribution to his history of "Pioneer Days," and by him furnished to THE OREGONIAN. Some new facts are learned from her account, although, even were not this the case, the narrative itself would prove of sufficient interest to attract the reader.

Mr. Clarke says: "I consider this the most valuable description of that sad and terrible affair that ever has been written. Mrs. Pringle possesses rare ability as a writer, as all must concede."]

In the year 1836 Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife, in company with Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, crossed the Rocky mountains and settled among the Nez-Percés and Cayuse Indians as missionaries. Dr. Whitman's location was among the latter tribe, in the Walla Walla valley. He and his bride had left civilization immediately after their marriage and settled among savages, with the intention of raising them from their degradation. For eleven years they toiled with pleasing success, and were led to think that ere many years should pass their dreams would be realized, that the heathen tribe would be a Christian people.

Their only child, a daughter, was drowned when two years old, but they had filled their house with children whom they had adopted. These children were as follows: A nephew of Dr. Whitman; three half-breeds, named Mary Ann Bridger, Helen M. Meek and David M. Cortez. In 1844 my parents died crossing the plains on their way to Oregon, leaving seven children, the oldest 14 years old, and the youngest a babe of six months. We were at their request taken to the station of Dr. Whitman, and he and his wife adopted the seven. Here we lived the happy, careless life of childhood. It mattered not to us that our associations were confined to members of the family; there were enough of us to keep the house ringing with mirth from morning until night. Three years this life lasted, and then a storm began to gather and cast its shadow over this happy home. First it was but a small cloud, in the distance; then was heard low, muttering thunder; finally the whole horizon was overcast and the storm broke with a fury that wrecked and scattered the household forever, casting a gloom over all coming time to those who survived its ravages.

SOME OF THE CAUSES.

In the fall of 1847 the emigration over the mountains brought the measles. It spread among the Indians, and owing to their manner of living it proved very fatal. It was customary for emigrant families who arrived late, to winter at the station, and some seven or eight families had put up there to spend the winter of 1847. Among the arrivals was a half-breed named Joseph Lewis, who had joined the emigration at Fort Hall. Much against his will, the doctor admitted this person into his family for the winter. None of us liked him; he seemed surly and morose. There was also a Frenchman named Joseph Stanfield, who had been in the doctor's employ since the year 1845. Up to the year 1847 the Protestant missions had been the only religious influence among the Indians. In the fall of this year the Catholic church established missions among them, and the teachings of the two clashed. The Indian mind is so constructed that he cannot reconcile the different isms, consequently they became much worked up on the subject. Many long talks occurred between them and Dr. Whitman, in reference to the two religious systems. Owing to the sickness, and these other causes, the natives began to show an insolent and hostile feeling. It was now late in the season and the weather was very inclement. Whitman's large family were all sick and the disease was raging fearfully among the Indians, who were rapidly dying. I saw from five to six buried daily. The field was open for creating mischief and the two Joes improved it. Jo Lewis was the chief agent; his cupidity had been awakened and he and his associate expected to reap a large spoil. A few days previous to the massacre Mr. Spalding arrived at the station, accompanied by his daughter, 10 years old. She was the second child born of white parents west of the Rocky mountains, Dr. Whitman's child being the first. She had lived her ten years of life among the natives and spoke the language fluently. Saturday, after his arrival, Mr. Spalding accompanied Dr. Whitman to the Umatilla, to visit the Indians there and hold a meeting for worship with them upon the Sabbath. They rode nearly all night, in a heavy rain. Dr. Whitman spent the next day visiting the sick, and returned to the lodge, where Mr. Spalding was staying, late in the afternoon, nearly worn out with fatigue. The condition of his family made it imperative that he should return home, so arrangements were made for Mr. Spalding to remain a few days on the Umatilla, to visit among and preach to the Indians.

A CONSPIRACY UNFOLDED.

As Dr. Whitman was mounting his horse to leave, Stickas, a friendly Christian Indian, who was the owner of the lodge, came out and told him that "Jo Lewis was making trouble; that he was telling his (Stickas') people that the doctor and Mr. Spalding were poisoning the Indians, so as to give their country to his own people." He said: "I do not believe him, but some do, and I fear they will do you harm; you had better go away for awhile, until my people have better hearts."

Doctor Whitman arrived at home about ten o'clock that night, having ridden twenty-five miles after sundown. He sent my two brothers, who were sitting up with the sick, to bed, saying that he would watch the remainder of the night. After they had retired he examined the patients, one after the other. (I also was lying sick at the time.) Coming to Helen, he spoke and told his wife, who was lying on the bed, that Helen was dying. He sat and watched her for some time, when she rallied and seemed better. I had noticed that he seemed to be troubled when he first came home, but concluded that it was anxiety in reference to the sick children.

Taking a chair, he sat down by the stove and requested his wife to arise, as he wished to talk with her. She complied, and he related to her what Stickas had told him that day; also that he had learned that the Indians were holding councils every night.

After conversing for some time, his wife retired to another room and the doctor kept his lonely watch. Observing that I was restless, he surmised that I had overheard the conversation. By kind and soothing words he allayed my fears, and I went to sleep. I can see it all now, and remember just how he looked.

The fatal 29th of November dawned, a cold, foggy morning. It would seem as though the sun was afraid to look upon the bloody deed the day was to bring forth, and that nature was weeping over the wickedness of man. Father's (Dr. Whitman) brow was serene, with no trace of the storm that had raged in his breast during the night. He was somewhat more serious than usual. Most of the children were better, only three being dangerous; two of these afterwards died. We saw nothing of mother (Mrs. Whitman). One of the girls put some breakfast on a plate and carried it to her. She was sitting with her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing bitterly. Taking the food she motioned the child to leave. The food was there, untouched, next morning.

LAST HOUR AT WHITMAN'S STATION.

An Indian child had died during the night and was to be brought to the station for burial. While awaiting the coming of the corpse, Dr. Whitman sat reading and conversing with his assistant, Mr. Rodgers, upon the difficulties that seemed to surround him, the discontent of the Indians, the Catholics forcing themselves upon him, and the insinuations of Jo Lewis. He made plans for conciliating the natives and for improving their condition. He said that the bishop was coming to see him in a few days, and he thought that then he could get the Indians to give him leave to go away in the spring, adding:

"If things do not clear up by that time, I will move my family below."

Being informed of the arrival of the corpse, he arose, and after calling his wife and giving her directions in regard to the sick children, he wended his way to the graveyard.

A beef had to be killed for the use of the station, and my brother Francis, accompanied by Jo Stanfield, had gone early to the range and driven it in, and three or four men were dressing it near the grist-mill, which was running, grinding grist for the Indians.

Upon the return from the funeral the doctor remarked that none but the relatives were at the burying, although large numbers were assembled near by; but it might be owing to the beef being killed, as it was their custom to gather at such times. His wife requested him to go up stairs to see Miss Bewley, who was quite sick. He complied, returning shortly with a troubled look on his countenance. He crossed the room to a sash door that fronted the mill, and stood for some moments drumming upon the glass with his fingers. Turning around, he said:

"Poor Lorinda is in trouble and does not know the cause. I found her weeping, and she said there was a presentiment of evil on her mind that she could not overcome. I will get her some medicine, and, wife, you take it up to her, and try and comfort her a little, for I have failed in the attempt."

As he said this he walked to the medicine case, and was making a selection. His wife had gone to the pantry for milk for one of the children; the kitchen was full of Indians, and their boisterous manner alarmed her. She fled to the sitting room, bolting the door in the face of the savages who tried to pass in. She had not taken her hand from the lock when the Indians rapped and asked for the doctor. She said, "Doctor, you are wanted." He went out, telling her to fasten the door after him; she did so. Listening for a moment, she seemed to be reassured, crossed the room and took up the youngest child. She sat down with this child in her arms. Just then Mrs. Osborn came in from an adjoining room and sat down. This was the first time this lady had been out of her room for weeks, having been very ill.

THE STORM BURSTS ON WAIILATPU.

She had scarcely sat down when we were all startled by an explosion that seemed to shake the house. The two women sprang to their feet, and stood with white faces and distended eyes. The children rushed out doors, some of them without clothes, as we were taking a bath. Placing the child on the bed, Mrs. Whitman called us back and started for the kitchen, but changing her mind, she fastened the door, and told Mrs. Osborn to go to her room and lock the door, at the same time telling us to put on our clothes. All this happened much quicker than I can write it. Mrs. Whitman then began to walk the floor wringing her hands, saying, "Oh, the Indians! the Indians! they have killed my husband, and I am a widow!" She repeated this many times. At this time, Mary Ann, who was in the kitchen, rushed around the house and came in at a door that was not locked; her face was deathly white; we gathered around her and inquired if father was dead? She replied, "Yes." Just then a man from the beef came in at the same door, with his arm broken. He said: "Mrs. Whitman, the Indians are killing us all." This roused her to action. The wounded man was lying on the floor calling for water. She brought him a pitcherful from another room, locked all the doors, then unlocking that door she went into the kitchen. As she did so, several emigrant women, with their small children, rushed in. Mrs. Whitman was trying to drag her husband in; one of the women went to her aid, and they brought him in. He was fatally wounded, but conscious. The blood was streaming from a gunshot wound in the throat. Kneeling over him, she implored him to speak to her. To all her questions he whispered "Yes," or "No," as the case might be. Mrs. Whitman would often step to the sash door and look out through the window to see what was going on out of doors, as the roar of guns showed us that the blood-thirsty fiends were not yet satisfied. At such times she would exclaim: "Oh, that Jo Lewis is doing it all!" Several times this wretch came to the door and tried to get into the room where we were. When Mrs. Whitman would ask, "What do you want, Joe?" he would run away. Looking out we saw Mr. Rodgers running toward the house, hotly pursued by Indians. He sprang against the door, breaking out two panes of glass. Mrs. Whitman opened the door and let him in, and closed it in the face of his pursuers, who, with a yell, turned to seek other victims. Mr. Rodgers was shot through the wrist and tomahawked on the head; seeing the doctor lying upon the floor, he asked if he was dead, to which the doctor replied, "No."

MRS. WHITMAN FALLS!

The school teacher, hearing the report of the guns in the kitchen, ran down to see what had happened; finding the door fastened, he stood for a moment, when Mrs. Whitman saw him, and motioned for him to go back. He did so, and had reached the stairs leading to the school room, when he was seized by a savage, who had a large butcher knife. Mr. Sanders struggled, and was about to get away, when another burly savage came to the aid of the first. Standing by Mrs. Whitman's side I watched the horrid strife, until sickened, I turned away. Just then a bullet came through the window piercing Mrs. Whitman's shoulder. Clapping her hands to the wound she shrieked with pain, and then fell to the floor. I ran to her and tried to raise her up. She said, "Child, you cannot help me, save yourself." We all crowded around her and began to weep. She commenced praying for us, "Lord, save these little ones." She repeated this over many times. She also prayed for her parents, saying: "This will kill my poor mother."

The women now began to go up stairs, and Mr. Rodgers pushed us to the stairway. I was filled with agony at the idea of leaving the sick children, and refused to go. Mr. Rodgers was too excited to speak, so taking up one of the children he handed her to me, and motioned for me to take her up. I passed her to some one else, turned and took another, and then the third, and ran up myself. Mr. Rodgers then helped mother to her feet and brought her up stairs, and laid her on the bed. He then knelt in prayer, and while thus engaged, the crashing of doors informed us that the work of death was accomplished out of doors, and our time had come. The wounded man, whose name was Kimball, said that if we had a gun to hold over the bannisters, it might keep them away. There happened to be an old broken gun in the room and this was placed over the railing. By this time they were smashing the door leading to the stairway. Having accomplished this they retired. All was quiet for awhile, then we heard footsteps in the room below, and a voice at the bottom of the stairway called Mr. Rodgers.

SAVAGE TREACHERY.

It was an Indian, who represented that he had just come; he would save them if he would come down. After a good deal of parleying he came up. I told mother that I had seen him killing the teacher, but she thought I was mistaken. He said that they were going to burn the house, and that we must leave it. I wrapped my little sister up, and handed her to him with the request that he would carry her. He said that they would take Mrs. Whitman away and then come back for us. Then all left save the children and Mr. Kimball. When they reached the room below, mother was laid upon the settee, and carried out into the yard by Mr. Rodgers and Jo Lewis. Having reached the yard, Jo dropped his end of the settee, and a volley of bullets laid Mr. Rodgers, mother, and brother Francis, bleeding and dying, on the ground. While the Indians were holding a council, to decide how to get Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rodgers into their hands, Jo Lewis had been sent to the school room to get the school children. They had hid in the attic, but were ferreted out and brought to the kitchen, where they were placed in a row to be shot. But the chief relented, and said they should not be hurt; but my brother Francis was killed soon after. My oldest brother was shot at the same time the doctor was.

Night had now come, and the chief made a speech in favor of sparing the women and children, which was done, and they all became prisoners. Ten ghastly, bleeding corpses lay in and around the house. Mr. Osborn's family had secreted themselves under the floor, and escaped during the night, and after great hardships reached Fort Walla Walla. One other man escaped to this fort, but was never heard of again. Another fled to Mr. Spalding's station; Mr. Kimball was killed the next day; Mr. Spalding remained at Umatilla until Wednesday, and was within a few miles of the doctor's station when he learned the dreadful news. He fled, and after great suffering reached his station, which had been saved by the presence of mind and shrewdness of his wife. Mr. Canfield was wounded, but concealing himself until night, he fled to Mr. Spalding's station.

HOW DR. WHITMAN FELL.

The manner of the attack on Doctor Whitman I learned afterwards from the Indians. Upon entering the kitchen, he took his usual seat upon the settee which was between the wall and the cook stove; an Indian began to talk with him in reference to a patient the doctor was attending. While thus engaged, an Indian struck him from behind on the head with a tomahawk; at the same moment two guns were discharged, one at the doctor, and the other at brother John, who was engaged in winding twine for the purpose of making brooms. The men at the beef were set upon; Mr. Kimball had his arm broken by a bullet and fled to the doctor's house. Mr. Hoffman fought bravely with an ax; he split the foot of the savage who first struck the doctor, but was overpowered. Mr. Canfield was shot, the bullet entering his side, but he made his escape. The miller fell at his post. Mr. Hall was laying the upper floor of a building; leaping to the ground he wrested a gun from an Indian and fled to the fort. He was never seen or heard of afterwards, and it is surmised that he was murdered there. The tailor was sitting upon his table sewing, an Indian stepped in, shot him with a pistol and then went out; he died at midnight after great suffering. Night came and put an end to the carnival of blood.

The November moon looked down, bright and cold, upon the scene, nor heeded the groans of the dying, who gave forth their plaints to the chill night air. Mr. Osborn's family was concealed where they could hear Mr. Rodger's words as he prayed to that Saviour whom he had loved and served for many years. His last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" The clock tolled the midnight hour ere death came to the relief of these victims of savage brutality. The dead bodies lay where they fell, from Monday night until Wednesday, when the Christian Indians, among whom the doctor and his wife had labored for eleven years, and from whom the natives have received nothing but kindness, gave consent to have them buried, but not one of them would help in the task. Jo Stanfield was set at the work. A grave three feet deep and wide enough to receive the eleven victims was dug, and the bodies placed in it. Wolves excavated the grave and devoured the remains. The volunteers who went up to fight the Indians gathered up the bones, placed them in a wagon box, and again buried them, and this is all the burial these martyrs of Americanism in Oregon have ever received. A monument is now being built to their memory.

CATHARINE S. PRINDLE.

PIONEER DAYS.

A brief history of the Whitman mission-life at Waiilatpu.—The murderous tribe of Cayuse Indians and their ideas of treachery. The final scene of massacre.

[*Written for the Sunday Oregonian.*]

Endowed with a pure religious devotion, Marcus Whitman, a physician of good repute, and Narcissa, his wife, in the prime of a life of activity and usefulness, devoted themselves to missionary work among the Indians of Oregon.

There was something above the ordinary demands for such service in the circumstance that attended this act of devotion on their part. A story that bordered on romance, and partook of the old crusaders' spirit, called for recruits to go to the far Columbia, and attempt to Christianize the heathen tribes that had lived so many ages in ignorance upon the farthest waters of the great river of the West. A message sounded on the Missouri frontier that resounded through the United States like the Macedonian cry for help. A small company of Flatheads and Nez-Percés found their way across the intervening wilderness and arrived at St. Louis one half century ago, who said they came to ask that some man competent to teach the true religion of the Whites should come to make their people acquainted with the Saviour that the Christians worshipped. One of them had died on the journey to the East. It is hardly possible to imagine how this little company of seekers of the light made up their minds to take this journey, and finally accomplished it. There must have been careful selection of the most competent for the mission; much advice as to the methods to be followed, and much caution as to the best course to be pursued. Certain it is that this embassy was entitled and commissioned for this purpose, and found its way as far east as St. Louis. They probably accompanied some returning party of fur traders, and made themselves useful on the way. St. Louis was the metropolis of the fur trade, and they naturally reached that city in such company. It was like an electric shock to the Christian people there to know that from the farthest West there had come to them this message and demand for Christian teaching for the tribes beyond the Rocky mountains.

A CHRISTIAN FUR TRADER.

Among the few fur traders who found their way to the Pacific, there were a very few who were zealous Christians and lived lives of fervent piety, surrounded though they were by men whose impiety was proverbial. One of these was Jedediah Smith, the partner of Sublettes, himself one of the best known men beyond the Western frontier. Jedediah Smith spent much time among the Flatheads, which tribe was very closely related, it is said, with the Nez-Percés. The language spoken is the same, or similar. During his association with these tribes Smith gave them some information of the Christian religion, and of Christ, the Saviour. These teachings fervently impressed the minds of both tribes, for they had traits of character readily impressed by religious instruction. They were by nature far superior to most of the natives of Oregon of that day. It is said that it was in consequence of the words and work of Jedediah Smith that they finally equipped and sent eastward the embassy that asked for Christian teachers to expound to them the true story of the white man's God. So this word reached the frontier and thence traversed Christendom, and resulting in the sending hither the several missions first established among Oregon Indians. When Jason Lee and his company came, they intended to locate among the Flatheads, but concluded to winter here in the Willamette. The result was that they located here permanently. But the first Methodist mission came in response to the appeal we have mentioned, and was turned from that purpose after arrival in Oregon. Whitman came for the same purpose, and his associate went to the Nez-Percés, whilst he planted the standard among the Cayuses.

It is related of the four who came on this wonderful mission to the East, only one finally returned to his home and his people. Two were taken ill and died while at the East, and another died on the way home. Their mission was one of peace, but it was fraught with unseen and unapprehended danger to those who bore it. They ventured far from home, and laid down their lives in the service of their people, and in the cause of true religion. They sounded the cry from a far country for help, and did not live to see the realization of their hopes.

ANSWERING THE CALL.

Dr. Whitman, in company with Rev. Samuel Parker, commenced the journey to Oregon in the spring of 1835. They journeyed as far west as the American rendezvous, on Green river, where they found a party of Nez-Percé Indians, who hailed their coming joyfully. They agreed to take Mr. Parker with them to the Columbia, and meet Dr. Whitman on his return the next year, with reinforcements strong enough to do good work. A young Nez-Percé, who was called "Lawyer," heard of their presence, and went to see them at their rendezvous. Dr. Whitman took back with him two Indian boys to be educated at the East. As the tribe was well represented at the rendezvous, the missionaries were able to make arrangements of a satisfactory nature for the establishing of missions in their country.

In 1836, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and Rev. and Mrs. Spalding, with W. H. Gray, as financial agent of the missions, crossed the plains to Oregon. They journeyed with fur traders to Green river, where they found their Nez-Percé allies in waiting. The Indians proposed making quite a detour to carry out their plans for buffalo hunting, and as Whitman found a party of the Hudson's Bay Company going direct towards the Columbia, he accepted an invitation to accompany them. One of the Nez-Percé chiefs went with them as an honorable escort.

So they reached the Columbia, where the Whitmans located a mission on the Walla Walla river, five miles below the city that now bears that name. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding went a hundred miles east and made a station at Lapwai, in the heart of the Nez-Percé country. It is not necessary to furnish particulars of their journey across the continent. Enough has been said on that subject in reciting the adventures of many others. They were warmly welcomed and immediately went to work to build stations and erect mills and establish schools. It was a great event to these native tribes to have Christian teachers, as well as civilized workers, among them. They, for a while, appreciated their advantages, but in time became accustomed to them as a matter of course. This was especially true of the Cayuses, who were among the most savage and barbarous of all savages. They constantly imposed upon the good nature and forbearance of their teachers and made life distressing to them.

LOCATING THE MISSION STATIONS.

Dr. Whitman lived and labored among these people for eleven years, from 1836 to 1847. He taught many of them the rudiments of education and the arts of civilized life. They were instructed in the use of tools to some extent, furnished lumber, and were received and entertained at the mission. Much pains were taken with the young, and much kindness shown the older ones. In 1838 another mission was established in the vicinity of Fort Colville, among the Spokanes. In 1839 a printing press was at work at Lapwai, and a number of books and pamphlets were published for the use of different Indian schools. Still another mission station was established farther up the Clearwater, at Kamiah. So the natives of that region had efficient teachers and good schools. Only at Whitman's station was there ever any serious trouble or ill feeling. Individual cases of rudeness or misconduct occurred, but there was fair appreciation and good feeling, except among the Cayuses, whose religious sentiments and convictions never overcame their savage natures to make them reliably peaceful, and consistently kind and honest.

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

From 1836 until 1841, for five years, there was no opposition to the Protestant missions or outside interference with the mission work. The Hudson Bay Company was in full accord.

Though himself a Catholic, Dr. McLoughlin was truly a Christian man, and treated Whitman with the truest sympathy and personal kindness. [Dr. McLoughlin was the Father of Oregon.] The two men naturally accorded in their personal relations, and the officers of that company generally were friendly. But about 1841, the disturbing cause that was to be so potent for harm, became established among the natives on the Upper Columbia in the presence of Catholic priests, who secured a hold, and left no means untried to increase it. Among Cayuses there were not only differences of belief in the tribe, but some families were of divided allegiance. Up to this time there had been no serious trouble, but now the record we have shows that these infamous Cayuses forced indignities upon Dr. Whitman that he could not resent. His Christian character was at stake. He must bear and forbear, and some of these wretches took advantage of this fact to impose upon him fearfully. At one time he was struck, or had his ear pulled, by a man he had taught the Christian virtue of forbearance. He turned the other ear and the savage pulled that also. It was one man and a defenseless family, among a horde of miscreants. It would seem that the confidence shown by coming there, so defenseless, with no object but their good, would impress even the soul of a savage, but not so with Cayuses. I cannot believe that the presence and teachings of a rival religion had not some part to account for these indignities and massacre towards which they culminated.

DISTURBANCE IN THE FOLD.

The history of missions proves the weakness of human nature. Differences occur even among those who devote their lives to the elevation of humanity. This is especially true of missions in far-off places, where the missionary is altogether removed from the influences of society. Thus it happened in this Indian mission that at an early day disagreements occurred.

In 1841, A. B. Smith and wife left for the islands. Letters had gone home to the American board, derogatory of the working force. The natives very possibly saw that differences existed among their religious teachers, and that fact may have worked to a disadvantage. There is no reason to believe that these differences lasted longer than when several who were dissatisfied had withdrawn. You have published already a letter from Rev. E. Walker to the board that treats boldly and plainly of the disturbing cause. It is not necessary to repeat it now. The Cayuses were veritable savages. They would at times become enraged for some cause and be dangerous to all at the mission. Whatever irritated them made them ferocious and long for blood. After a war trip towards California, where they murdered many of their old enemies, they returned home to dance around their bloody scalps, and threaten death promiscuously. At that period the mission party was in great fear, but time passed and the Indians became good tempered. At one time they were much impressed, because one of their chiefs on his death bed professed Christian faith, and in his last hours experienced an ecstacy of joy, and gave them good counsel.

CAYUSE ILL NATURE.

In all the upper country there were in 1840 to 1850 only a few trading posts and a few mission stations, with no settlers and no military posts. The missions were defenseless, save as the Hudson Bay Company's agents bravely espoused their cause. Mr. Gray had built a new house; an Indian one day came in and placed himself between the cook and the fire, and would not leave. Mr. Gray very properly put him out, after kindly asking him to stand aside. Then he went to the corral and took a horse. When Whitman was appealed to he supported Gray. This led to an angry talk; Telonkait, an Indian chief, pulled the doctor's ear; the man of peace turned the other, and he pulled that. He threw the doctor's hat three times in the mud and struck him on the breast. Having been unable to force Whitman to some resistance that would be an excuse for a massacre, he desisted. Archibald McKinlay was chief trader at Wallula. He called the Indians there, shortly after this occurrence, under pretense of wishing to buy horses, and gave them a terrible overhauling for this treatment of one who came among them only for their good. He said it was the conduct of "dogs," which they bitterly resented. They finally admitted they had done wrong. McKinlay threatened that a force should come up from Vancouver to punish them if they did any harm. They had gone to the fort at this time with the apparent intention to capture it. They had made threats to that effect that Whitman reported to McKinlay by a courier. This trouble was tided over, and for some years there was no particular cause for complaint. In 1842, Whitman went East, making the midwinter journey heretofore related. He returned in the summer of 1843, with the large emigration that permanently settled the status of Oregon as an American country. He found his mill burned, and that his wife had been obliged to take refuge at Vancouver from the insolence of the Cayuses. The Indians were doubtless disturbed by the interest Whitman took in peopling the country with white settlers. They looked with alarm on this great invasion of Americans, and their prejudice against Whitman was somewhat effected for that reason. So the three years passed, from 1844 to 1847, and whilst their prejudice was more confirmed, Whitman was unwilling to abandon the field. He saw, and frequently spoke of, this hostile sentiment, and expressed an intention to abandon Waiilatpu, but unhappily did not make the movement.

DISAFFECTION INCREASES.

At this time a change had taken place in the officer in charge at Fort Walla Walla. McKinlay, Whitman's fast friend, was living at Oregon City, and his successor at this post was Wm. McBean, who was also a Catholic. Both at Whitman's and Spalding's stations there had been considerable improvement among the Indians in their occupations, and a number had joined the church. But in 1847 disaffection became more manifest among the Cayuses, and Whitman thought seriously of submitting the question of his leaving or staying to their popular vote. He felt, however, that to leave would be to abandon the field to the Catholics, and that was something his pride could not submit to. This season was unfortunate, because disease spread among the natives and many died of it. Whitman, in his capacity of physician, did all he could for them, but their habits of life were such that he could not treat them satisfactorily.

Whitman's place was on the line of travel taken by the emigrants, and was a place of general rest for the weary sojourners fresh from the plains. The presence of so many Americans there and the fact of so many others passing through to occupy the country, may have had an unfavorable effect.

A VIEW OF WAIILATPU.

It is necessary to take a view of the mission and its occupants in the autumn of 1847 to understand the situation, as well as to appreciate what the mission had accomplished for the practical welfare of the Indians. The mission was a resting-place, refuge or hospital for emigrants or Indians alike who might need its care. Here was the church where the principles of religion were taught and schools were established to educate white and Indian children, besides which every effort was made to teach the Cayuses and Walla Wallas the common arts of civilization and the best methods for cultivating the soil. For their benefit not only church, school and library were sustained, but there were labor lessons given, and saw- and grist-mills, shops and granaries had been erected. A valuable cabinet of specimens of natural history had been collected at the superintendent's residence. There was a spacious building for the Indians, another for travellers. The saw-mill was eight miles up Mill creek.

On the 5th of September, 1847, seventy-two persons occupied these premises, consisting of the Whitmans and Rodgers, the missionary, with ten adopted children, waifs from the plains, whose parents had perished by the way. Seven of them were the Sager family, and there were three half-breed children. Twenty-two persons occupied the superintendent's house. Joseph Stanfield was a Canadian and Joseph Lewis was a half-breed Indian who had crossed the plains from Canada the preceding year, and had received employment after he recovered from a serious illness. He was a wretch, who should have had some love for his benefactors instead of being the fiend he soon proved. There was Miss Bewley and her brother; Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Soles and Eliza Spalding, daughter of the missionary. There were fifty others of the last immigration resting there on their way to Western Oregon. Bewley and Sales were sick patients. Ten of the emigrants also were sick patients. Such was the composition of the mission family.

WHITMAN'S WORK.

It can be seen that Whitman's work was most beneficient and useful to all mankind. Here, in the midst of savages, Dr. Whitman had lived through eleven years and had patiently endured privations and hardships to benefit a race that could not appreciate his devotion. To them he brought civilized life and its comforts without any resulting benefits to himself or to his family. His character commended him so greatly to Dr. McLoughlin that the great chief factor felt for him the warmest friendship. Differing in religion, they respected each other; strongly differing in all political and national purposes, they were more than friends. While the Hudson's Bay Company was bringing over colonies to people Oregon and make it British by occupancy, Dr. Whitman went East to lead back a great emigration that should make this country distinctively American. In all things, save personal regard, these men were at swords' points and antagonized. It shows the nobility of soul that each possessed; that, laying aside these points of difference, they met as something more than friends. McLoughlin invited Whitman to Vancouver when the troubles of 1841 occurred, and recommended that he should withdraw from Waiilatpu for some time until the Indians should feel his absence and ask his return. This was sound advice. A few weeks before the massacre Dr. Whitman was at Oregon City and visited his friend Archibald McKinlay. When he told the latter that a chief had jestingly said to him that "the Cayuses had considered whether they ought not to kill off all the medicine men, and that as he was greatest among doctors, if they did so they should begin with him," McKinlay was alarmed. He told Whitman that behind a savage jest there was always deeper meaning; that he was in great danger if such a remark had been made. But Whitman answered that he knew it was only a jest, though he did not like his position and did not intend to long retain it. When returning from that trip, after receiving the deepest warning McKinlay could give, Dr. Whitman met a company of emigrants on the way down to The Dalles and was invited to talk to them over the evening camp fire. He did so, and Judge Grim remembers well that he spoke very plainly of his danger among the Cayuses and said it was his intention to remove before many months.

A TREACHEROUS VILLAIN.

Joe Lewis was employed by Dr. Whitman as an act of kindness, and was therefore about the house and with the family. So the Indians found it convenient to believe the various stories he told them of what he saw and overheard. It is not easier to imagine a blacker soul than this wretch possessed, and less easy to depict in words the vileness and blackness of the treachery and falsehoods he proved capable of. He had been the recipient of kind treatment during illness, and when able to work was furnished employment. All the instincts of common humanity would have been roused to appreciate this kindness, but Joe Lewis had no such capacity. He was in a position to do the greatest possible harm. As an inmate of the mission house he was privileged to hear the ordinary conversation that occurred there. As a half-breed Indian he could and did ingratiate himself with the Cayuses and obtained not only their confidence, but a certain power over their minds that came from his acquired abilities among the Whites. Lewis insidiously repeated to these credulous and prejudiced beings who could not hear a story they were not willing to believe, conversations that he pretended to have overheard in the doctor's house. It was a time of terrible trial among them all. At the mission there was a hospital of sick patients and many of the Cayuses were sick; thirty had died and the voice of lamentation and mourning was all around them.

CAYUSES IN COUNCIL.

After the massacre occurred, Gov. Ogden, of the H. B. company, came up in the interest of humanity to secure the safety and return of the numerous captives held by the Cayuses. Before his arrival on December 20th, the Cayuse murderers held a council at Umatilla, where Bishop Blanchet was present. He said their object was to prevent war, and if they had met in council before the massacre, most likely it would not have occurred. Several Indians made speeches and explained their various complaints. The Chief Telan-Kaiht spoke for two hours. He recounted the killing of the two Nez-Percés who went east with Mr. Gray in 1837. (They were killed by the Sioux.) Also that the young Chief Elijah was killed by Americans in California. He claimed that as the Indians forgot these things so the Whites could forget the massacre at Waiilatpu. They sent word to Gov. Abernethy "that a young Indian (Joe Lewis) who understands English and who slept in Dr. Whitman's room, heard the doctor, his wife and Mr. Spalding express their desire of possessing the land and animals of the Indians; that Mr. Spalding said to the doctor: 'Hurry giving medicine to the Indians that they may soon die;' that the same Indian told the Cayuses: 'If you do not kill the doctor soon you will all be dead before spring;' that they buried six Cayuses on Sunday, November 24th, and three the next day; that the schoolmaster, Mr. Rodgers, stated to them before he died that the doctor, his wife and Spalding poisoned the Indians; that for several years past they had to deplore the death of their children; that, according to these reports, they were led to believe that the Whites had undertaken to kill them all, and that these were the motives that led them to kill the Americans."

THE MASSACRE.

The morning of the massacre, matters were proceeding as usual at Waiilatpu, and there was no indication of unusual feeling on the part of the Cayuses. There had been numerous deaths among them from measles, caused greatly by their indiscretion and methods of treatment that made the medical advice of Dr. Whitman and his prescriptions of small avail. Many of the Whites at the mission were also in hospital, and only that native superstition was roused and controlled reason, they should have seen that they had no cause for suspicion that Joe Lewis told the truth when he said that he had overheard Mr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Spalding plan their wholesale poisoning. They believed Whitman possessed supernatural powers, and were incensed that he did not exercise them for their benefit.

Early in the afternoon of November 29, 1847, school had been called, an ox had been slaughtered and was being dressed at a little distance from the house, and quite a number of Indians came about the same, as was their custom when an animal was slaughtered and a carcass cut up. This unusual number attracted the attention of Dr. Whitman, but caused no alarm. The conspirators assembled in this manner, with arms concealed under their blankets. One of them called the doctor out, complained of illness and demanded medicine. When the doctor was attending to this man, Ta-ma-hos came behind and felled the doctor with two heavy blows of a tomahawk. This initiated a general butchery, and once let loose, the demoniac nature of the Cayuses had full sway. They killed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Missionary Rodgers, Schoolmaster Saunders, two Sager boys, Messrs. Marsh, Kimball, Gill, Gittern, Young, and the two sick men, Bewley and Sales. Mrs. Whitman was the only woman slain; the lives of other women and children were spared. Mr. Hall, Mr. Canfield, and Mr. Osborn and family, a child of Mr. Hayes, and two adopted children concealed themselves in the confusion and escaped in safety, after much suffering and anxiety, to Fort Walla Walla, twenty-five miles north.

CHIEF TRADER M'BEAN'S LETTER.

The families of Smith and Young were at the saw-mill, eight miles away, and were brought to the station the next day. The intercession of peaceable Nez-Percé chiefs was influential to save their lives. There were four men, including two grown up sons.

The Cayuses had in their hands fifty-one prisoners. The young men of the tribe appropriated the women and girls among their captives to their own lust, and to a fate worse than death. On arrival of the fugitives at Fort Walla Walla, Chief Trader McBean sent an interpreter and man to Waiilatpu to rescue any survivors, and forwarded letters to Fort Vancouver with a statement of the facts as he heard them, and wrote as follows: "Fever and ague have been raging here and in this vicinity, in consequence of which a great number of Indians have been swept away, but more especially at the doctor's (Whitman's) place, where he attended on the Indians. About thirty of the Cayuse tribe died, one after another. The survivors eventually believed the doctor had poisoned them, in which opinion they were unfortunately confirmed by one of the doctor's party (Joe Lewis). As far as I have been able to learn this has been the sole cause of the dreadful butchery. In order to satisfy any doubt as to their suspicion that the doctor was poisoning them, it is reported that they requested the doctor to administer medicine to three of their friends, two of whom were really sick, but the third only feigning illness. All of these were corpses the next morning."

GOV. DOUGLAS' ACCOUNT.

The leaders in the massacre were Telo Kaikt, his son, Tarn Sucky, Esticus and Tamahos. The Walla Walla Indians were not implicated. Governor Douglas wrote thus to Governor Abernethy: "The Cayuses are the most treacherous and intractable of all Indian tribes in this country, and had on many former occasions alarmed the inmates of the mission by their tumultuous proceedings and ferocious threats; but, unfortunately, these evidences of a brutal disposition were disregarded by their admirable pastor, and served to arm him with a firmer resolution to do them good. He hoped that time and instruction would produce a change of mind, a better state of feeling towards the mission, and he might have lived to see his hopes realized had not the measles and dysentery, following in the train of immigrants from the United States, made frightful ravages this year in the upper country, many Indians having been carried off through the violence of the disease, and others through their own imprudence. The Cayuse Indians of Waiilatpu, being sufferers in this general calamity, were incensed against Dr. Whitman for not exercising his supposed supernatural power in saving their lives. They carried this absurdity beyond that point of folly. Their superstitious minds became possessed with the horrible suspicion that he was giving poison to the sick instead of wholesome medicine, with a view of working the destruction of the tribe, their former cruelty probably adding strength to this suspicion. Still some of the more reflecting had confidence in Dr. Whitman's integrity, and it was agreed to test the effect of the medicines he had furnished on three of their people, one of whom was said to be in perfect health. They all, unfortunately, died. From that moment it was resolved to destroy the mission. It was immediately after burying the remains of these three persons that they repaired to the mission and murdered every man found there. This happened at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Indians arrived at the mission one after another, with their arms hid under their blankets. The doctor was at school with the children. The others were cutting up an ox they had just killed. When the Indians saw they were numerous enough to effect their object, they fell upon the poor victims, some with guns and others with hatchets, and their blood was soon streaming on all sides. Some of the Indians turned their attention towards the doctor. He received a pistol shot in the breast from one, and a blow on the head with a hatchet from another. He had still strength enough remaining to reach a sofa, where he threw himself down and expired. Mrs. Whitman was dragged from the garret and mercilessly butchered at the door. Mr. Rodgers was shot after his life had been granted to him; the women and children were also going to be murdered when a voice was raised to ask for mercy in favor of those whom they thought innocent, and their lives were spared. It is reported that a kind of deposition made by a Mr. Rodgers increased the fury of this savage mob. Mr. Rodgers was seized, was made to sit down, and then told that his life would be spared if he made a full discovery of Dr. Whitman's supposed treachery. That person then told the Indians that the doctor intended to poison them; that one night when Mr. Spalding was at Waiilatpu he heard them say that the Indians ought to be poisoned so that the Americans might take possession of their lands. That the doctor wished to poison all the Indians at once, but that Mr. Spalding advised him to do it gradually. Mr. Rodgers, after this deposition, was spared, but an Indian who was not present, having seen him, fired at and killed him. An American made a similar deposition, adding that Mrs. Whitman was an accomplice, and deserved death as well as her husband. It appears that he concluded by saying that he would take the side of the Indians, and detested Americans. An Indian then put a pistol in his hand, and said to him, "if you tell the truth, you must prove it by shooting that young American," and this wretched apostate from his country fired upon the young man shown to him, and laid him dead at his feet. It was on the evidence of that American that Mrs. Whitman was murdered, or she might have shared in the mercy extended to the other females and children."

"Such are the details as far as known of that disastrous event, and the causes which led to it. Mr. Rodgers' reported deposition, if correct, is unworthy of belief, having been drawn from him by the fear of instant death. The other American, who shed the blood of his own friend, must be a villain of the darkest dye, and ought to suffer for his aggravated crime."

A LITTLE CRITICISM.

In McBean's letter to Vancouver he gives the Indian version of their case, and alludes to Joe Lewis as "one of the doctor's party." The letter of Douglas calls this infamous Joe Lewis repeatedly "an American." The fact was that Joe Lewis was a Canadian half-breed, accidentally at the mission. He came there ill and was nursed in hospital. When he recovered he was furnished work. All the tenor of Mr. Douglas' letter is unfair, because it gives the Indian version throughout. The Cayuses were too sharp to believe Joe Lewis' story that he was in the same room with Mr. Spalding and Dr. and Mrs. Whitman when they planned to poison the Indians. They knew better than to credit such a story. It is not probable that any well Indian would go up with two sick ones to receive medicine from Dr. Whitman and then take the medicine, as is related by both McBean and Douglas. That story is too thin for credence. The story of Mr. Rodger's deposition and treachery to the Whitmans is not even plausible. All these matters the Hudson Bay Company officials repeat so confidently, could be easily manufactured as evidence by the Cayuses. Joe Lewis undoubtedly betrayed the mission, and told infamous lies to the Cayuses that led them to the massacre. Their own bad natures and the unhappy intrigue and rivalry of another religious party were the chief causes of the massacre.

GOV. OGDEN TO THE RESCUE.

On the 7th of December, Peter Skeen Ogden, associate chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, with a party of sixteen men, left Vancouver for Walla Walla, to rescue and ransom the fifty-one captives held by the Cayuses. It required until the 23d to collect a council of the Cayuses, and then several days were spent in talk and arranging preliminaries. They were anxious to avoid war, and afraid the Americans would come in force from Western Oregon to punish them, and that fear was soon realized. Mr. Ogden would make them no promises of peace, but did arrange for the ransom of their prisoners on December 31. He wrote as follows: "I have endured many an anxious hour, and for the last two nights have not closed my eyes, but thanks to the Almighty I have succeeded. During the captivity of the prisoners they have suffered every indignity, but fortunately were well provided with food. I have been able to effect my object without compromising myself or others. It now remains with the American Government to take what measure it deems most beneficial to restore tranquility. This, I apprehend, cannot be finally effected without blood flowing freely. So as not to compromise either party, I have made a heavy sacrifice of goods, but these, indeed, are of trifling value compared to the unfortunate beings I have rescued from the hands of these murderous wretches, and I am truly happy."

It is agreeable to find one officer of that great company who could write in plain Anglo-Saxon, and make no half way excuses for Cayuse savagery. The active interposition of the Hudson's Bay Company alone could have effected the noble object Governor Ogden so generously accomplished, and we must give Mr. Douglas full credit for his interest in the work; even though we criticise the seeming unfairness of his relation of the massacre and attendant circumstances.

The Nez-Percés remained peaceful, but their mission, as also that of Spokane, was broken up and never resumed their efficiency. All the property at Waiilatpu was destroyed, and the burning of Dr. Whitman's papers caused a loss to history that cannot be replaced. The faithful and earnest labor of many years was thus worse than lost. The tragic story that attaches to the Walla Walla river, will remain one of the many legends of the past, and it is hardly possible any other can ever equal it, as the history of the Cayuses is almost closed.

S. A. CLARKE.

INDIANS OF PUGET SOUND, IN 1852.

"AN INSPIRED SPECULATOR.

So pleased was Captain Sayward with the natural beauties of the country—the virginal beauties, yet unrifled by commerce—that he hired a canoe, with an Indian and his squaw as the propelling power, and set out down the Sound to Port Ludlow, a distance of one hundred miles from Olympia. He was in search of a mill site. In all these many miles there was not a white man to be seen. Only the Indian had

'A lodge in this vast wilderness,
This boundless contiguity of shade.'

One hundred and more miles of an unbroken forest of magnificent timber, running back to the Olympian range some fifty or sixty miles! Although used to the pine forests of the Penobscot in Maine and the St. John in New Brunswick, the sight of so much unclaimed ligneous wealth affected our speculator's brain a trifle, and he could scarcely contain himself. 'My God! what a country,' he exclaimed, rising in the canoe at the same time, to the imminent danger of an upset. 'I'd like to turn all the people of the State of Maine in here, each man carrying a narrow axe.' With arms extended and eyes dilated, Sayward gave the Indians the impression that they had a crazy man for a passenger, and exchanging a few words they rested on their paddles. But he soon got over his ecstasy and bade them go to work again. Simple savages! Accustomed to look from Nature up to Nature's God, they did not know they were introducing to these magnificent scenes the pioneer of a race that only looked from Nature to a market.

THE INDANS ON THE SOUND.

The site was chosen at Port Ludlow and the mill erected in March, 1853, the machinery for which was made by the brothers James and Peter Donahue, then in the foundry business in San Francisco. The Captain remained at the Sound till 1858. There were about 300 Chimicum and Clallam Indians on the site Sayward selected, but they gave no trouble. They moved away quietly when requested, especially as they were promised all the lumber they needed to build more substantial huts than those to which they had been accustomed. The testimony of Captain Sayward is interesting as to the habits and disposition of the Sound Indians at this early period, before the Whites came in such numbers as to impinge upon their freedom and narrow hunting grounds, causing the famous war of 1855—56, when the redskins of Washington Territory held a grand powwow to consider the advisability of driving all the white invaders into the sea. At that time General I. I. Stevens—afterwards killed at Ball's Bluff with Colonel Baker—was Governor of the Territory, and McClellan was on his staff. General (then Lieutenant) Grant was in the field fighting the Indians, and so was Lieutenant Scott, son of Dr. Scott, long pastor of Calvary Church, in this city. But this is a digression. Captain Sayward had no trouble with the Indians. He employed a great many in and about the mill, and always found them industrious and trustworthy. They were singularly tenacious in fulfilling a trust. Often, when the supply of whiskey ran short—for it is next to impossible that a saw-mill can be run without the "Kentucky brew"—he would send a couple of his Indians with money to Olympia, by canoe, to get a barrel. This is about as severe a test as can be given an Indian. But they brought the whiskey home and delivered it intact. It is true, that if the Captain's back was turned, after the trust was fulfilled, they would not hesitate to steal the liquor. They had but dim ideas of the law of *meum* and *tuum*. But they never broke their faith, no matter how strong the temptation, when intrusted with a mission. In the subsequent troubles, when the life of every white man on the Sound was in danger, Captain Sayward found the benefit of his kindness and confidence in the Indians during his early intercourse with them. The hostiles never menaced him, and his property remained undisturbed. In his opinion, so far as concerns the Indians who came under his immediate observation in his experiences on the north-west coast, the poet spoke as much truth as poetry, when he said:

I love the Indian; ere the white man came
And taught him vice and infamy and shame,
His soul was noble. In the sun he saw
His God, and worshipped him with trembling awe.

RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES.

And this poetic expression leads naturally to the fact that the Sound Indians used to be very religious, in their way; religion being defined as the observance of certain forms, whether Christian or pagan. Certainly, the Chimicums and Clallams, simple sons of the forest and the sea, had their time pretty well divided between providing for their physical wants and worshipping deities, seen and unseen. The moon in its twelve changes represented to the Indian twelve gods, and, when it was full-orbed, a grand festival was held in honor of the deity of that particular month. The annual festival was in honor of the sun, that luminary being dignified by the name, in the Chinook jargon, 'Hyas tyee Temanowos,' or the god of all, the god of gods. At these festivals, monthly as well as annual, all the Indians on the Sound gathered; there were thousands in 1852, where there are hundreds now. Each, squaws as well as bucks, was provided with a piece of split log called in the Eastern prairie States 'puncheon.' It was undressed and full of splinters. Seated in a circle, the size of which depended on the number of worshippers present, they waited in silence for the rising of Luna—to these savages a god, to the pagans of old a goddess. As soon as the silver disk showed above the horizon, the chief, or leader of the ceremonies, led off with a short, weird chant, which was taken up by the whole assemblage, until, from the exact time kept by beating on the 'puncheons,' a kind of rhythm resulted—not exactly as harmonious as that described by Milton, when he said of the heavenly host that they

'Sang hallelujahs as the sound of seas,'

but a rude chorus, rising with each repetition till the eighth was reached, and then *da capo.* Some of the notes were drawn out like the wail of a banshee, and others dropped on the ear like the staccato of musketry fire. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this chant as it rang through the solemn aisles of the stately forest, while the lapping waves (their circle was always formed on the seashore) at the feet of the dusky singers murmured a subdued accompaniment. This kind of worship was a test of endurance. All night long it was sustained, all the next day, the next night and the day following, sometimes—no food passing the Indians' lips in the meantime—until one or more of the number were used up.

THE NEW BIRTH.

It was at the grand annual festival of the Sun, held at Clallam Bay, that this interesting ceremony was witnessed. There were thousands of Indians present, and the chanting had lasted for two days, when one of the number succumbed to sheer exhaustion, falling supine and apparently lifeless. Then the chant ceased and he was taken to the sweat-house. After undergoing a hot air bath for some fifteen minutes, he was rolled in a blanket, and put on a shelf to dry. He remained in this state for hours, sometimes days—in fact it was doubtful if he could revive. From tests made, the cataleptic redskin was quite insensible to pain. One of the Indians, who spoke a little English, was asked:

"Does the man ever die?"

"Sometimes," he replied; "sometimes the spirit lose his way and cannot come back. Then Indian die."

The present subject, when he did recover consciousness, was led forth by his friends to a position in the circle near the chief. And now another interesting part of the ceremonies began. The restored Indian looked about him for a while in a dazed sort of way, and presently spoke, at first in a low tone, raising his voice by degrees. There was a reverential hush throughout the circle, and every head was bent, eager to catch the words of the speaker. He was considered the favorite of the god of the month, and the communication he had to make was given him while he lay unconscious. Often his speech lasted an hour, and it was generally an exhortation or tribal lesson to his fellows on their simple duties, and whether the god was pleased or displeased with their conduct. As soon as he had ceased he commenced to part with his worldly possessions. To one he gave his canoe, to another his Hudson Bay Company gun or his bow and arrows, to another his wickiup, to a fourth his cooking utensils, his horses, etc. At last, stripped of all his goods, he stood with only the old blanket covering him; then the principal chief advanced, and, withdrawing the fastening at the throat, let this drop about the heels of the messenger from the unseen, and he stood before his tribe naked as when he first came into the world. This was the new birth. He was considered as born again by the ordeal through which he had passed, and ready to commence life once more. After a pause the medicine man, taking a brand new blanket, approached the "infant adult" and covered his nakedness, manipulating his head with every sign of affection, and crooning a song of rejoicing at the same time. A mighty shout went up from the tribe as they also welcomed the new chief—the favorite of their god. Such was the scene to be witnessed at Port Ludlow, or Port Gamble, Olympia, or some other selected spot on the Sound, before the white man invaded the "forests primeval." It is to be presumed the "noble red men" are too busy nowadays attending to the slabs and scantling of the saw-mills; and his chants to the moon, if he indulge in any, are drowned by the scurr of a thousand circulars, converting his forests into money for the pale-face. There is not much romance or sentiment, Indian or other, about a saw-mill.

THE SQUAWS' LECTURE.

There was another curious practice among the Indians on the Sound in the early days. It was the lecture or sermon that, at stated periods, was delivered exclusively to the Indian women. An important member of the tribe, the big chief or the medicine man, would select a promontory or island remote from the mainland, perhaps in the vicinity of Port Ludlow, and paddle himself there, solitary and alone, on a fine day. Soon all the squaws would be seen following him, paddling vigorously toward the common point. No bucks were among them; they all remained on the mainland. The preacher, instructor, exhorter, or whatever he was, often stood in the water up to his knees for a full hour or more while he delivered his discourse; but the Indian maidens and squaws gathered as close around him as their canoes would permit, so as to catch every word that fell from his lips. Savonarola was never more in earnest than this dusky preacher; his face and action showed he realized the importance of his k. wor He was supposed to be instructing the women as to their proper duties in their savage life; but whatever he said, they were eager to hear it all. There was no noise save the occasional chafing of one canoe against another as they moved with the slight swell of the water. It is an exciting spectacle to see the dusky women, when the service was over, start in an emulative race for the mainland, their dark sinewy arms plying the flashing paddle as the light canoe cut swiftly the placid waters of the Sound, until with laughing banter the prows touched the shore and they rejoined the bucks, who were idly awaiting them.

Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content."

GEO. E. BARNES.

INDIANS OF PUGET SOUND AND COLUMBIA RIVER, IN 1856.

General Wool sent Keyes' company over to Steilacoom during the following week, where he found the inhabitants in a wild state of alarm, as many families had been murdered by the Indians. On the fourth of December, Lieutenant Slaughter was killed by the Klickitat Indians, headed by the famous chief Kanaskat.

DEATH OF KANASKAT.

On the morning of the 25th of February, 1856, at Lemon's prairie, about nine miles above Tacoma, on the Puyallup, Sergeant Newton posted a private named Kehl and two others as a picket guard of Keyes' company. The cooks had already lighted the fires, and the watchful soldier saw a gleam of light reflected from a rifle barrel about a hundred yards up the trail beyond the bend. Then he saw five Indians in single file creeping stealthily down the hill, the one in front waving his hand backward to caution his followers. Kehl waited till the leader was nearly abreast of him, and then fired, when the great chief Kanaskat fell, shot through the spine, which paralized his legs, but his voice and arms were not affected. "At the report of Kehl's shot," writes General Keyes, "I ran out to the bridge, where I heard Sergeant Newton crying out, 'We've got an Indian.'" It took two soldiers to hold him as he tried to draw a knife, and as they dragged him across the bridge he continued to call out in a language I did not understand. Some one came who recognized the rounded Indian, and exclaimed, "Kanaskat." "Nawitka!" said he with tremendous energy, his voice rising to a scream—"Kanaskat - Tyee—mameloose nika mika mameloose Bostons." He added, "My heart is wicked to the Whites, and always will be, so you had better kill me." Then he began to call out in his native tongue which none of us could understand. He appeared to be yelling for his comrades, and two shots were fired from the pickets on the hill when Corporal O'Shaughnessy, who was standing by, placed his rifle close to the chief's temple and blew a hole through his head, scattering the brains about. Regarding the carcass of the dead chief as that of an unclean animal which men hunt for the love of havoc, we left it in the field unburied, and went on our way to fight his people. The death of their most warlike chief and the decisive victory we achieved, dismayed the redskins, and thereafter their energies were exerted to avoid battles with the regulars, though they afterwards fought with the volunteers. We hunted them almost night and day, over hill and dale, and through the densest thickets. It rained more than half the time, and the influence of Mount Rainier and its vast covering of eternal snow upon the temperature made the nights excessively cold. Such was our liability to surprise that we were obliged to be ready to fight at all times. The hardships of that campaign, in which the pluck of Kautz, Mendell, Sukely, and others was tested, caused us later to regard the Wilderness battles as recreation.

In the Indian war of 1856 Lieutenant Sheridan served under Col. George Wright of the Ninth Infantry, whom he describes as an able officer. In this campaign he captured thirteen Cascade Indians, nine of whom were afterwards hanged for their participation in the massacre at the 'blockhouse.'

In illustration of the insane hatred of the Indians which pervaded the people of Oregon at this time, Sheridan mentions the hanging in cold blood of the family of a friendly Chinook chief, Spencer, the interpreter of Col. Wright. His wife, two young boys, three girls and a baby were hanged by some white barbarians. The babe was strangled by means of a red silk handkerchief taken from the neck of its mother. These poor creatures were killed in the spirit of aimless revenge by citizens who knew that their victims were the family of a notoriously friendly and peaceable chief, who had nothing to do with the 'Block House Massacre.' Spencer's family had walked into the settlement under the protection of a friendly alliance, and Sheridan declares that this wholesale murder of innocent and helpless victims was the most dastardly and revolting crime he ever knew to be committed by Whites.

PRESERVING THE INDIAN IN CALIFORNIA.

A gentleman explains the real cause of the recent Indian troubles at Mono Lake, California, 1889.

"A few days since a San Francisco dispatch stated that Indians in Mono county, California, had killed a settler and three Italians, and that trouble was feared, and Governor Waterman had been asked to send troops there.

A gentleman who has resided for several years in Mono county, in the Bodie section, and in the vicinity of Mono lake, has lately arrived here and gives an account of the origin of the trouble with the Indians, which goes to substantiate the saying of some of the old settlers of this state that every outbreak of the Indians has been brought on by outrages they have suffered at the hands of the Whites.

The Mono lake region is a desolate, sterile section, much resembling the country around the Dead Sea. The waters of the lake are thoroughly impregnated with borax, salt and magnesia, and the only animal life found in it is a sort of a worm, about one-fourth of an inch in length, resembling in appearance a shrimp. This worm is of an oily nature, and forms, when blown on the shore by the winds, by combining with the alkaline water a soapy mixture, and frequently a bank of this soapsuds several feet in depth is deposited along the shore of the lake.

The Piute Indians, who live in the country around Mono lake are very fond of these worms or shrimps, which they call "kitchavie" and eat all they can get of them; in fact "kitchavie" and pine nuts are their food staples.

On the western shore of Mono lake lived a settler named Louis Samman. He had resided there for over twenty years, raising cattle on the stunted pasturage around the lake, leading a lonely life.

Occasionally he would kill a Piute and cast the body into the alkaline waters of the lake, where it would soon petrify. This fact was well known to the Whites residing in that section, and the gentleman who gives this information says he has seen four of these bodies calmly reposing at the bottom of the lake. Samman's avowed intention was to use the bodies, as soon as they became sufficiently hardened, for hitching posts and door steps.

The Indians, however, were ignorant of Samman's eccentricity, or at least had only heard unconfirmed stories of it. A few days before the killing above mentioned, a party of Piutes were fishing for "kitchavie," scooping them off the surface of the water with willow baskets. In the vicinity of Samman's place they saw the bodies of their murdered brethren lying on the gravelly bottom.

Then the stories they had heard were confirmed. They became frenzied for revenge, and going to Samman's cabin took him out (he was alone) and shot him through the heart, carried the body into the cabin, laid it on the bed, and to make sure that he was dead, fired another shot through his brain. They then went several miles to a place where four Italians were and killed three of them, one escaping to Bodie and alarming the citizens, telling them at the same time not to go out there for a few days, as the Indians had sworn to kill any white man that came out. The Indians were very much excited, and eager to avenge the death of the petrified Piutes. A request was made on Governor Waterman for arms and ammunition, and he offered to send troops, but the offer was declined. The request for arms and ammunition has since been countermanded, and things have quieted down considerably, but still the vigilance of the people has not relaxed. An effort to arrest the guilty Indians will shortly be made."

HOW "CIVILIZATION" WAS INTRODUCED TO THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

The second volume on Central America just issued, is one of the most interesting of H. H. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific

States." It deals mainly with a period of which the simple recital of its events reads like a romance. Mr. Bancroft has no sympathy with the Spanish method of colonization and he never neglects an opportunity to point out the greed and villainy which lies under the thin veneer of religious zeal in the Spanish-American conquerors. He also delights in laying bare the hypocrisy of the priestly chroniclers, who never fail to find a good excuse for the methods of the men who carried the cross with bloody hands among the ill-starred natives of Central and South America. He can see no redeeming qualities in Francisco Pizarro, Alvarado and the other Spanish conquerors, save their superb courage, which never faltered, even in the face of the most appalling dangers. He has none of that half-concealed fondness for these picturesque pirates which is shown by many writers. He gives the plain truth about them, stripped of all the glamor which the Church has cast over their cruelties. The single chapter devoted to Pizarro is an admirable review of the methods of one of the bravest and meanest of the great adventurers of the world. Of infamous origin and brutal instincts, his low cunning and unsurpassed courage placed him at the head of the lawless crew in Panama and made him surpass in Peru the crimes with which Cortez marked his bloody march through Mexico. Nothing in history is more cruel than the massacre of the natives and the capture of the Inca, which delivered into the hands of these freebooters the rich empire of Peru. In a half-hour 5000 defenseless Peruvians were butchered, without the loss of a single Spaniard. The massacre was precipitated by the action of the Inca, who, when the Priest Vicente de Valverde was urging upon him the beauties of the Catholic faith, flung the Bible to the earth and trampled upon it. The effect was similar to that which would follow a curse on the religion of Mohammed uttered in an Arabian mosque. As the author says, "To their brutal instinct was added a spiritual drunkenness which took them out of the category of manhood and made them human fiends. We wonder how men could so believe; but greater still is our wonder that men so believing could so behave." This massacre was followed by the usual sequence—a forced levy on the kingdom for treasure as the ransom of the captured monarch; the accumulation of treasure, which is estimated as worth $20,000,000, in one day, and finally the farcical trial and condemnation of the captive Inca when no more gold and silver and precious stones could be wrung from the people. The trial and the death scene of the unhappy Inca are told in these few words, made more impressive by their brevity:

The accusations and the trial would both be laughable were they not so diabolical. Pizarro and Almagro acted as judges. Among the charges were attempted insurrection, usurpation and putting to death the lawful sovereign, idolatry, waging unjust warfare, adultery, polygamy and the embezzlement of the public revenues since the Spaniards had taken possession of the country. What more cutting irony could words present of the Christian and civilized ideas of humanity and the rights of man then entertained, than the catalogue of crimes by which this barbarian must unjustly die, every one of which the Spaniards themselves had committed in a tenfold degree since entering these dominions. The opinion of the soldiers was taken. It is unnecessary to say that the prisoner was found guilty. He was condemned to be burned alive in the plaza.

At the appointed hour the royal captive, heavily chained, was led forth. It was nightfall, and the torchlights threw a dismal glare upon the scene. By the Inca's side walked the infamous Father Vicente, who never ceased pouring into the unwilling ear of his victim his hateful consolations. Upon the funeral pile, Atahualpa was informed that if he would accept baptism he might be kindly strangled instead of burned. "A cheap escape from much suffering," thought the monarch, and permitted it to be done. The name of Juan de Atahualpa was given him. The iron collar of the garrote was then tightened, the Christians recited their credos over the new convert, and the spirit of the Inca hied away to the sun. Thus one more jewel was added to the immortal crown of Father Vicente de Valverde!

Soon after Pizarro falls in a bloody brawl, a victim to the lust for gold and power of the man whom he had made rich and powerful. He was nearly eighty years of age when he met his fate, yet so great was his vigor and courage that he killed five persons and wounded others before he was subdued.

In the succeeding chapters are related the exploits of the Spanish conquerors in the various States of Central America, and on the Isthmus of Darien. The expeditions of Alvarado, the work of the ecclesiastics in Guatemala and Chiapas, of Herrera in Honduras, the raids of Drake and Oxenhun on the Isthmus, the descents of the buccaneers, the outrages of Morgan at Darien, and the exploits of other cut-throats, who dignified rapine and murder by the title of exploration—these furnish the materials for a story as thrilling as can be found in the pages of romance. The history is brought down to the close of the eighteenth century and shows, with its wealth of detail, the stagnation which has always marked the colonies of Spain. Those of the natives who objected to the cruel domination of the Spaniards were killed. In Guatemala alone Las Casas estimated the number of those who were massacred or driven to death by this brutal treatment at between four and five millions. The aim of the invaders was to wring the uttermost farthing from the natives. Some of them glossed this mercenary motive under religious zeal, but this did not alter its character. Even a man of high character like Las Casas, whose soul revolted at the cruelties perpetrated in the name of religion, was responsible for the worst curse that ever befell this continent—African slavery. There are absolutely no redeeming features in the history, except the dauntless courage and iron endurance of the men who ravished and depopulated a fair territory in the holy name of the Church.

"Twelve years after the discovery of Hispaniola, as Columbus himself writes, six-sevenths of the natives were dead through ill-treatment."

"Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown."

CHAPTER XIV.

Home building narrative resumed.—Improve homestead claim as I had the other.—The market, etc.—My herds of cattle, horses, hogs, etc.—Great prosperity.—Railroads built from tide water; freights, etc.—Immigration.—Further enlargement of my home and business by leasing, fencing and breaking a quarter section of school land.—Copy of lease and receipt for second years payment on the same.—The law and custom as to it.—Confirmed by Congress.—Serve as county road viewer and on first grand jury of Columbia County, and learn something.—Road supervisor of a twenty-mile district.—A review, and what I have learned about farming, etc.—The best economy while "serpents are at the udder."

FALL of 1877.—Having built an addition to our house, a cellar and a stable; fenced a garden and potato field, and a pasture on homestead claim; plowed most of the arable land on the same; sowed it in fall wheat, and fenced it, and more, with a worm fence; having a 120 acre crop under way or assured; with plenty of grain, hay and straw for feed and to sell at good prices—barley and oats being worth one and one quarter cents a pound, and wheat 50 cts. a bushel at home; eggs 20 cts., butter 30 cts. a lb., and hay $8 a ton in the stack—not that the rivers going down to the sea were made free to the people, but on account of the large immigration—and having good herds of cattle, horses and hogs; virtually out of debt, and having means to employ help, I was ready to further enlarge my home and business.

The river freights were still virtually prohibitory, but after a time railroads were built, from tide water reaching into the different sections of this upper country; but the rivers are to this day (1889) held by the secret pirates of a Mormon government from being an opposition, independent and free line to the sea.

I here give about the average freights to 1889, from the Press.—

"They now [1884] charge on up freight from twenty to forty dollars per ton, according as the goods will bear it. Anybody can see that is robbery on a line of 300 miles."

"Freights from Portland [tide water] to Dayton are now [1884] twenty-seven to forty dollars per ton. From Dayton to this point [seat of Garfield county] twenty dollars more per ton is added. These rates bleed our people to death. None but the best country in the world could stand it."

1884.—"The depression in the price of wheat still continues, and we hear of some sold as low as twenty-six cents per bushel. We see the Portland market price is $1.05, just think, seventy-five cents per bushel for transportation and handling from our county (Garfield) to Portland, river route almost all the way. It is shameful." "This county alone has about 2,000,000 bushels of grain to export." [And yet people—who *ought to be slaves, and they are,*—kept voting the Mormons into office, and here is the result.]

1889.—"The Legislature cannot well permit this bill [to open the river] to die of neglect, [but as usual the masons killed it.] The one great grievance of all Eastern Oregon [and Washington] is, and has for years been, the tax laid upon its resources by [masonic] corporations, that have held the key to the transportation business of that section through owning and operating the only portage facilities between the points named in the bill.

True, the general government undertook measures for a relief of this grievance a number of years ago, but as one appropriation after another has been swallowed up [by the gang] in the undertaking, and the most formidable part of the work is yet to be done, the people have naturally grown tired and long for some measure that furnishes relief for themselves, as well as for their remote posterity."

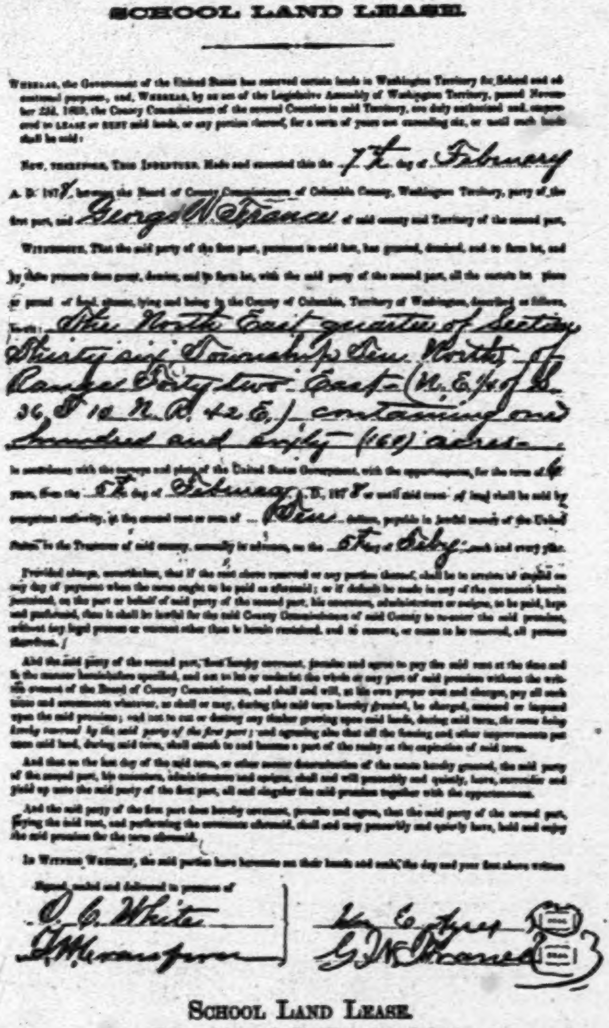
But they still voted the brethren into office, who thus strangled the country's prosperity.

Masonry is a wide spreading tree; its roots are like that of a *cancer;* while among its boughs numerous traitorous insects are harbored and concealed, and under its protecting foliage the deadly night shade of conspiracy is reared and brought to maturity.

And the people would unite to hang outsiders for stealing but a few head of stock!

To enlarge my home and business, I accordingly commenced to break up the arable land on the quarter section of school land adjoining my place above, having improved it somewhat before the land was surveyed, as before noted.

As it was destitute of water and the ultimate cost when it should be sold so uncertain, all land hunters rejected it. So I was in no hurry about leasing it. With my experience in homebuilding I could see that if some one would take the land and improve it, I could then buy him out for less cost than to improve it myself. But nobody would have it. So the following February, when other business called me to the far away county seat, I went and leased it, as an enlargement to my home. And here following is a copy of the lease, also of receipt for the second year's payment on the same.



SCHOOL LAND LEASE.

WHEREAS, the Government of the United States has reserved certain lands in Washington Territory for School and educational purposes, and, WHEREAS, by an act of the Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory, passed November 22d, 1869, the County Commissioners of the several Counties in said Territory, are duly authorized and empowered to LEASE or RENT said lands, or any portion thereof, for a term of years not exceeding six, or until such lands shall be sold:

NOW, THEREFORE, THIS INDENTURE, Made and executed this the 7th day of February A. D. 1878, between the Board of County Commissioners of Columbia County, Washington Territory, party of the first part, and George W. France of said county and Territory of the second part,

WITNESSETH, That the said party of the first part, pursuant to said law, has granted, demised, and to farm let, and by these presents does grant, demise, and to farm let, with the said party of the second part, all the certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the County of Columbia, Territory of Washington, described as follows, to-wit: The North East quarter of Section Thirty six Township Ten North of Range Forty two East (N. E. ¼ of S. 36, T 10 N. R. 42 E.) containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres

In accordance with the surveys and plats of the United States Government, with the appurtenances, for the term of 6 years, from the 5th day of February A. D. 1878 or until said tract of land shall be sold by competent authority, at the annual rent or sum of Ten dollars, payable in lawful money of the United States to the Treasurer of said county, annually in advance, on the 5th day of Feby each and every year.

Provided always, nevertheless, that if the rent above reserved or any portion thereof, shall be in arrears or unpaid on any day of payment when the same ought to be paid as aforesaid; or if default be made in any of the covenants herein contained, on the part or behalf of said party of the second part, his executors, administrators or assigns, to be paid, kept and performed, then it shall be lawful for the said County Commissioners of said County to re-enter the said premises, without any legal process or warrant other than is herein contained, and to remove, or cause to be removed, all persons therefrom.

And the said party of the second part, does hereby covenant, promise and agree to pay the said rent at the time and in the manner hereinbefore specified, and not to let or underlet the whole or any part of said premises without the written consent of the Board of County Commissioners, and shall and will, at his own proper cost and charges, pay all such taxes and assessments whatever, as shall or may, during the said term hereby granted, be charged, assessed or imposed upon the said premises; and not to cut or destroy any timber growing upon said lands, during said term, the same being *hereby reserved by the said party of the first part*; and agreeing also that all the fencing and other improvements put upon said land, during said term, shall attach to and become a part of the realty at the expiration of said term.

And that on the last day of the said term, or other sooner determination of the estate hereby granted, the said party of the second part, his executors, administrators and assigns, shall and will peaceably and quietly, leave, surrender and yield up unto the said party of the first part, all and singular the said premises together with the appurtenances.

And the said party of the first part does hereby covenant, promise and agree, that the said party of the second part, paying the said rent, and performing the covenants aforesaid, shall and may peaceably and quietly have, hold and enjoy the said premises for the term aforesaid.

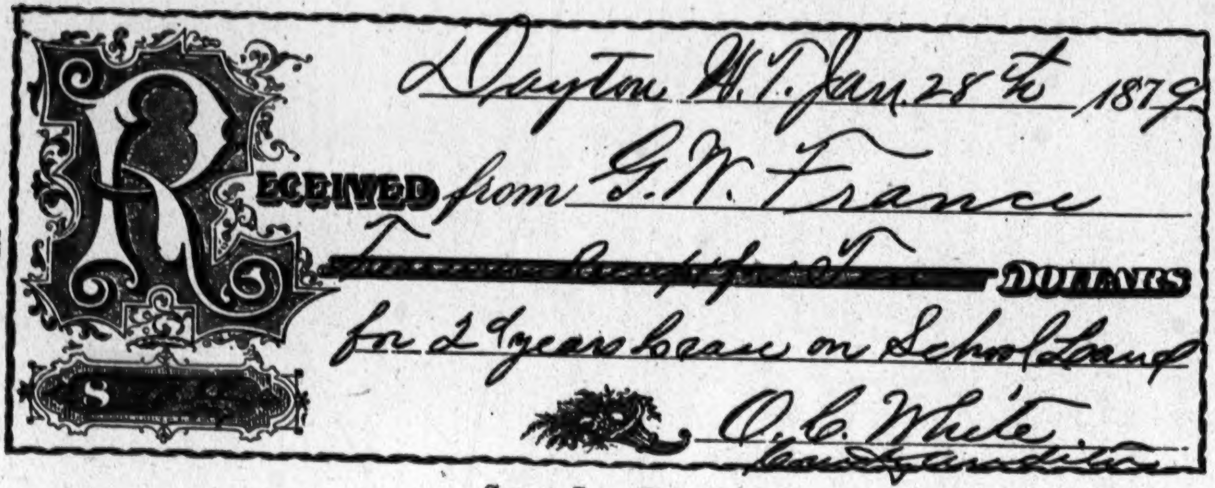
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of

O. C. White

G. W. France

SCHOOL LAND LEASE.
(Reduced to one half of the original size.)



Dayton W. T. Jan. 28th 1879

RECEIVED from G. W. France

[illegible] DOLLARS

for 2 years lease on School Land

$

O. C. White
County Auditor

School Land Receipt.

"The organic act of Congress declares that 'all laws passed by the legislative Assembly and Governor of' Washington territory, shall be submitted to Congress, and, if disapproved, shall be null and of no effect."

"The act of 1867, making the bi-annual sessions of the legislature begin two months earlier in the odd year, was not disapproved by Congress, but by virtue of the rule, 'silence gives assent,' *was approved.*"

And the legislature henceforth acted accordingly—as though the act had been formally approved. As did the courts and people as to the other acts of the legislature. *It was and is the universal custom for laws, to be in force until congress, or the courts, or the legislature abrogates them.* And so it was with this school-land act. It was forthwith made available and largely availed of. And on its being questioned, as all laws are for a price, the U. S. Attorney General wrote as follows, to the territorial Delegate in Congress.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.
WASHINGTON, June 7th, 1880.

SIR:

It seems to me upon a careful reading of the law referred to, that the commissioners themselves, as representing the county, are invested with power to protect the interests of the county in sections 16 and 36, which were reserved by Congress for the benefit of the common schools therein.

I infer this from the authority given them, to locate other lands in case sections 16 and 36 are occupied by actual settlers prior to the survey thereof. Under this authority to locate, they may take possession, and so of sections 16 and 36, if not occupied by actual settlers prior to the survey thereof.

The statute gives to the territory the title and the right of possession, and the proper representatives of the territory who for this purpose are, I presume, the county commissioners, may institute proceedings to defend that possession, or to recover it as against trespassers.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
CHAS. DEVENS,
Attorney General."

From the Press.—"WALLA WALLA, Oct. 14th, 1882. For the information of "Inquirer" it is stated that many years ago the legislature of Washington territory, by solemn enactment, authorized the commissioners of the different counties to lease school lands, the rents to be added to the school fund of the county wherein the lands were situated. Does "Inquirer" wish to decrease the school fund by abolishing the practice? If so he must either appeal to the legislature to repeal the law, or induce a court of competent jurisdiction to declare the act as unauthorized."

1885.—"The commissioners of King county, [Western Washington] are doing considerable business in the way of leasing school lands. These lands are leased in tracts of 160 acres, or less, at ten dollars a year for each tract, the leases running for six years. [Lurking brethren could, and did lease, *whole sections* and held them]. It is impossible to sell these lands before the Territory becomes a State. They, however, are in great request, and the leases are eagerly sought, it being understood that when the lands are sold, the occupants shall have the first right to purchase at the appraised price. The county is entitled to 75,000 acres, and if all leased even at the low price of ten dollars a year, a revenue would thereby be secured of $5000 or more. With no effort made in the past, $450 a year is now obtained in this way. The school lands of King county will be worth millions of dollars in time to come."

In 1888 there were 5000 such leases as mine held, and Congress formally approved the same as follows:—

"WASHINGTON TERRITORY SCHOOL LANDS.

The following is an act of Congress "for the relief of certain settlers upon the school lands of Washington territory:"

WHEREAS, Sections 16 and 36 of each township of land in Washington territory was reserved unto that territory for school purposes; and

WHEREAS, On December 2, 1869, the legislative assembly of that territory, by an act duly passed, authorized the county commissioners of the several counties in that territory to lease said lands for a term of years not exceeding six years, the money received therefore being placed in the school fund; and

WHEREAS, The lands so leased are greatly enhanced in value by the cultivation thereof, and the lessees thereof have made valuable improvements thereon and incurred large expense in reducing such land to a state of cultivation, and will incur much loss if they are caused to abandon their said improvements and cultivations; and

WHEREAS, The validity of the said leases is questioned; therefore,

Be it enacted, etc., That the action of the county commissioners of the several counties of Washington territory under the authority supposed to reside in the act of the legislative assembly of said territory of December 2, 1869, entitled, "an act to provide for the leasing of school land in Washington territory," when had in conformity to said act, be, and the same hereby is, confirmed, and that said act be, and the same is hereby, validated and confirmed.

Approved, August 6, 1888."

I spent part of the following months of February and March, 1878, in viewing out and locating county roads in the Asotin country, being appointed with two others by the board of county commissioners to act in that capacity.

Then I hired two men to make rails at twenty dollars per thousand, one to help farm and break prairie on the school land claim at thirty dollars a month, and one to attend to the cows, hogs, chickens, and assist about the house.

Was road supervisor of this district, then over 20x20 miles in extent. That spring we got the through road to Dayton and Lewiston opened all the way for the first.

In June I served on the grand jury of the first court session ever held in Columbia county; wherein I experienced that it is an easy matter to indict an outsider, while worse criminals (being in a charitable order) are secure against outraged justice.

Then, until harvest, I was engaged mostly in hauling over 10,000 rails from the mountains and fencing the school land I had leased and partly broke out. Some of the rails I bought at forty dollars per thousand, delivered on the ground.

"Book" or Greeley farming is good in its place, but would not pay here; and he who was educated in such a school and was bigoted, or could not bend to adverse circumstances or exceptions to accepted general rules could do a thing in but one way, would break up very quick or fail in making anything to break. There are circumstances in which it is the best economy for the settler to raise wheat, horses, hogs and calves together in the same field (though frequently done when not the best economy) and to raise potatoes by dropping the seed as he plows the ground, run over it with a harrow, let them go until fall, and then plow them up or turn the hogs in to harvest them. Sometimes good cultivation of a crop pays best, and then again no culture at all is the best economy. I can raise more truck with a team and plow than alone with a hoe. Horse flesh is cheaper than that of a man—if he be a man—and is more pleasant to wear off. I can ride over more ground than I can walk over. A farmer and his family should not be harder worked or fed than his cattle, and *they* should have leisure and plenty that is good, too. I have read expert testimony in agricultural papers and books until—like reading law books—I did not know anything for certain. I have experimented and closely observed in every branch and phase of work I ever pursued. Have plowed bodies of land up to the beam, and adjoining it have skinned the ground and skipped a foot at every furrow and turn for acres together. Have rolled grain before it was up, and when it was six to eight inches high with a heavy four-horse roller (which I had read would even kill Canadian thistles). Have rolled it in the dust; in the mire; and have not rolled it at all. Have sown it on foot, on horseback and out of a wagon; in the spring, summer, fall and winter time; and have just let it volunteer from the last crop. Have harvested it with cradle and rake; with reaper; header, and have turned stock in to do it. Have threshed with machine; tramped it out with a bunch of horses, and have pounded it out with a club. And in potatoes and other truck have experimented as widely, and in their different varieties, and in each and every case have been both ridiculed and flattered by others. Have broke horses under the saddle; to the wagon, plow, harrow, and have more frequently just went to work with them without any breaking; and have fed them on patent medicine, wheat,—until I foundered four at a time, until they learned better and could safely eat it from a pile on the ground, and have let them get their living on the range.

Have killed hogs, planted gardens, and layed worm fence in all stages of the moon—in sunshine, moonshine, and in the shade. Have put salt and pepper in cows' tails to cure the "hollow horn," and have cut off pigs tails to make them weigh 411 pounds with but little feed. Have worked sixteen hours a day, and have followed the *sensible eight hour system, of eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for recreation and study.*

And I have learned that the one of any of these ways is the best for the farmer, that is the easiest. Just so long as it is fixed that he is to get but a hard living anyway, and the profits of his toil goes to enrich mystic gangs of "*serpents at the udder.*"

CHAPTER XV.

Land jumping.—First serious case in the "France settlement."—Our graveyard started.—The "poor man's friend."—Street fight with a jumper.—"Hurrah for Whetstone Hollow!"—Public sentiment as to such cases.—When the courts and press stand in with the people, and when against them.—Land sharks.—How petty thieves are shot down with impunity.—Home wreckers.—How my prosperity made me an object of envy and ravage.—A murderous conspiracy by gentlemen with great influence at court to jump my pre-emption and school-land portions of my well earned, improved and stocked home.—The lying pretexts that were invented and used as a blind.—Jump all the water on my place.—"If you want any water, dig for it!"—Wanted to get me into the gang's court.—How I repossessed my own.—"Will fix you by helping H— jump your school land!"—How I had befriended them.—"Damned be he who first cries hold: enough!"—Tries to drive me off with a gun.—And we get better acquainted; get friendly, and he agrees to quit.—How I was performing my homage against a lurking foe.—His object.—Is set to resume the conflict.—"An outrage for one man to own all the land and the water, too!"—"Will settle it with an ounce of lead!" etc.—Boasts of his backing and influence.—"We will make it hot as hell for you now."—"I have taken your school land, E—, your pre-emption, and by G-d! we will soon have a man on your homestead!"—A man loans me his pistol for defense, and then eggs on the jumper.—The lying gang.—"But truth shall conquer at the last."—Jumper's many wicked threats.—Try to have him bound over to keep the peace.—My instructions from the peace officer.—"Be prepared to defend yourself and sow the ground."—He loans me seed for the purpose.—"There comes [Jumper] now with a gun!"—"Let us go out and see what he is going to do with it!"—"I don't care a damn what he does with it!"—How he followed me around the field with a cocked carbine in both hands.—Quits and has a secret conference.—"I ask you as a friend and neighbor to quit sowing wheat and leave the field, for there is going to be trouble!"—"Look out for him now!"—Belches out at the end of a stream of profanity, "turn back! leave the field! and don't come back nary time!"—"I will fix you!" *crack, bang! "I will kill you!" crack, bang!*—I return the fire in quick succession, thus saving my life.—*Positive, certain, incontrovertible proof* as to the same.—How he missed me by a scratch and killed the horse.—"There, France is shot!"—The lying and perjured gang.—"Where logic is inverted and wrong is called right."—Am charged with murder!—The would-be assassin, home ravager and *ravisher* is shielded, venerated and revenged by his gang.—"If by this means we can further our cause, the private assassin deserves our applause."—

Am thrown into jail without a hearing.—Held in jail nearly ten months begging and demanding a trial.—Can NEVER get either a trial or hearing.—"Virtue distressed" could get no protection here.—Am betrayed, sold and given away.—"His glories lost, his *cause* BETRAYED!"—Shanghaied to the gang's bastile in double irons.—"Oh! 'twas *too* much, *too* dreadful to endure!"—"He jests at scars that never felt a wound!"—"Is this then" thought the youth, "is this the way to free man's spirit from the deadening sway of worldly sloth; to teach him while he lives, to know no bliss but that which virtue gives?"—Examples of other cases, and what the law is.—My case as established and the law, etc., as to the same.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."—*Burns.*

THE first serious land jumping in the "France Settlement" was that of a man who jumped a claim belonging to Miss B—, 1878. In moving on to it, the jumper left a wagon tire, leaning against some other traps, on an elevation above the house; the tire got started, and bounding into the door crushed a hole into the head of a two or three year old child, playing by its mother's side. Yet, it lingered until a doctor arrived and sewed up the scalp, the brain oozing out meanwhile. Oh, what a piteous sight!

The doctor prided himself on being above all other doctors "the poor man's friend," and therefore charged only $150 for his trip of 30 miles and "surgical operation."

Thus was our graveyard started.

Then the jumper was driven from the place, though he was technically right.

About this time there was also an attempt at claim jumping near Dayton. A man had filed on a claim and then, having sold it before proving up, erroneously thought he could therefore legally file the same right on another claim. After he had lived on and improved this other claim, a man doing business in town filed a contest at the land office and was about to win the place by law. So many of the neighbors turned out, destroyed with fire the lumber he had put on the place for a house, and, armed with shot guns and pistols, went hunting for him in a body to the county seat, where they challenged the jumper out of his house of business and shot him down in the street, and, after he was down, amid shouts of "hurrah for Whetstone Hollow!"

There was not even an arrest made, nor any indictment found, as the jumper was not a member of the gang.

One of the shooters rested his pistol on his arm and, as he smoked his pipe, blazed away at the lone man. This shooter was then elected a county commissioner.

These sample cases prove that the sentiment and judgement of the people were dead against land jumpers, even when they were technically right. And that the courts stood in against them, when they did not belong to the gang. Indeed, the homebuilders were having such a hard time of it, that one could not be convicted of any crime for killing a man who was trying to rob him of his home or any part of it—even if the jumper was technically right—unless the homebuilder was betrayed, sold, or given away by his lawyers, and the jury packed against him. Were it otherwise, the laws and courts would be worked so, as to rob *every* homebuilder of his home; for there is always a technicality, a clerical "error," or something hidden to be dug up, and sustained by the court, *when the mystic sign is given.*

Condensed from the Press.—"The land sharks are jubilant over [a victory] as it is the commencement of the harvest they expect to gather. But the settlers on the lands are organized, and any of their creatures whom they will incite to locate, will be met with a long rope and a short shift. The *Statesman* will side with the farmers against both the railroad and the land jumpers."

"That the ring of land sharks exists in this city [Walla Walla] and have no earthly way of making a living, except by blackmailing settlers on the public lands, by reason of their knowledge of the land laws and their access to the records of the land office, is an undoubted fact. By blackmailing the settlers and bulldozing the land officers they keep everybody in a state of terror. We know, for a fact, of contests being inaugurated for no other purpose than forcing the original locator to buy the gang off."

"Mr. Arthurs is a native of Tennessee, and is a true and consistent democrat, and it would not be safe for any man to attempt to locate on his domain, even if it be forfeited, for he is one of the many who have sworn, that no jumper will ever attempt a similar game a second time."

"Indeed, in all new and sparsely settled sections of this great republic the law is interpreted to suit the sentiment of the community. If a man jumps a piece of land, held rightfully by a neighbor, he knows that he is looking directly into the muzzle of a loaded Winchester, which is liable to go off any moment. It all depends on the nerve of the injured party. If the gun does go off, the coroner and his neighbors gather together, talk the matter over, and render a verdict of justifiable homicide. This is why M—, who shot and killed young L— last week, is a free and much respected citizen to-day."

It is popular also, to shoot down harmless petty thieves, even in town, when they don't belong to the gang.

"C—, in whose *back* P— poured a dose of shot, is still alive in the city jail. Some of the shot lodged in the lungs, and the spine must certainly be injured. There is little, if any, sympathy expressed for the wretch, and his death would not increase it. It is well known that in nearly every house in the city fire-arms are kept expressly for burglars, and it is only because people do not wake up quick enough, that more house breakers are not shot."

Afterwards.—"C—, the burglar, who was so prettily peppered by P—, a few weeks since, was yesterday sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary."

A homebuilder knows at the outset enough to calculate on opposition from home-wreckers; he also knows that the chief fundamental principle and object of good government is not to rob and murder him, but to encourage, uphold, protect, defend and venerate the true homebuilder; and that this is vouchsafed and vowed by all civilized governments on the earth. And he who violates this solemn vow is a traitor and a thief.

Here is a sentiment, that is proudly proclaimed.

"The poorest man may in his own cottage home bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold!!"

In the spring of 1878, Mr. E – and other charitable brethren located a steam saw-mill a mile from my place, knowing there would be no accessible water for their use during the most of the year, except it be at my place. Digging for water had proved a failure thereabouts, and the settlers were watering their stock at and hauling water from my place for domestic use. This demand with my various herds of stock and others that were transient, was about equal to the supply of my springs. Mr. E— was fully informed as to this matter before he located the mill, but turned a deaf ear; evidently having conspired at the outset to intrigue, tramp or shoot me down, and jump my place.

The fact that I had earned this part of my home by hard and persistent toil, had paid for it, and had an undisputed U. S. Patent for the same, was spurned with charitable (?) contempt, as having such influence at court as would shield them in murdering justice, law, and the most sacred rights and cherished feelings of man.

Mr. E— *never* even asked me to grant him or them any privilege, whatsoever.

However, when the water at the mill had failed, a neighbor said to me that he could make some money in supplying the mill with water, if I would permit him to haul it from my place; that he would tap the stream some distance below the main head springs and the fence that enclosed them, run it into a box, placed over the stream, so as not to interfere with its other uses, and be subject to my desires as to the same. I agreed to this, he did as he agreed, and we never disagreed.

In May, also in 1878, I suffered a man to put up a cabin on a corner of the school-land-tract that I had leased, as before shown, under the pretext and promise of stopping but a short time, when the water there would fail, and he would locate and move his cabin on to some vacant land. He repeatedly declared that I had befriended him, when in need, as none other would do, and that "he surely would never make me any trouble," etc.

Afterwards, however, he said that he was advised by a ("charitable") lawyer, that the law by which such lands were leased, was invalid, so that he could ignore it, and was encouraged by other brethren to stick to this land.

But he could never show wherein this, if true, would give *him* any legal or moral right to the same. For, although it was surveyed land, he could not file on it at the land office, which office acquiesced in the leasing of it. He could not even file a contest there.

Mr. Jumper was a frequent visitor at the saw-mill.

He was an old hand at the jumping business, and had been run out of two or more places for trying to kill men for their claims, so it was said, and was regarded as a hard and desperate citizen. He threatened my life and property continually and in all manner of ways, both to me and to others, so that it was notorious. Boasted of his influence and backing, and openly swore that he "was like Macbeth,—Damned be he who first cries hold, enough!"

Once, while I was working on the land, he brought his gun out to kill or drive me off. There were others present, so he left his carbine midway and came up, with brag and bluster, to me, to whip me. He also had a big dagger on him. But when I shoved my hand in my pocket, with neither brag or bluster, he suddenly stepped back, left, and afterwards swore that "but for one thing he would have shot all of us dead."

I kept right on my even course, as I had been doing all those years.

Had there been any law that would reach the gentleman, he would have been taken care of years before. But he was a man of linked, secret influence and backing.

I had seen in my school books pictures portraying the pioneer of a century ago, performing his homage with a musket slung to his back, to protect him against lurking savages, armed with bows and tomahawks and crowned with feathers; but here I was—like many others, and after a hundred Fourth-of-July orations and solemn vows—performing my homage in like manner against a more dangerous, lurking and linked foe, armed with improved rifles and gin, and crowned with the flag of my country.

When Mr. Jumper had thus got better acquainted with me—that he could not drive me to his terms, and also found he could make no crack or pretext wherein his lawyer gang and court could enter a wedge of plunder, we got sociable when we met, talked the matter over in a friendly way, at various times, and he gave up the job—and started in to jump another claim. Said he "did not want to farm any, as that did not pay the farmer," but had claimed my place as a "business venture," etc., would not trouble me any more, and would leave the place. Meanwhile, he was hauling water from my spring. His object was to drive me to buy him off, or kill me, if he found that to be practicable, or his backers give the sign. And other brethren standing ready to take his place, and be bought off in turn if that plan proved successful.

The man to whom I had given the privilege to haul water for the saw-mill, quit it after a month or two; others continued it for a time without any consent or objection from me, till the grand worthy master of the saw-mill (whom I had seen parading the Bible through the streets with his gang) came over with his force of men and hell, and stealthily put up a big tank some distance above the other and away from the stream, on ashy ground that would take in the leakage and overflow, run pipes from it through my fence to the springs; took *all* the water into his tank, and posted a notice forbidding "*all persons* from taking any water as it belonged to him." *The thief had jumped the place!* sneering and jeering at suggestions of his own force that he respect my rights.

And, presto! my other jumper springs up and renews his claim and threats to me, and to others; declared it to be "an outrage for one man to own all the land in the country and the water too," tore down my fences, etc., swore he would now settle me with an ounce of lead, etc., etc., boasted that "they would make it as hot as hell for me now," that "he had taken my school land. E— had taken my pre-emption, and by G—d! we will soon have a man on your homestead!" And was more hostile than ever before.

A man who had condemned and opposed the gentleman, and volunteered to loan me his gun to defend my life against him, had since been made to understand that he was a secret sworn brother as was also the worthy grand master, so he now urged him on and promised him assistance against me. Said he "was *bound* to assist him."

"Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

I courteously protested to the worthy grand master against depriving me, as well as others, of "even water for domestic use!" and this, too, without ever asking me for any, to which he replied with grinning contempt, "If you want any water dig for it!" forbid me interfering with his grasp on it, or stand in his way, or "he would whip me, would fix me by helping the other jumper to get away with my school land," that "the place was not mine, and he would prosecute me in the courts of justice (?) for $40 or $50 a day for every day the mill was idle," etc., etc.

After the water had been shut off from the people long enough for them to feel it well, and the jumping of it had become notorious, in spite of the lying, thieving gang to blind the facts, and I had examined my patent and the numbers closely, to see whether I really did own the place against such a bold, brazen and boisterous claim of the worthy grand master, then I tore the water pipes up, re-possessed and held my own against the gang of lying thieves, till they were re-enforced by the Government they prostitute to murder and ravage, against which "all wisdom, all virtue, all courage, are vain."

"But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

The worthy grand master graded an expensive road to a spring in a deep ravine, moved his water tank from my place to it when it went dry, as he had been informed it would before he located his mill.

He then made another road to the deeply embedded Pataha creek; this not being very practicable either, he got a secret ring brother interested to go to *buy* the same water privilege I had freely given my neighbor at the outset, and which he himself had, till he jumped the whole stream and violated every principle of truth, justice and decency towards his benefactor. Indeed, I refused an offer of $150 for but four months use of the same water privilege I accorded him without charge. There was a good vacant stock range on the school section, and back of it in the mountain, but it was quite destitute of accessible water. It was to utilize this range that an owner of a large herd offered me $150 that I refused, to simply accommodate the charitable mason.

August 22, 1878, I started from the house with a load of wheat to sow my breaking on the school land part of my now envied home, accompanied by two mounted men to assist me (of late years I had sown all my grain on horseback).

Others were afraid to go with me as they might get hit when I was being "shot out of the field," as Jumper had sworn he would do, if I undertook to sow the ground (but a peace officer had declined to interfere, advising me to "be prepared to defend myself against him, and thus work the land.") But these two men were on friendly terms with Jumper, and therefore not considered in danger, though there was something said in jest about "drinking gunpowder" as we started. We had proceeded but a few rods when we met the "secret ring brother from the saw-mill;" stated his business, when I invited him to go along up to the field and we would talk about the water matter on the way.

We stopped at one end of the breaking opposite Jumper's cabin when I handed my two men each a one-half sack of wheat on their horses, and they struck out to sow and soon separated. I was mounting with a sack myself—having just made the ring brother mad by refusing his request for water—when he exclaimed, "*There comes* [*Jumper*] *now with a gun.*"

Sure enough, he was coming as a desperado with his cocked carbine in both hands to take the place, and was about to meet one of my men. I said, "*Come let us go out and see what he is going to do with it.*"

"*I don't care a damn what he does with it!*" was the reply. I struck out and joined the man at his work, (and a man, *who was living with Jumper and had followed him out of the house, passed by us and joined the secret ring brother at my wagon.*)

Jumper, with his cocked carbine in both hands and finger on the trigger, closely followed us around, rolling out a tirade of boisterous, bullying profanity and threats, fired with gin, trying to drive us out of the field, I having nothing but my cocked pistol in hand for defense; whenever he would bring the muzzle of his gun at me, I was always a little ahead with my pistol at him, he wanted a *close dead shot*, and tried several times to get it; once he aimed at my companion, when he threw up his arms and brushed down his sides, saying, "Don't point your gun at me, you see I am not armed!" and exhorted him to "quit now, that he *knew* I would die rather than be driven out of my own," and after thus following us around, he *did quit, evidently having given up the job.*

But he went and had a lengthy conference with the secret brother and other friend at my wagon. (I had less dread of dying in such a cause than desire to live by its sacrifice, and when my time comes let it be in such a fight.) My companion not being used to sow grain in this way, I continued to ride close with him to teach him, when Jumper, from the *ever after secret conference with the ring brother,* came tearing and boiling with venom—hunting my life! telling my other hand on the way to "leave the field *as a friend, for there is going to be trouble.*" (My companion says, "*look out for him now!*" I thought I could throw myself on the side of my horse for protection as readily as I often picked my hat from the ground.) Coming on with blood-shot eyes, and with the most horrid, wicked, flaming look ever seen in the visage of man, overtakes, heads us off, belches out at the end of a stream of profanity, "*turn back! leave the field! and don't come back nary time! I will fix you!* and then *I will kill you!*" as he blazed away—twice, I returning the fire *in rapid succession.*

My first and his second shot were fired together, thus making a louder report than any other.

My horse flaring and me dodging kept me from shooting at the first shot, and as my companion also dropped down on his saddle, I, as well as Jumper, thought he was hit—though, of course, shooting at me; quickly re-loading with the lever, and stepping up closer and more to the side, so as to aim behind my companion at me, he quickly fired again, saying, "*I will kill you!*" but at the same instant my companion, reaching back, struck down the muzzle, so the charge crashed into the rump of his horse—ranging downward and diagonally toward me, I emptying my pistol into him in about five seconds. My four bullets ranging downward, thus stopping him from emptying his filled magazine into me, though he still had strength enough for a terrific, sanguinary struggle—that *followed* my shots—for control of the gun. My companion having gripped it as he struck it down. Jumper thus jerked him off his sinking horse, clubbed him against the head with the gun breech, and dragged him forty feet over the ground, so that it took another man to control it, just as he had got it reloaded and cocked again.

Then Jumper went to his house, *boasted that* "*he had shot my companion as well as me,*" and in 12 hours died, but neither of us was shot.

The "secret ring brother" and companion run away (from the wagon) at the onset of the fight, reporting that I was shot.

A neighbor at a distance on hearing the carbine shots exclaimed, "*there! France is shot!*"

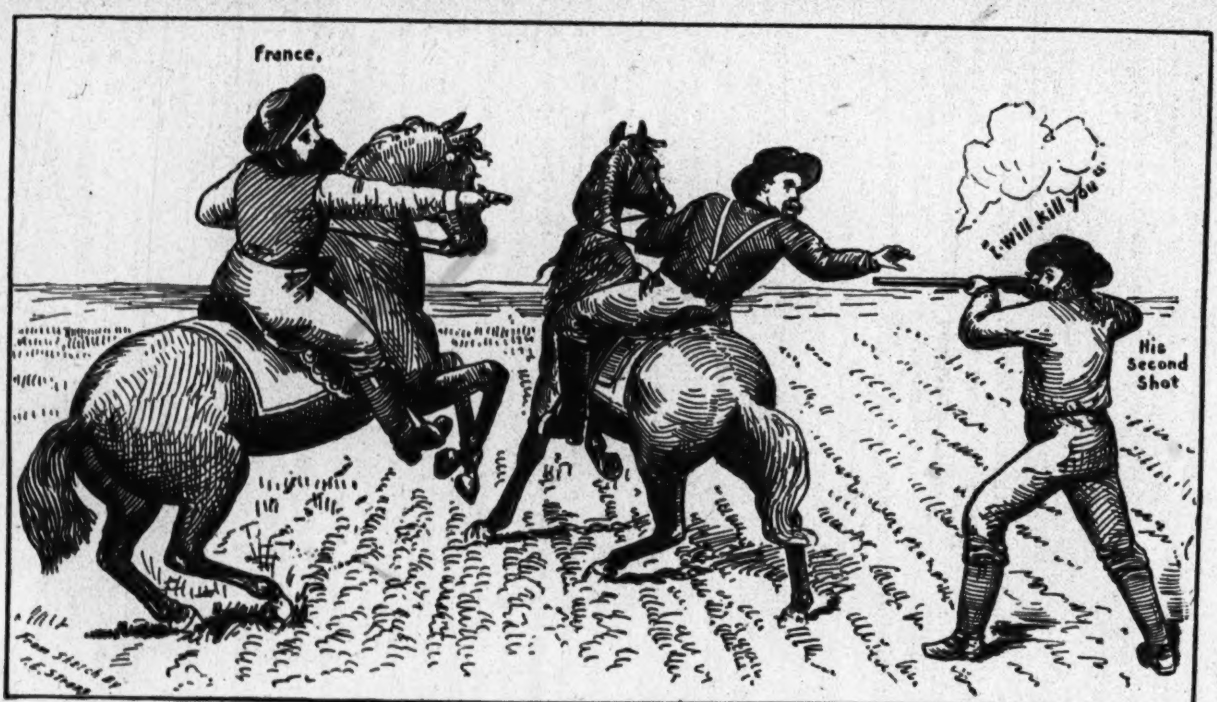
The foregoing is not only a true account of the fight, etc., and prelude to it, but the facts as stated were so transparent, *evident, consistent withal,* and susceptible of *positive, certain proof,* that it should carry conviction to every mind, for there was no hinge or loop to hang an honest doubt upon, and any one swearing to the contrary, or diversely, would gain no intelligent, honest belief, would be a self-convicted, perjured liar, and, if given justice, would be punished accordingly. No one but a thief ever has or will dispute this—such as are liars and thieves of the first magnitude.

Inventions of the enemy:

"Where logic is inverted and wrong is called right."

"Where honor is lost and valor fled,
And all her virtues numbered with the dead!'

I neglected to swear out a complaint against the secret ring brother & Co., (who will be known in my epitome, Chapter XVIII, as the "Distant and officious witness") when, presto! he swore out one against me, charging me with *murder!* And his companion at the wagon was suppressed, and then spirited away, for he wanted to tell the truth. And other secret brethren—including some who were on friendly and sociable terms with me just before (though not all such)—now whipped into line, snapped and snarled, conspired, intrigued, and wickedly lied and swore to stab me down, to wring and suck my heart's blood in revenge *for their Danite,* and to



France.
I will kill you s.
His Second Shot
From Sketch By T. E. Strong

DEFENDING MY LIFE AND HOME.

praise and venerate their dead brother-assassin, home ravager, and *ravisher!*

> "And if by this means we further our cause
> The private assassin deserves our applause."

The day before the fight, Mrs. E—— repelled the charitable and to be venerated Danite brother from her bed and house with a pistol, while struggling to ravish her! And the very day of our fight her husband started out with a gun to kill this to be sanctified saint, for his brutal attempt.

> "With the cloak of the Bible their prostitution to veil,
> The Devil's a saint till he shows us his tail."

Certainly, none of them ever swore or said anything against me but what could be shattered by its own rottenness alone, as well as by their slimy characters. Certainly, there was no man or woman, that was not a thief at heart, that did not rejoice that the to be sanctified saint of these Mormons was dead.

His own brother-in-law said, that "he ought to have been killed years before for his crimes!"

But what could *I* do? What could *anybody* do? When thrown into prison without any hearing; *forced* to employ and trust black-leg shysters, who are secret sworn brethren to the enemy, stand in to keep you in prison for witnesses to be falsely held, tortured, tampered with and spirited away, and a jury selected by secret brethren; and you are stabbed and bled at every pore, and your ruin fixed! Practises every kind of deception, treason and cruelty known to the villainous, slimy trade, destroys correct and indisputable diagrams of the scenes of strife, and rejects the measurement of the ground at the last minute!

Assured by them that you have "done *nothing*," and will be freed with a trial, and you fear no danger, for you know no guilt.

But can never get any trial, or freedom, or even a hearing. "That keep the words of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope. Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art." That squelches alike the bad character of the secret brother, and that of your own that was good from childhood. Also sixty per cent. of your witnesses and sixty per cent. of valuable facts known to the remainder, and endeavors to squelch *your own* evidence *entirely* as "unnecessary." And when a court and executive are but servile tools of such a hideous, grimly, slimy, midnight Mormon gang, who recognizes no such thing as right or wrong, heart or conscience, justice or humanity!

> "Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
> To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
> Of worldly sloth—to teach him while he lives,
> To know no bliss but that which virtue gives?"
>
> "Oh, that a dream so sweet so long enjoy'd,
> Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
> His faith was bartered and the crime was done."—*Moore.*

HOW TRIALS OF THE BRETHREN ARE MANAGED, ETC.

B——'s trial for shooting an unarmed man (S——) *down in the street.* "Evidence was introduced to show that S—— was quarrelsome, and had been involved in several rows elsewhere."

[Such evidence was squelched in my case.]

Another sample case.—"One hundred and thirty-six questions of fact were propounded to the jury, and which they struggled with until they answered them.

[No questions were asked the jury in my case, *nor did any of the jury ask any questions.*] "The argument of counsel occupied about eighteen hours, one of the counsel occupied nearly half that time in opening the argument." [In my case my counsel (?) talked about fifteen minutes, but my case was *never opened, presented, plead, or argued at all.*]

> "Virtue distressed" could get no protection here.
>
> "And shall no curse for perjury be paid?
> No vengeance vindicate the friend betrayed?"

Another sample case.—"The jury returned to ask 'If a man had a deadly weapon in his hand, and another thought he was about to use it against him, and shot the former: Would it be manslaughter or murder?' The Judge replied that it would be neither."

> "But say, vain trifler, must thy years be told,
> What bliss is centred in another's gold?
> Let angry Heaven dart
> Its forked lightning through your guilty heart."

In another case the Chief Justice of Washington Territory charged the jury as follows:

"The law is, that if a person, or his family, or his friends, are assailed or approached in such a way and under such circumstances as to induce in him a reasonable belief that he or they are in imminent danger of unlawfully loosing life or suffering great bodily harm, or being driven from his dwelling, or that his dwelling is in imminent danger of being unlawfully entered or destroyed, or seriously injured, he will be justified or excused in defending himself, or his family, or his friends, or his dwelling, as the case may be, although as a matter of fact he be mistaken as to the actual extent of the danger, or the danger be not real, but only apparent. Of course, it makes no difference under this law whether the dwelling endangered or in question is a Chinese tent or a white man's building. You are instructed that evidence of good character is competent in favor of a party accused, as tending to show that he would not be likely to commit the crime alleged against him, and in doubtful cases, evidence of previous good character is entitled to great weight in favor of innocence. And if, from the evidence, you find that any fact necessary to establish the defendant's guilt of any grade of crime is in doubt, then, if the prisoner has, by evidence, satisfied you that he was up to the time the offense is alleged to have been committed, a man of good character, the presumption of law is that the supposed crime is so inconsistent with the former life and character of the defendant that he could not have intended to do the criminal act, and it would be your duty to give the defendant your benefit of the presumption, and acquit him. All killing of mankind is unlawful except such as happens from mere accident or mistake, or is done in obedience to public duty, or in lawful defense of person, habitation, or property."

'Of the wealth of mankind they all seize a share,
And riot alike in the spoils of the fair."

Sec. 778 of the Territorial Code says, "That all persons accused of crime in any court of this territory, whether by indictment or otherwise, shall be admitted to bail by the court, where the same is pending, or by a judge in vacation, when it shall appear to the court or judge, that the accused has offered to go to trial in good faith, and without collusion with witnesses, and has been denied a trial by the court . . . . . . and the bail bond in such cases shall be reasonable and at the sound discretion of the court.

Yet I was held to languish in jail nearly *ten months, always begging for a trial or hearing, and was less prepared every day it was delayed.* And the Judge offered to grant it forthwith, and *yet I could never get any hearing or trial,* for when the thing did at last come off it was fixed and managed so that it was a *traitorous job,* and not a trial at all. Nor could I get rid of the shysters, when I found them out, or attend to my case myself, as I tried so hard to do.

Any one, who denies any of this, is a liar, a thief and a cur!

"Man, false man, smiling, destructive man!"

"Distinction neat and nice which lie between
The poisoned chalice and the stab unseen."

"Oh, 'twas *too* much—*too dreadful to endure!*"

A sample of a Judge's charge in behalf of a mason, even when the public sentiment was so bitter against him that a guard had to be stationed at the jail to keep him from being lynched in daylight, till sent out of the County. The officials who selected the jury being secret sworn brethren, of course, he was to be acquitted anyway. However, the Court said, as is usual for the brethren:

"In order to convict him of the crime alleged in the indictment or of any lesser crime included in it, every material fact necessary to constitute such crime, must be proved beyond all reasonable doubt, as defined in these instructions.

"And if you entertain any such reasonable doubt upon any single fact or element necessary to constitute the crime, then the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of such doubt, and it is your sworn duty to find a verdict of acquittal.

"The defendant is entitled to every presumption of innocence compatible with the evidence in the case, and if it is possible to account for the killing of the deceased upon any other reasonable hypothesis than that of the guilt of the defendant, it is your duty to acquit him.

"There is evidence in this case tending to show, that the killing was in self-defense by the defendant, and was an excusable or justifiable homicide. I therefore instruct you upon the doctrine of self-defense and justifiable homicide, as follows:

"Where an assault, threatening instant and great bodily harm is made upon one in a place where he has a right to be, he is not obliged to retreat, but may stand his ground and use all force reasonably necessary to repel the assault and relieve himself from the danger. S—, if so assailed, is excusable, if he acted according to the circumstances as they appeared to him. [The other man was not armed.] And, if he, acting honestly upon such appearance, did no more than it was reasonable for him to believe necessary for his defense, he is excusable for all consequences of his acts.

"Or, if S—, from the circumstances as they appeared to him at the time of shooting, had good reason to believe, and did believe, that D— was about to assault him, and if, under such appearances, it was a reasonable measure to adopt, to prevent a collision, to exhibit the pistol, and the pistol was accordingly exhibited, not with intent to assault D— but as an honest act of precaution, to insure his own safety by intimidating D—, or by having it ready in case of an assault upon himself, and thereupon D— assaulted S— with such violence as reasonably to induce S— to believe himself in danger of his life or great bodily harm, and S—, so believing, shot D—, then S— is excusable and should be acquitted of every grade of crime. S—, acting excusably upon circumstances as they appeared to him, would not be less excusable if it afterwards turned out, or not appears to you, that the appearances were deceitful and that he was actually mistaken as to the reality, extent or character of the danger.

"It is also your province and your duty to take into consideration the general character of the deceased, as a violent, quarrelsome and bad man, at and immediately before the time of the homicide, so far as the same is shown by the evidence offered in the case, if you believe the same is shown by the evidence to have been known to the defendant, at the time of the killing.

"So also, any threats made by the deceased against the prisoner immediately before the homicide, that were known to the prisoner at the time of the occurrence, should be considered by you when discussing and passing upon the right of the prisoner to act upon appearances."

Another Judge in another case "advised the jury that the accused should receive the benefit of his record and good character previously."

SELF-DEFENSE.

When and how a man can slay another and have the law on his side.

A well-known judge said to a reporter one day recently: "It woud be interesting to show what constitutes the right of self-defense as laid down in the law books. The right of self-defense is founded on the law of nature, and is not superseded by the laws of society. It is a right which every one brings into society, and retains in society, except so far as the laws of society have curtailed it. Every man has a right to defend himself against an attack threatening him with death or serious bodily harm, and his innocence will be presumed until his guilt is established beyond a reasonable doubt. The right is based on necessity, and arises where one manifestly intends and endeavors, by violence or surprise, to commit a known felony on the person, habitation or property of another. It is a defense against a present unlawful attack; as where an assault is made with a deadly weapon, or where one is assaulted in his habitation, or where a forcible felony is attempted. The law of self-defense does not require one, whose life has been threatened, to seek the protection of the law; nor is he obliged first to call on the authorities. The omission to seek protection from the authorities does not deprive him of the protection of the law, or of his rights of self-defense.

"The right of self-defense is not limited to the actual danger threatened. The danger of death or great bodily harm must be either real, or be honestly believed at the time, to be imminent and on sufficient grounds. A reasonable apprehension of danger is sufficient; and a reasonable ground for belief that there is a design to destroy life, to rob, or commit a felony; a reasonable and well-grounded belief, a belief arising from appearances that the danger is actual and imminent. Guilt must depend on the circumstances as they appeared to him. Apparent danger is a mixed question of law and fact. A man is justified in acting for his defense according to the circumstances as they appear to him.

"The law of self-defense does not require one whose life has been threatened to leave his house or to secrete himself to avoid his foe. When a person without fault—in a place where he has a right to be—is violently assailed, he may, without retreating, repel force by force, in the reasonable exercise of his right of self-defense. He is not obliged to retreat or go to the wall from an assailant armed with a deadly weapon, and if he is driven to the wall so that he must be killed or sustain great bodily harm, and, therefore, kills his assailant it is excusable homicide. He is not obliged to retreat, but may pursue until he is out of danger, and may kill to get out of danger; but when the attack is not felonious the rule of law is different.

"A man is not required to do everything in his power to avoid the necessity of slaying his assailant. Where there is no escape, after retreating as far as possible, killing will be justifiable, so where retreat is impossible or perilous, or would increase the danger, or where further retreat is prevented by some impediment, or was as far as the fierceness of the assault permitted. But if the assaulted party is in fault, he is bound to retreat as far as he can safely do so; he is required to decline the combat in good faith, and if he uses all the means in his power to escape, even killing in self-defense is lawful. But if a man seeks to bring on a difficulty and slays his adversary he can not avail himself of the plea of self-defense. That a party has been struck gives him no right to retaliate by an assault.

"An act done from necessity raises no presumption of a criminal intent; but the necessity must be actual, imminent, and apparent, with no other probable or possible means of escape. It must be great, and must arise from imminent peril to life or limb. Men, when threatened with danger, must determine the necessity of resorting to self-defense, and they will not be held responsible for a mistake in the extent of the actual danger, nor be subject to the peril of making that guilty, if appearances prove false, which would be innocent if they proved true. There must be at least an apparent necessity, an actual necessity, or a reasonable belief of such necessity, to ward off some impending harm. Necessity is a defense when the act charged was done to avoid irreparable evil, from which there was no other adequate means of escape, and the remedy was not disproportionate to the threathened evil; and the necessity must not have been created by the fault of him who pleads it, nor be occasioned by him, nor be the result of his own culpability, nor be rashly rushed into; and in cases of assault or intrusion by strangers no more force than is necessary must be used in repelling the assault.

"The right of self-defense does not include the right of retribution. A party assaulted is justified in using such force as is necessary to repel an assailant, but no more, and if unnecessary force is used he becomes the assailant. The degree of force must not exceed the bounds of defense and prevention, and this depends on the circumstances of each case, and the condition of both parties may be considered. A party in possession of property may use force sufficient to protect it. Whether a man is justified in employing in the first instance such means of resistance as will produce death, depends on the circumstances and the nature of the attack, and he may not always use a deadly weapon, and it is still further wrong if it is a concealed weapon. But if the taking of life is necessary it will be excusable. It is always excusable when in defense of life, yet it requires a great disparity of size and strength and a very violent attack to excuse the taking of life. A party may use whatever force is necessary to avert the apparent danger, although it may afterward appear that the gun was not loaded, and that there was no real danger."—*Louisville Commercial.*

"He jests at scars, that never felt a wound."

"And now one cannot but complain here of fortune as still envious of virtue, and hindering the performance of glorious achievements; this was the case of the man before us, when he had just attained his purpose, for he then stumbled at a certain large stone and fell innocently into the hands and power of felons, robbers, perjurers, and thieves."—*History.*

Sec. 956 of the Washington Territory Code says: "No distinction shall exist between an accessory before the fact and a principal, or between principals in the first and second degree and all persons concerned in the commission of an offense, whether they directly counsel the act constituting the offense, or counsel, aid and abet in its commission, though not present, shall hereafter be indicted, tried and punished as principals."

Yet none of those who "counseled, aided and abetted" my conduct were found guilty of any crime, not even the justice of the peace, under whose direct advice (the day before) I acted to the letter. And he offered to and *did loan me the very seed for the very same stated purpose I was sowing at the fight,* (as I would not thresh till late in the fall) and he knew every phase of the case.

But after the fight confessed (like the brother that loaned me his pistol) that he "*would have to do just as the* [*black-leg leader of the linked mob*] *said.*"

As hard as I tried, I could not get even this witness subpœnaed to testify at—what was called— my trial (?).

And I "*must not tell of any of these villainies or die,*" *must I?* You damned, cowardly midnight assassins, traitors and thieves.

Nor were any of those who "*counseled, aided and abetted*" *their Danite Jumper* molested at all.

Sec. 958 of the Code says: "Every person who shall become an accessory after the fact to any felony may be indicted, convicted and punished, whether the principal felon shall or shall not have been convicted previously, or shall or shall *not* be amendable to justice by any court having jurisdiction to try the principal felon and either in the county where such person shall become an accessory, or in the county where such (principal) feloney shall have been committed."

Yet none of the sworn, slimy gang have been molested to this day.

"Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!"—*Moore.*

Sec. 1079 of Code says: "In prosecution for capital offenses, the defendant may challenge peremptorily twelve (12) jurors."

I was not permitted to know or to find out anything about the jury so as to challenge anybody. Was *forced* to trust to shysters who were masons and odd-fellows themselves.

The prosecution (if you know which side I mean by that) used all of their challenges, and had a servile gin-soaked mason to select others.

"Yes—if there be some happier sphere
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear:—
If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget."

"And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffians tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?"—*Moore.*

Sec. 1082 of Code says:—"Challenges for cause shall be allowed for such cause as the court may, in its discretion, deem sufficient, having reference to the causes of challenge prescribed in civil cases, as far as they may be applicable and to the substantial rights of the defendant."

Yet there were no challenges for cause made in my case, and both masons and odd-fellows sat on the jury.

"It is not easy for those who have not suffered wrong from this cause to conceive the depth of indignation and bitterness of dismay which an honest and truthful man feels, on finding himself defeated in a righteous cause, sworn out of court, out of money and even reputation, and placed in an utterly false, invidious and unmerited position by placid, habitual, reputable, unflinching perjurers. He had relied upon the sanctity which the tender conscience attaches to an oath, for all he requires for his vindication is merely the admission of the simple truth. But the consciences to which he appeals are seared by the practice of hypocrisy and falsehood, and looking upon an affidavit, oral or written, merely as a convenient weapon of legal warfare, to be used with regard not to truth, but to expediency, he becomes the victim of his own trust in others' inviolable veneration for an oath.

If the best cause is thus liable to be overthrown, and the aims of justice frustrated by the overreaching of perjury, the question is forced upon us: Is this vice to be allowed to triumph over and to trample trusting uprightness under foot?"

"The bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air."

"All things else that have any strength are mortal and short-lived; but truth is a thing that is immortal and eternal. It affords us not, indeed, such a beauty as will whither away by time, nor such riches as may be taken away by fortune, but righteous rules and laws. It distinguishes them from injustice and puts what is unrighteous to rebuke."

"Good men then will greet it with a smile."

Sec. 1105 of Code says: As to causes for new trials or arrest of judgment. "Application must be made before judgment and may be granted for the following causes—For newly discovered evidence material for the defendant, which he could not have discovered with reasonable diligence and produced at trial. Accident or surprise . . . . . . Misdirection of jury by court in a material matter of law, excepted to at the time. When the verdict is contrary to law and evidence. Exceptions may be taken by the defendant, as in civil cases, on any matter of law by which his substantial rights are prejudiced."

Samples have been given of the material and vital evidence which I could not produce at that time on account of traitorous duress and being *forced* to trust to the shysters. And the verdict was so plainly contrary to law, and the evidence, even as it was, that after the verdict of murder in the second degree was rendered (and a ten year's sentence) I demanded of the foreman of the packed jury to know on "what *point*, or on what *ground*, or on what *evidence* they found their verdict?" And he *could not give any*; said he, "*if I had not shot so often they could not have made anything out of it.*"

And this when it was established that the danger was *apparent*, *believed*, and *real*, even *after I had done shooting.* (See Epitome to the Governor, Chapter XVIII.)

And, certainly, my "*substantial rights were prejudiced*" by such a job and verdict.

"How many warm friends turn cold and clammy when a man is in trouble?"

As to "*Accident or Surprise.*" Was not the whole outrage an "accident" to me?

What can a victim do in his own behalf when held down in jail, and the officials belong to the secret government and gang, first, last, and all the time. And even spy and rifle his correspondence!—lawless as such conduct is—and stand in with the shysters and gang, to deceive, harrass and bleed him at every pore!

Two witnesses had been thrown and held in jail on a false charge, and, without a hearing, tormented and frightened till they would swear that Juinper's carbine was pointed at my near (unarmed) companion, and not at me when he fired.

It required three or four months of this treasonable treatment and management, intrigue and cruelty to bring one of them to terms and six months longer to fix the other. *And they were held and tormented and frightened, and my trial (?) delayed accordingly,* while I was *pleading and begging for a trial!*

"Wisdom and truth may seek to convince, or eloquence to charm, but only one influence can be built upon as certain—the magnetic attraction of superior villainy."

"I saw those friends in fruitless sorrow mourn,
From mirth, society, subsistence torn."

One of my (?) shysters told me at the onset of my "trial" that one of these witnesses "still stated to him the very same account of the fight that he had to him and to so many others all the time from the fight, and that *it still agreed with my own as to every point.*" And that he "knew nothing to the contrary as to the other," adding that "You will soon go home now." And neither I nor my friends knew of the success of this trick *till it was sprung on the stand.*

How is that for a "Surprise," and another reason for a new trial? And when it could easily be proven that one had even made an affidavit to the truth, as I have given it before, and the other had told the truth so often to others—including his wife—*that she did not know that he had ever said anything to the contrary till years afterwards, and to this day* (1889) *he ridicules the idea that Jumper was trying to kill anyone but me,* and a week ago said that "*neither he nor anyone else, as far as he knew, ever believed to the contrary.*"

But even had the jury believed it, the idea of its being *murder for* defending a friend's life against such an animal and under such circumstances!

The English and Indian languages are too barren of epithets, and hell is too mild to do such gentlemen justice!

On my "gentlemen of the bar" refusing to move for a new trial, I was doing so myself when—as usual—I was beat down by their plea to the court *in opposition*—"that they had counciled with the other members of the bar and found that *it would not be to their client's interest to have a new trial.*"

"Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—*his cause betrayed.*"

"And though his life has pass'd away,
Like lightning on a stormy day.
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes!"—*Moore.*

"He has retired, it is true, but his ambition, though seemingly smothered, still burns within, and his principles are unaltered."

CHAPTER XVI.

A pilgrimage through hell !—Seven years' experience in the Seatco contract bastile.—The kind of a hell and swindle this was.—How I was taken there.—A three or four days journey by wagon, boat and rail.—How I was judged by people on the road.—Sympathy.—"Either innocent of crime, or a very bad man."—The set questions asked by those who had suffered likewise.—Description of the bastile.—How I was impressed.—The kind of people I found the prisoners to be.—And the officials.—How they were employed.—What they had done and what they had not done.—Their complaints, etc.—Jumping away.—The crooked and rocky road to liberty.—Who got there and how.—The inquisition of the mind.—How prisoners are driven to the frenzy of despair and death.—What they earned and were worth to the gang.—What it cost the people.—What they got to eat and wear.—How they were treated when well and when sick.—The punishments.—How I was engaged while in the midst of flaming desolation.—Crazy prisoners.—The good and bad qualities and conduct of the officials.—The redeeming feature of the institution.—The different nationalities and occupations represented and their experiences.—One of the Polaris' crew; six months on an ice-floe.—The good, bad and mixed.—The innocent, guilty, and the victims of circumstances, whiskey and accidents.—Inequality of sentences and treatment.—Robbing the cradle and the grave for seventy cents a day.—How the prisoners lived and died.—The censorship on correspondence, and the real object of the same.—A secret prison.—Shanghaied prisoners try to make their cases known to the public.—How the Governor stood in with the gang.—Letters smuggled by ministers, members of the Legislature, humane guards, etc.—Squelching letters of vital importance.—"Damn you, you can't *prove* it!"—Like abuses in the Insane asylum.—The remedy.—*A plea that any prisoner shall at least be accorded a public hearing and let the* PEOPLE *judge.*—The worst criminals not in prison but in office.—Their victims crushed.—A pet prisoner turned in with a bottle of whiskey and a pistol in his pockets.—The visiting preachers.—What they thought of the prisoners and of the officials.—One that was a thorough-bred and would fight the devil in any guise.—What he did for reform, and how he was bounced.—Can write to him yourself.—Cruel deception.—False and cheating hopes.—"There is France ! If he had not been so anxious about getting home, he would have been out *long* ago."—"Must keep still and not bore anybody."—*How the still and meek languished and died !*—How other prisoners were shanghaied.—"Bad conduct."—My conduct."—Strikes, etc.—How officials are interested against a prisoners justice.—How "heaven is sometimes just and pays us back in measures that we mete."—How prisoners are robbed.—Women prisoners, and how they were treated.—Visits of the Legislature, etc.—A

prisoner makes a great speech and his teeth are pulled out for the trouble it makes the officials.—What the Legislature said, and what they did.—The pardoning power and how it was exercised.—The lie, that "to hear prisoners talk they are all innocent."—Reading matter, etc.—How to control prisoners.—How they get revenge.—How prisoners should be treated.—Where they should be kept.—How a prison should be conducted to be self-supporting and to reform those who need reforming.—How to enforce the sacred right of petition, and the sober second thought of the people.

TERRITORIAL prisoners had been kept in the different county jails (where they should have remained), but at the then last session of the legislature there was a proposition in the interest of the people, that the general Government sell to the territory for $36,000, on time, its prison situated on McNiels Island, Puget Sound. The prison cost the United States $50,000 and was worth with the ground over $100,000.

But a gang of Free Masons wanted to get the prisoners by contract, and got a committee of their brethren appointed to examine the property and report it to be "unsafe for keeping prisoners." This was a brazen falsehood—it being as safe as perhaps any other prison in the United States, it being built of iron, stone and brick, and on the general plan of all United States prisons, and being on a small island. Moreover, *no prisoner had ever broken out of the prison.*

Here the prison could be made self-supporting, and without any abuse of the prisoners, but as the legislature contained masons enough to control its proceedings it discarded the generous offer of the Government, and gave to the aforesaid brethren a contract for the keeping of all territorial prisoners for six (6) years, giving them seventy cents per day for each prisoner, *and all their labor*, besides paying for their transportation to the prison. Others would keep the prisoners for much less pay, but they were ignored.

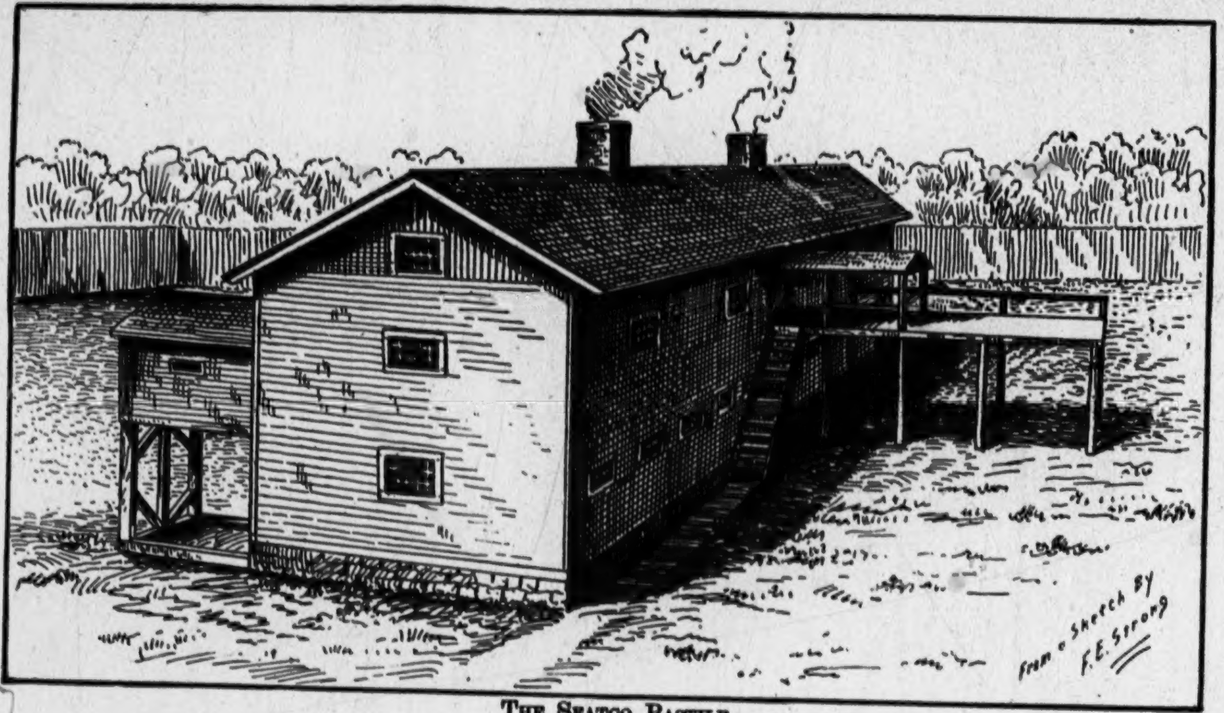
The contractors built a prison of wood, 40x150 feet, two stories high, at a cost of about $4,000, in the woods on the N. P. railroad near a coal mine, in which they expected to utilize their labor. They also run a cooper shop making fish barrels, and had a tract of land to clear, grub and cultivate, also a brick-yard, and were to cut wood for the railroad and build short branches for the same. A large sash and door factory was also built and run with the prison labor – and all for the benefit of the gang.

In two or three weeks after my sentence, one of these contractors (full of gin) came for me and another prisoner. I was taken out in the yard, double-ironed by a blacksmith, and we started by wagon for Walla Walla, where we would go by rail to the Columbia river, thence by boat to Portland and Kalama, thence by the N. P. railroad to the Seatco Bastile.

I had often desired to travel over this route, but not as a desperado and in double irons. But this is the way I was driven from the country where I had worked so hard and prospered so well.

I, however, expected that my stay at the prison would be brief, and I could then travel as I pleased.

We were three or four days on the road, and the passengers and others I met were very friendly, refusing to believe I was such a bad man though I told them that twelve men had been found who had sworn it without asking a single question. One group decided after discussing the matter, that "he is either entirely innocent of crime, or else a very dangerous man," but they were generally unable to understand how I could be convicted, having such a strong case of self-defense, and considered it a great outrage that "the Governor was *sworn* to correct." There were some, however, who had had like experiences with the courts, and simply asked me a few questions. "Was the man you killed or those backing him masons or odd-fellows?" "Were they who selected the jury?" "Was the Judge?" "Were your lawyers?" And when I had answered "Yes!" to each question, *they* understood the matter, and gave me their like experiences. And there were some who knew one of my attorneys in Oregon, which was enough for them; said "he had conspired to murder a man for his money" —anyway he had got away with the murdered man's money. And we wondered whether the people would ever learn, without flaming experience, to discard their secret sworn enemies for office or trust. Arriving at the prison we were turned into a hall, 22x90 feet, up stairs; the dining-room, kitchen, tailor and shoe shop, and the guards' quarters being on the same floor; the cells being below and generally used only to sleep in.


From a Sketch By
F. E. Strong

THE SEATCO BASTILE

I thought it hard usage to be ironed like a felon, having prided myself on my good and peaceable character, and knowing that a jury's verdict did not change a fact; but I thought this would end at the prison. I was, however, soon undeceived, for when the prisoners came in from work the sight and clatter of chains was deafening and damnable, nearly all being in heavy double irons, riveted to their legs, wearing them day and night, sick or well—all the time. Here were *links* and *rings* that were true emblems of practical masonry, and solid, livid proof of its cruel inhumanity to other men.

> "The hunted citizen his death demands,
> Is thus cast into the torturer's hands."
>
> "Be not abashed, resign thy fear,
> Though weak and small thou art,
> 'Twas honest labor brought thee here,
> And freedom bids thee part."

"*Thus spoiled and degraded, they were delivered over without protection, they and their families, to the insults of hired banditti.*"

"Consider the absolutely defenseless condition of the accused, the whole power of the body politic is marshalled against the individual, it is the commonwealth against the citizen. A grand jury has declared his probable guilt *without giving him a hearing*; an organized and secret tribunal [of masons] has furnished the trusted officers of the law [also masons] the names of the accusers, and the judicial power of the State has been brought into action to compel their presence before the bar of Justice (?). If necessary the most talented and unscrupulous advocates in the land are summoned to aid the already seemingly invincible combination of power. In what painful contrast is the position of the prisoner, frequently suffering physically from confinement, and mentally from the terrible nature of the struggle for life and liberty in which he is engaged; often with insufficient *or treacherous thieving* counsel, and *without the opportunity of searching out his own witnesses, or having others perform this necessary labor for him.* The jury asks the question, "If this man is not guilty why is he here? Why are all these officials paid by the State to convict him?" and, *when a secret sign is given*, answers, "Of course he is guilty, or he would not be here." Thus the prisons contain so large a proportion of innocent men - a proportion *increasing year by year.*

The juror who is false to his duty is worse than any criminal he may condemn. He is false to his citizenship, false to his duty, false to his oath, false to his God. In violation of his oath he places upon his fellow-citizen, his fellow-man a brand of infamy which shall never be removed, he deprives him of that greatest of civil rights, liberty! degrades him temporarily to servitude, and places him within the walls of a house of torture, whence he shall come forth to be followed by scorn, relentless and remorseless."

> "Go, crucify that slave. For what offense?
> Who the accuser? Where the evidence?
> For when the life of man is in debate,
> No time can be too long, no care too great,
> —Hear all, weigh all with caution."

An offense against the gang is committed, an outsider is arrested, the whole official system is put in motion to concoct evidence of his guilt, the wretched man is flung into prison and is kept there until his health is broken down, his hopes of justice extinguished, and his means of defense extorted and wasted away, an accommodating judge and jurors, who are tools of the gang, are selected by officials who are brother members of the same to try the case, and the whole secret gang —their press and all—are let loose with a *significant sign* of pillage and revenge, arrogance and spleen.

> "And thou—curst man or friend, what'ere thou art,
> Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart."

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery, then I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, beheld his body half wasted away with long expectations and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice of iron. His children—but here my heart began to bleed–and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, than cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction; he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears."

I found the prisoners at the Seatco prison to be about an average lot of men—not any more feloneous on the average than the same number found at a horse race, a dog fight, or picked up promiscuously most anywhere. One of the guards, being an old military and naval officer, frequently said that "the boys here would average well with those of the army or navy during the war," and a prisoner said, he "had left his coat hanging in the hall several months with several dollars in the pocket, and no one had stolen it yet." However, petty thieves or kleptomaniacs—as they are considered when they have influence at court—afterwards came and were always with us.

Many of the prisoners were guilty of the crimes charged against them, and freely confessed it; but knowing of so many worse criminals who were acquitted with just as strong proof against them, and others who were not even molested, that they did not think they had got equal justice, and many of these intended, when released, to join one or more of the secret "charitable" brotherhoods so that they too could commit crimes with impunity. "For, while they (the brethren) never omitted any sort of violence, nor any unjust sort of punishment against outsiders, as they were not to be moved by pity, and are never satisfied with any degree of gain, they were secret partners with the worst robbers. For a great many then fell into that practice without fear, as having their secret influence for their security, and depending on them that they would save them harmless in their particular robberies and other crimes, and would inflict punishment on their enemies on the smallest occasions, and esteem every man that endeavored to lead a virtuous life their enemy, and the knowledge of the possession of property or anything desirable to them, is the signal for attack."

Many prisoners also complained of the inequality of sentences, considering the cases and characters of the men, many having the worst of these, and old offenders, too, getting the lightest sentences, while others having the best of cases and characters, and it being their first and only offense, and more accidental than intentional, would get five, ten and fourteen years.

"Who blame, where'er they go from pole to pole,
And for one single blemish damn the whole."

Other prisoners were innocent of any crime—they being simply plundered and thus put out of the way to keep them from "making trouble" or being in the way of their midnight robbers, they were also very profitable to the contractors—*these are not convicts, they being kidnapped, not convicted,* they are the victims of cruel, dastardly persecutions.

"But oh! what sorrows rend the tender heart,
With home 'sweet home' that dearest, darling child to part."

"But hear our prayer—the ruffian sword employ;
Drive us—but spare your efforts to decoy;
Spare to your victims those heart-rending throes,
Which the poor, cheated self-destroyer knows!
The maddening thought that by your arts enticed,
Our folly drained the bowl which you had spiced,
And closed their suffering by an easy death."

I found that the prisoners were not ironed on account of bad conduct, but to save expense in guarding to the contractors and to gratify their personal love of cruelties by thus aggravating the prisoners' lot. And this aggravation caused many a man in the rage of despair to jump away—more than it ever held from it, and they jumped with nothing but bitterness in their souls.

"Still our bosoms ne'er at rest,
Thirst for the blood that warms the traitor's breast
Yet vengeance still survives, than life more dear,
Taunts every groan and prompts the exulting sneer."

I was told how peaceable men were kept ironed for weeks and months when even confined to their beds with sickness, and how a dose was forced down one who forthwith died, etc., as *mere examples* of the kind of care and charity accorded the helpless sick in their gloom of black misfortune and helpless despair. And they knew whereof they spoke, and could abundantly justify in details of facts.

"There is an inquisition of the heart more cruel in its machinery than any ever invented for the body."

I said that "I did not calculate to stay there but a short time, as I was innocent of any crime, having only defended my life and home; and that I could show and prove this so plainly that none could honestly doubt it; that *I was not convicted* but *shanghaied;* that I was *sold and betrayed* and *not defended;* that besides this showing I had some friends left who would get up a strong petition to the Governor for my restoration."

But it was prophesied that I "would find it a narrow, crooked, miry, stumpy and rocky road to liberty, as others with good cases and many friends had failed to get there; that the Governor was evidently secretly interested with the contractors and others, in holding on to men, because they could not get pardoned as was usual from other prisons, or even get the abatement of time for good conduct that was common elsewhere, and *always in the power and province of the Governor to bestow.*

Some also believed that the Judges were likewise interested against the prisoners' justice, as they, too, were willing that innocent men should suffer at seventy cents a day besides their labor.

That these suspicions were reasonable, I also give this from the Press:

> "ALBANY, N. Y., June 22, 1886.—Judge Nott announced to-day in the Albany County Court that he had been approached by Superintendent ——, of the Albany penitentiary, with an offer of $50, for each long term a prisoner was sent there. This attempt at bribery created a profound sensation."

It is evident that *this* Judge and Superintendent did not belong to the same secret sworn brotherhood, or he would not have *dared* to expose the business. And at Seatco the prisoners were worth $300 or $400 each per year to the gang, and the press of the territory, being mostly in the control of the same brethren, was muzzled as to such outrages, except to deny their existence.

The following day after my arrival I was taken out to the blacksmith-shop where the irons I had on were cut off, and a pair of heavier ones substituted, they being connected with a chain long enough to step; reports were then sent out that "this was done because I was such a bad, desperate man."

> "To impress terror on their feelings by every atrocious cruelty that could deter them from expressing their disapprobation of these excesses."

And a censorship was placed on the victims' correspondence *so as to bury the truth* and make this a secret prison.

I was then set to work in the cooper-shop—they wanted to make a cooper of me so I would be a profit to the gang of $2 or $3 a day. It is evident that they knew in advance, *in a secret way*, that the Governor would hold on to me, though *knowing I was shanghaied and never convicted.* However, I did not owe the devils anything, and therefore I was no mechanic; finding I was no account as a cooper, I was given the job of sawing off the ends of the staves for the others to cooper; this was a good job for the place, and I retained it as long as I worked in the shop—about a year.

The coopers were given tasks, being about three-quarters of what would be a Journeymen's days work at $3 a day. But it should always be remembered that the inquisition of the mind, that many prisoners suffer on account of their persecutions, is enough for them to endure without being compelled to labor at all, *wherein they can have no possible interest*; "Doomed to deal out, forbidden to enjoy." And then, they suffer for not having the vacations and recreations, and suitable fare that others enjoy; therefore prisoners should not be required to do more than *half a regular days work*, unless it be intended to *break them down* and drive them to the frenzy of despair and *set them against work the rest of their lives*, as was done in many cases at Seatco, and these too, who had been industrious workers all their lives.

Influential members of secret charitable brotherhoods, when in prison for a time, never work much, and *their health is better than other prisoners' who work hard.* There are other modes of exercise besides that of *unpaid, thankless toil,* and this toil is rarely any benefit to the State. *It is stolen by the gang* who never work themselves, and if they drank less whiskey would be in pretty good health.

A cooper here kept an account of what he earned for this secret gang. It amounted to about $3,500, and although he had never been punished—except as all others in a general way—and never openly charged with any misconduct, yet he could not get even the abatement of time provided by law. How does this "benefit society?"

As an example of how they would take the advantage of one's ignorance and industry I give this: Prisoners were issued some tobacco each week, but not enough for those much addicted to its use, so one of the coopers told the superintendent that he would make an extra barrel each day for a week if he would give him twenty-five cents worth of tobacco. "I will do it, by G–o–a–d," was the reply, and at the end of the week he paid it, and then told the victim to "just keep on making four barrels a day, as that would be his task thereafter, without any extra tobacco."

But for the reasons heretofore given this was more than he could do and do well, and consequently stood siege after siege of bread and water punishment, he being driven to retaliate with bad work, etc., etc., and they had to take him out of the shop and put him at common work; and when his time had rightfully expired, he was kept on several months longer (at seventy cents a day and his labor) "because of his bad conduct."

This bread and water punishment was to put a man into a darkened cell without a bed, and starve and in winter freeze him for from one to twenty days at a time. There *should never* and *need never* be any worse punishment for even real devils and the worst cases in prison. *This ought not to be forgotten.* This was supposed to be the only punishment at Seatco; but prisoners were tortured there in various other ways also.

"Where o'er her shambles,
Torture pants for breath,
And where to look, to think, is death."

So grasping were the contractors that they would work men on the verge of the grave. One being ill and unable to work was thrust in the bread and water cell, as was frequently done; when let out he was insane; he lay in his cell a few days with his clothes on and uncared for, when I helped him up to the hall and got him into the "hospital" (?) tailor and shoe-shop—*which was all one.* He did not know anyone, and was picking his clothes and begging for water; he had typhoid-pneumonia. While in the bread and water cell, for days he drank dirty water to slake his burning thirst. He finally, by a mere scratch, recovered, but was unable to walk without crutches for a long time. He said that I had saved his life. This was when an ex-Governor was the Doctor.

"We know the savage for what he is, the same everywhere, the same ruthless, cruel, blood-thirsty, treacherous and tyrannical animal, ruling only by the strong hand, and with no innate conception of goodness or virtue."

Others were forced out to work when ill, and soon afterwards died.

A man was sick for over a year, so that he frequently had to be assisted to walk; yet he was kept in heavy double irons all the time. After the prisoners were finally taken away from the contractors, he got full abatement of time for "his uniform good conduct" in spite of the abuse tending to drive a victim to desperation.

As an example of how trifling and aggravating these masons were, I give this: Every one was expected to furnish his own comb; but as one prisoner came in they kept his comb. It was a broken piece, but was all he had, and he wanted it; so they trifled, lied and humbugged him about it till he refused to "go out to work until he got it;" consequently they kept him on bread and water (*a very little bread*) sixty-three out of sixty-eight days till he was almost dead and could hardly walk, then they gave him the comb, and he resumed work. He was a pious man and had been a preacher.

Another was treated the same way over a little tobacco;

he finally got his tobacco and resumed work—he had been a Sheriff.

> "Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
> But flash resentment back for wrong,
> And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds,
> Of vengeance ripen into deeds."

> "Know their rights and knowing dare maintain."

Even when prisoners are wrong in such little things, *it should always be considered that they may be in a stress of mind that makes them morally irresponsible for what they may do, and are not really themselves.* Only tyrants and devils will aggravate and then torture men when in such a frenzied condition.

A prisoner was keeping a diary of what transpired at Seatco, but the warden took it from him with a severe warning to uncover nothing of their evil doings if he valued his liberty. *They were midnight men and they wanted to make this a secret prison.*

I was taken from the cooper-shop and set to clearing land and farming; the devils not content with ravaging the home I had made before, they wanted me to build and work another for them to enjoy. But I was worn down and had also learned as much as an Indian by this time, and considered home-building a humbug, so I did not build very well or speedily. Therefore they cut the irons off, and turned me loose to work in and have charge of the dining-room, etc., and of the other prisoners while at their meals. I now ate in the kitchen, and lived as well as the guards or anybody on the ranch.

I could have run away from the prison almost any day, as I was given no limits, and could go fishing between meals and my work. But conscious of my innocence I felt that I must surely get out without running, and I was doing all I could to this end, as will hereafter appear; and that the road was indeed "narrow, crooked, miry, stumpy, rocky," and ambushed with mystic devils armed with poisoned arrows that they shot in the dark.

After being in the dining-room, etc., for about two years, I, with others, was employed by a sub-contractor at seventy-five cents a day to build a store and dwelling house by the railroad. One day, when this was about completed, while I was burning a pile of logs in the brush some distance from the building, one of the prisoners, having about a lifetime sentence, skipped out, and holding that I knew of his going, and had seen him pass by without giving an alarm, I must be punished accordingly, as was usual in such cases; though I had told them at the outset that "*I would not guard a fellow-prisoner from his liberty.*" So, for revenge, I was put in double irons again, given a nine foot saw to run alone, and was to be considered and run like a saw-mill rushed with orders—to make wood for the railroad.

Oh! my countrymen, what a saw-mill!!

The guard-and-chief-worthy-grand-master was drunk and mad; in fact, he was always drunk and mad; he drank a quart of bad whiskey every day, but he could not run that saw-mill to a profit. So he drank more whiskey and died. And the escaped prisoner was never caught.

"He neither stayed to soothe or force,
But wisely stole away."

I was then transferred to the tailor-shop, where I slept; but I was a poor tailor—then to the kitchen, but I was a very poor cook. So not being fit for anything else, I was made room warden—that is I had charge of the big hall, and to a great extent over the conduct of all the prisoners while they were in it—about one-third of the daytime—which position I retained during the last several years at Seatco, and I do not think that any prisoner thus employed ever got along better with both prisoners and such officials, as will hereafter appear.

However, with all of his meanness and thievery in other respects, the warden was good to work under—that is to those engaged on the inside. I do not know of his ever finding any fault with any of my work, or much with that of others, and he was my boss the most of the time I was in prison; he would frequently tell me to tell the guards "*to go to hell,*" etc., if they assumed any authority over me.

This hall was the only redeeming feature of the Seatco institution; it gave all an opportunity to exchange reading matter, and to acquaint themselves with the knowledge and experiences of the others, and many of them had had lots of it besides their experiences with lawyers and courts that give the worst characters the lightest sentences, bankrupts and convicts the innocent, and charges $900 to settle a dispute over a $9 calf, and gives an outsider against a midnight-man no justice at any price.

Such free association of prisoners (and newspapers) should be granted, let it be understood, to enable them *to keep up with the times,* so as to hold some ground against the world whose spotted hands are to be ever raised against them.

Some of them were around-the-world sailors; one was with the ill-fated Polaris and six months on an ice-floe; some had been through the war on either side and that with Mexico, and wore the scars; one was wounded as was Garfield, and recovered without any fuss or physicians; one was a brother of and on the staff of a famed general; another was with Walker in his expeditions to Mexico and Central America; nearly every nationality and country was represented, and a Mohammedan who wished himself back in India, and there were Indians of many tribes.

Many of the inmates were ravaged home-builders; then there were professional sports and criminals, who, when guilty, stood their imprisonment best; home-builders stood theirs the worst—they "wanted to go home!" Men who strike out in a wilderness to carve out homes with their own hard labor are not criminals, nor are they cowards or cringing slaves.

One of these had put the proceeds of two farms in the States, and six years hard labor into a home, and considered himself worth $50,000, when the masons robbed him of it, and shanghaied him here to keep him from "making trouble" about it, and his wife and children had to work out for a living. He was advised that he would be pardoned (?) if he would not return to recover his own. His sentence was ten years. He was held several years till the plunder was secured, and the thieves could say, "Damn you, you can't *prove* that we did it," and his friends had delivered up their property too, *then* he was granted a new trial, and declared to be "*innocent of any crime.*" And masons say, "We have a good Judiciary." Other victims could never get any trial as *they* *could "prove that they did it,"* and thus "make trouble." So these had to suffer prolonged miseries not to be described in their gloom of black misfortune. Quite a number of mere boys were also inmates at seventy cents a day and their labor, and they went out much worse than when they came. One had honestly made and saved and loaned $200 or $300, which he would lose if not released a short time before his time expired, and he begged the Governor to allow him to preserve it, but the Governor being his enemy, *held him to the last day*, and though the people (without any daylight opposition) had strongly petitioned for his release also. But what do black-leg officials care for the mere will of the people, or the well-being of outsiders.

> "They sneer at pleading virtue's tearful eye—the '*cold* sneer which speaks the cankered heart,'
> And themselves are guilty of 'Crimes which load the groaning earth with shame.'"

And there were men fifty to sixty, and even seventy years old who had never been even arrested before, and were innocent yet. But practical masonry in its greed and "charity" (?) robs the cradle and the grave.

And there were insane men who were beaten and kicked; one such, however, was not; for he would have killed his tormenter too quick and sure.

There ranged from about fifty-five to one hundred prisoners at a time, but several would come and go nearly every month—as many as one could be intimately acquainted with and their various cases. I frequently assisted them in their correspondence as to their cases, etc., and know whereof I write as to the same.

About two-thirds were native born. About twenty per cent. were innocent. Over fifty per cent. of those who were guilty were caused directly or indirectly by whiskey. And many who were innocent had only dared to defend themselves against whiskey.

A majority of the prisoners would vote for prohibition of whiskey.

About twenty per cent. of those who were guilty were natural born criminals and generally calculated to join, after their release, some secret charitable gang, "so that they too would have overpowering influence at court, and could commit crime with impunity."

Imprisonment will never reform even those who need reforming, *until the courts and prison officials and Governors* are reformed—they being worse criminals than the worst they send and hold in prison. *It is amazing that facts so simple and vital should not be obvious to all.*

> "The wise may preach, but wiser nature shows
> That half our heroes but from midnight scoundrels rose."

For the last several years the big hall in the prison, when all were in, resembled a western saloon except the bar; card playing, with Faro and other gambling games, checkers, chess, etc.; reading and talking, chewing and smoking, and sometimes singing and dancing, with an occasional fight. However, but one man was ever thus laid up for repairs—this being done to the "hardest case in the prison" by "the most peaceable and meek of all"—with a knife.

They did their own butchering at Seatco, and so grasping were these charitable brethren that they did this on Sunday, and they frequently used stock that had been killed by the railroad or was suffering from disease.

This prison was different from any other in the world, there was no discipline, or humanity, or care for reform; but rather a school for crime; the officials being teachers by precept and example—the Governor being worthy-grand-high-chief of villainy. Work and money was all they wanted. They were a grasping, vulgar, smutty-mouthed, profane, card-playing, lying, drunken, brutal outfit of masons.

Every means was used to prevent prisoners from getting out legitimately—the Governor being a willing tool.

These official gentlemen would alienate prisoners from their friends in ways that were dark and cruel, and the petty tricks, juggles, frauds and cold-blooded lying one had to suffer, was a burning torment to the brain. By preventing them from writing, by holding back and squelching their letters, by lying about their conduct and their cases. For example: A prisoner's folks had written to him in regard to his appealing his case to the supreme court, and registered the letter; this was held back for over a year till it was too late to do him any good. Another, on hearing that the Governor was going to a place near where his folks were, wrote to his wife accordingly, so she could meet and plead his case to him; this was held back till the Governor had returned.

And many letters were never heard from at all.

They took all the writing material they could find from the prisoners (they robbed them of it) and made it a rule that none should write more than one letter a month.

This I say was evidently done *to alienate them from their friends and a helping hand;* as though friends at such times didn't drop off fast enough anyway, and also to prevent victims of the gangs *from making their cases known* and thus "make trouble" by exposing their villainy, and as though they could not squelch and steal letters fast enough as it was.

WILL YOU JUST THINK of the condition of men who were unexpectedly convicted? Their business and family matters unsettled; and having been betrayed and sold by their attorneys, their cases not worked up so as to enable them to properly present them to the deaf and stony-hearted, grasping and high-priced executive, or higher court; and gangs of robbers left free-handed and *encouraged* to ravage their unprotected homes, property, and families—from whom they have been kidnapped and torn by prostituting the courts, and *with* whom they are now to be cut off from *all certain communication.*

And then, for the Governor to give as a reason for holding them in such secret bastile, that "they might make trouble" with these same court-prostituting-home-ravagers and thieves —his brethren!

And, moreover, although there was a daily mail, it was only delivered once a week, if at all, and they frequently held back from mailing for a week or a month that which was handed out to mail—if they sent it at all.

For example: A prisoner wrote and handed out a letter March 19; not hearing from it in a month he wrote to the same person again April 21, he paying for the registering of each. It transpired that they were mailed together *April 29th,* thus holding back the first one about six weeks and the other eight days.

Another letter was written and handed out July 27, mailed August 18—held back twenty-two days.

Another was written November 23, to a Judge, and held back till December 5.

Just think of the torment—the inquisition of the mind of men thus treated while languishing in prison, *and often in a dying condition!*

A man was held for a cancer to gnaw his lip, face and life away. His neighbors petitioned in vain for his restoration at the outset of the cancer, when it could have been cut out. He finally put up a large sum of money to get out, and after torturing delays was released to die such a death. He was an old pioneer and a good citizen.

A man complained to a visiting member of the legislature that he had sent thirteen letters without hearing from any, and asked him to smuggle one out and mail it for him, which he willingly did, and it brought a reply.

Frequently guards, ministers and other visitors, and others intimate with prisoners would do this. *This was real charity to the oppressed, and better than armloads of tracts and sermons.*

Sometimes letters were thrown onto passing trains, or dropped on the road—trusting to tramps and Providence.

A sick prisoner whose illness the officials and prison doctor would not recognize, wrote to an eminent physician to come and give him a thorough examination and prescribe for him; this they would not sent. Yet, when they themselves were sick—as they were with horrible diseases—*they discarded the prison doctors for others*, as more competent to treat them. Letters were smuggled to wives, brothers, sisters, etc.; and to judges, ministers, members of the legislatures, editors, etc.

But it was difficult to make even one's own friends at a distance understand the horrible condition of affairs, and that the Governor was so loyal to the gang. One said, that he could not make "his own mother comprehend this." And editors, etc., being generally of the same brotherhood, were therefore loath to expose its crimes and cruelties; though occasionally some of the press had something to say in condemnation of the Seatco secret hell, clippings of which I have preserved, as will hereafter appear, though such papers were generally squelched from the prisoners.

Of course, a Governor, *with but the pardoning power alone, can correct any prison abuse, and has opportunities to show the same to the people.*

A prisoner undertook to register his letters; they were of vital importance and he wanted them to go. This was opposed on one false pretext after another, until they found that he could get them out in some other way unknown to them. But then they would frequently delay mailing them, refuse to give up receipts, or squelch the letters entirely, or the answers to them. Anyway, many answers were written and mailed but not received. He also undertook to send a statement or epitome of his case to a friend to publish; this the warden frequently declared he "did mail and register," and he charged for it accordingly; but he "forgot (?) the receipt." No return receipt came; he would not permit the matter to be traced up, and the M. S. S. was not received. So he evidently stole it. It had cost the prisoner $5 to get a copy of it to the Executive office. I will give this epitome to the reader in due course.

Complaints were made to the Governor of such abuses, but they might just as well have been made to the devil. *He did not want the true cases of innocent prisoners to be made known to the public,* as this might alleviate their sufferings, compel their release, and bring condemnation on the gang.

It appeared that the Insane asylum was also run by a gang of midnight gentry, and that letters of the inmates were treated in the same manner as here. But one of the sane persons they were holding, managed to live to get her liberty in some way, and by writing a pamphlet and otherwise agitating the masonic abuses, got, after much opposition and by fighting it through personally, the following law passed by the legislature.

THE INSANE ASYLUM ACT.

The following is the text of the law "to protect inmates of insane asylums."

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That henceforth there shall be no censorship exercised over the correspondence of the inmates of insane asylums, except as to the letters to them directed, but their other post office rights shall be as free and unrestrained as are those of any other resident, or citizen of our Territory, and be under the protection of the same postal laws. And every inmate shall be allowed to write one letter per week, to any person he or she may choose. And it is hereby made the duty of the superintendent to furnish each and every inmate of each and every insane asylum, both public and private in the Territory of Washington, with suitable material for writing, enclosing, sealing, stamping and mailing letters, sufficient for the writing of one four-page letter a week, provided they request the same, unless they are otherwise furnished with it; and all these letters shall be dropped by the writers themselves, accompanied by an attendant when necessary, into a post office box, provided by the Territory at the institution, in some place easily accessible to all the patients; and the contents of these boxes shall be collected at least as often as once in each week, by an authorized post office agent. And it is hereby made the duty of the superintendent of every insane asylum in the Territory of Washington both public and private, to deliver or cause to be delivered to said person, any letter or writing to him or her directed, provided the physician in charge does not consider the contents of such letter dangerous to the mental condition of the patient.

SEC. 2. That in the event of the sudden or mysterious death of any inmate of any insane asylum, either public or private, in the Territory of Washington, such fact shall be reported by the superintendent thereof to the coroner of the county in which such death occurs, or to the nearest justice of the peace therein, and a coroner's inquest shall be held as provided by law in other cases. And in all asylum investigations, the testimony of any person offered as a witness, whether sane or insane, shall be competent, and the court and jury shall be the sole judges of the credibility of such testimony.

SEC. 3. That any person refusing or neglecting to comply with, or willfully and knowingly violating any of the provisions of this act, shall upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding three years, or by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or both at the discretion of the court, and shall be ineligible to any office in the institution afterward.

If the coroner, or justice of the peace, court, or jury were sworn secret-brethren to those who had poisoned or otherwise murdered or abused inmates, then of what avail would be sec. 2 of the law, or sec. 1, either?

The sane inmate they had held, endeavored to have the mail addressed *to* the inmates, protected in the same way, but the ring influence was too strong. *When thus amended this should be the law as to all prisons, and "charitable" (?) brethren should be disqualified for office.*

All reasons and excuses against such a law *are flimsy and* *false and against equal justice. No black-leg official* should be allowed to *touch* a letter addressed to or by a prisoner.

Remember that even guilty prisoners are not worse than other men, whose persons are held sacred against the laws they violate with impunity!

And whether they are or not, none but a tyrant and thief would deny them a public hearing, and let the *people* judge. And if such a law was universal and enforced, *thousands of innocent and sane prisoners* would at least be heard from, *who have never yet had a hearing* and are languishing in secret prisons in the agony of despair!

When everybody knows that the courts and other functions of government, with a servile press, are used as machines to shield the worst and most dangerous criminals, and to plunder and ravage for the gang, that they are sinks of prostitution, rotten with crime and soaked with the hearts' blood of the innocent, *will the people not therefore see to it, that these innocent victims shall at least have a hearing?*

Freedom of speech and correspondence are completely annihilated, and *their lives are in perpetual danger*, while their precarious existence depends upon the fraud or violence of everything that approaches them. And their mental faculties, that should aid their individual and corporal weakness, are uncultivated and neglected *for want of communication with their fellow-creatures.*

Do not be too much deafened by the chatter, power and influence of the gang, to hear the still voice of personal anguish. *At least think of those who are languishing and dying without a hearing, while you are reading this!*

Though secret-ring men are seldom prosecuted for their crimes, except in a farcical way, for a blind, and to turn the people's money into their pockets, yet, when one's crime has become too notorious, and the people are watching, in spite of them and their press to hide it or give it another name, they may apparently permit him to be punished as other men.—As example: There was one such, who got one year at Seatco while another man, for the same kind of offense, but who was *less guilty*, had four and a half years. The gentleman was turned into the hall, with the rest of us, to amuse himself for a couple of days, with a bottle of whiskey and his pistol in his pockets; then he was turned out to go about the country and live and attend to his business as he pleased. There was no censorship exercised over *his* correspondence. He was an auctioneer and surveyor, and got such employment about the country while a prisoner.

The people living near the prison became favorably impressed with many of the prisoners, who were frequently engaged to work for them on their release without any prejudice, and sometimes married into their families. One, thus, to his eternal shame, became related to one of the prison contractors. He did his courting while a prisoner.

Another example of a secret ring man who had followed an unarmed man up while on his way home with some friends, and shot him dead. The people wanted to lynch him, but he being one of the gang, he was released on bail, and about a year afterwards was sentenced to two and a half years; but belonging to the same brotherhood as the Governor, he soon pardoned him out, while spurning justice and the expressed will of the people, to release others who had never been guilty at all. And he knew it.

For years no minister preached to the prisoners. I remember one calling in to visit them; the warden let him in the hall and then stood in the door watching him as though afraid he would steal something, which so annoyed the preacher (as was intended) that he soon left, saying, that "the warden evidently considered him an intruder, and wanted him to leave." Another preacher said that he "would come and preach to the boys if he could get his horse fed and his dinner, but that they would not thus accommodate him," so he did not come.

Finally, the legislature provided for two preachers, each to visit the prison once a month, and under this provision we had five or six different ones. They were reminded that the officials and Governor needed reforming more than their prisoners which, after becoming acquainted with both, they found out themselves and so declared.

Some of them took a practical interest in the prisoners, and on learning how their letters were stolen, would take out letters for them, and would also write letters in their behalf.

One went to see the Governor as to what was required to secure the release of one of the innocent prisoners (Mr. D——) whose case he (the preacher) had investigated and found to be so. His Excellency put him off with "Oh, yes; I have seen Mr. D——, and he told me all about his case. I am considering it, good-day." He had *never exchanged a single word* with the prisoner about his case. The fact was, these ring Governors did *not want to know* of a prisoner's innocence, and would sneer at and close their ears and eyes to the *most positive proof* thereof; and the plaintive wails of their helpless suffering victims was as music to their little cankered souls. The Judiciary being a part of the gang, was good to them and "must be upheld."

Mr. Parker was the bravest, and most earnest and practical of any minister that we had, and we were all always soglad to see him come and visit us; he would condemn the blacklegs as frankly as did any prisoner, and he tried to get the warden removed, and get some one with some good morals in his place; said that he "had written several letters to the Governor making serious charges against the officials, but that he (the Governor) would not even answer his letters." Then he applied to the legislature to reform the abuses, to which his Excellency (?) replied by bouncing Mr. Parker. I believe that the Governor was virtually sworn to shield the other officials, as they belonged to the same oath-bound society.

No evangelist need, however, to expect the confidence, or even respect, of prisoners who will not *openly condemn official criminals, and advocate justice to their victims.*

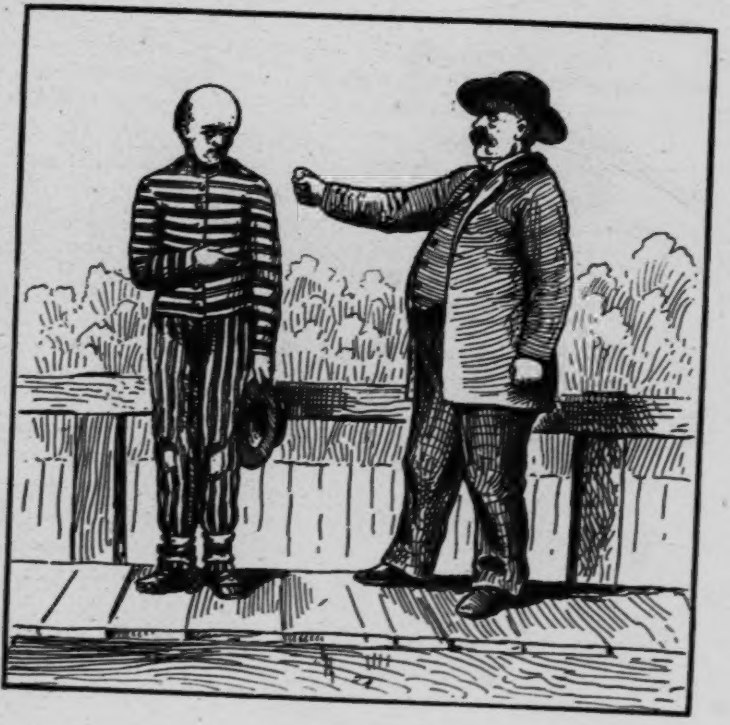
Mr. Parker had been so prejudiced or rather misinformed as to these prisoners that he was very timid on his first visit to them, as though afraid of his life, and was accompanied in the hall with a guard; he stopped near the door, delivered his sermon, and got out as quick as one would from a den of lions. But by the next time he came he had informed himself and came in alone, and then, as ever afterwards, went the length of the hall shaking hands in familiar intercourse and getting acquainted with as many as he could, and did his preaching at the further end of the hall. He would thus prolong his visits declaring that "the association of the prisoners as a whole, was much more congenial to him than that of the officials who would rather play cards and talk smut than to hear him or the others preach morality and justice," and they did so at the same time in an adjoining room. The other ministers were also very good and sociable and all that; but they were *afraid to oppose and fight* the devil *where he had any power*, and were therefore of little practical use.

There was a board of prison directors, including the Governor, but as they were brother masons to the contractors, they played a very silly and cruel farce. *Such boards of brethren are a useless expense to the people*; they are *worse than useless*, for they can screen and whitewash abuses and blind the people.

I remember a picnic party visiting the prison on a 4th of July; their sociability, the songs they and the prisoners sang, and the kindly feeling they manifested to them on seeing and learning some of the cruelties practiced here by secret villainy—some weeping; the superintendent growled out that he "wished they would stay away and not be slinging their snot around here." He was pretty drunk, but drunk or sober, this expressed *his* style and feeling.

A sick prisoner pleading to him to be excused from work, using the names of the doctor and Governor, would get in reply, "By G–o–a–d, *I* am the doctor! *I* am the Governor, and *I* am the *law*, too, by G–o–a–d!" And so he was. A whole community would earnestly petition the Governor to justly restore a prisoner to them, but in vain, against the crook of this animal's little finger.

He would promise prisoners to assist them in getting released, and then evidently oppose it. He promised one that "if he would keep quiet and work faithfully for two years he would then take hold and assist him to get released," and poor Ben believed it. No man was more "quiet" or worked more faithfully than he; so when the two long, weary years were thus worked and suffered out, he suggested to the gentleman that he make the promised effort, and got this in return, "Oh! if I was in your place, Ben, I wouldn't bother the Governor about it—there is France! if he had not been so *anxious* about it he would have been out *l–o–n–g* ago." France had then been in about two and a half years, and poor, honest



SICK PRISONER.
"You go to work! *for I* am the Doctor, the Governor, and the law too!"

Ben is not released yet. He was a peaceable, hard-working, honest man all of his life, is a cripple, and in repelling a bad assault shot his assailant and he died. He was told that "if he would swear that his assailant was reaching behind him (as others do) he would probably come clear, otherwise they might hang him;" he replied that "they might hang him but he would not lie," and he got fourteen years in prison accordingly. This, while other men had killed their man *in cold blood* and were acquitted, or not even tried at all. He had the same shyster lawyers that did me up, and they were a curse to him also. They took all of his property except $50, which one of them was to collect and send to him; but he could never get even a reply to any one of a dozen letters; and when he even begged for enough to buy a few postage stamps. Now, if a black-leg Governor thought he would want to collect that $50, he would hold him till the last minute to keep him from "being troublesome" to a brother thief.

An inexperienced man is easily convicted when his lawyers are traitors, *and they so often are.* For example I give this: An old, hard-working, prosperous settler was jerked up and thrown into the grasp of the "law," and was told by his lawyer—"an honored member of the bar"—at "trial" that he "could not be sworn in his own behalf," and was likewise kept from proving an alibi; so there was no evidence in his own behalf, and he got twelve years at Seatco. Just because two of the gang swore that he had assaulted one of them with a shot gun; when, in fact, he was at a place six miles away at the time the assault was said to have been made (though there was no wound) which alibi was afterwards established. Yet the ring Governor replied that "we have a good Judiciary which must be upheld."

If the Judiciary was good, it would not be run by black-leg shysters; nor would the testimony of midnight conspirators be taken as evidence against other men; nor would members of the gang select the jury.

"The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket, and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors, than the justice of it."

"And, indeed, the greatest part of mankind are so far from living according to the laws, that they hardly know them; but when they have sinned, they learn from others that they have transgressed the law. Those also who are in the highest and principal posts of the Government confess they are not acquainted with those laws, and are obliged to take such persons for their assessors in public administrations as profess to have skill in those laws."

"If any Judges take bribes, their punishment is death. And he that overlooks one that offers him a petition, and this when he is able to relieve him, he is a guilty person.—Laws of Moses."

As to Seatco fare: They would kill beef and salt it down a year ahead, using too much saltpetre; and then it would often be spoiled. Some spoiled meat was shown to the Governor who declared "that it was good!" right in the face of seventy-five men who knew he lied, and he knew that they knew he lied. Should the testimony of such men be taken as evidence in or out of court?

The cook told the superintendent that "the men would not eat that meat." "Well," he replied, "send it back again." "But suppose they don't eat it then?" "Well, by G-o-a-d, *you just send it back till they do eat it.*"

They had plenty of ground, and plenty of labor that the people paid them seventy cents a day for using, so they had plenty of common vegetables; but with little or nothing to cook with them it was like hog feed, and old potatoes were sometimes used two or three months after their season.

Sometimes a part of the men would refuse to work on account of the poor grub, and consequently go on bread and water—which they would say was "about all they were getting anyway." But this not being as profitable as their labor, the fare would improve a little. And then on account of such "misconduct" their abatement of time rightfully earned, would be denied them. But they did not thus lose very much, *for nobody got such abatement of time, with very rare exceptions*—just enough to swear by, and create false hopes in others.

Here is an example or two of "bad conduct" reports: A couple of boys had come for five years; had put in the most of the time; had never been punished or charged with any bad conduct, and were trustees—could go where they liked so they did not neglect their work; their friends got a good petition for their pardon—including the injured party—and one of them took it to the Governor. The Governor told him if he would get a certificate from the prison superintendent—(always one of the contractors)—of their good conduct there, he "would let them go." So the friend proceeded to the prison, where he saw for himself how the boys were trusted, etc.; he then made his request to the superintendent who was thus forced to admit the good conduct of the boys; but instead of giving the friend a certificate in accordance with the same, he promised to "forthwith write and mail it to the Governor." The boys not being released, the friend made another visit to the Governor, and there found their conduct certified to be "*uniformly bad.*" This everybody thereabouts *and the Governor himself knew* to be false; but it was "official" and done for a pretext to stab justice and the *expressed will of the people.* The boys were then told that "it was useless to *bother* the Governor any more about it for he would not let them go," and he didn't; though they got some abatement of time on account of their conduct being "*uniformly good.*"

The friends of a prisoner who was working in the sash and door factory, on applying for his release, got from the Governor, as a reason for denying their petition, "that he had broken some machinery," this was the first that he or any of his associates had heard of any such thing. It was *false*, but it was "official," and being from a secret brother, it was "lawful," and a lie. A prisoner paid a lawyer $10, and in various other ways tried to get a brief of whatever was on file at the executive office concerning him, but *utterly failed to get it done. The Governor would squelch petitions and other documents that were favorable to a prisoner.*

Prisoners were promised (by the officials) certificates of good conduct and also recommendations for pardon, and in some cases it was declared *that this "had been done,"* and yet the Governor would declare to their friends that "their conduct was bad," as an excuse for holding them *against the sober second thought of the people.*

"In whatever manner governments insensibly grow among mankind, the power consists in the aggregate mass of the people, though it is exercised by the few who are trusted with it, and who would cease to have any power at all to exercise, if the people should refuse to obey and to enforce their authority. It is clear, therefore, that the Governors were made *for the governed*, and that it is *an abuse of the Institution whenever the happiness of the governed is made subservient to that of the Governors.*"

The chief officer of the Bastile being always interested against a prisoner's justice, and considering the kind of creatures they were anyway, it was outrageous and masonry to allow him to be "Governor, Doctor, and the Law, by G–o–a–d!"

The Governor and company *were thus the most cruel, relentless enemies in advance to a prisoner; he did not make them so, remember;* they were already made so, and thirsting for his heart's blood!

The Governor could easily know the true conduct of any man there, if he cared to know, and *he generally did know it in spite of himself.*

However, their conduct as *citizens at home*, and justice, which whole communities knew, and frequently testified to, would interest and govern him more if he was a good citizen himself and an honest official.

Many of the guards, from first to last, were pretty good men and some were first class; but such did not often remain long; while the worst were never discharged and never quit. They, however, sometimes died—drinking themselves to death. They would take a quart bottle of whiskey with them every day, and for months at a time did not draw a sober breath.

The "Governor-doctor-and-law" gentleman finally got down also; his toes rotting off, and his legs were cut off just where he had riveted heavy irons on so many innocent suffering victims, who now felt that "Heaven is sometimes just, and pays us back in measures that we mete."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

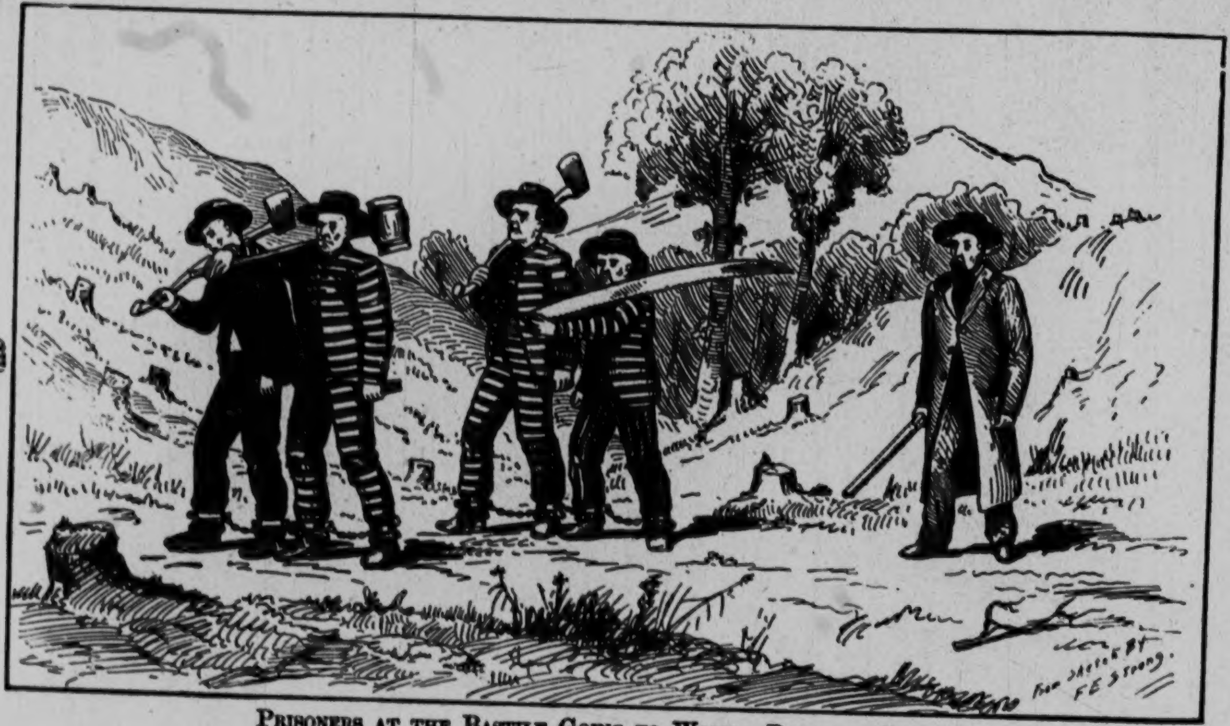
If honestly dealt with, half of the prisoners would not run away, were they not guarded at all. I give an example. A guard, who was always good to the boys, while working a gang of eight or ten in the woods, fell asleep, and thus slept till the superintendent was seen approaching, when one of the men woke him up "for *Old Shead* is coming." There was but two in the gang that wanted to run away, but they would not do so from Lon, but did afterwards from other guards. One of the superintendents refused to give men who were working hard in his hay field a drink of buttermilk, "because he wanted it for his hogs."

The secretary of the prison said that it "cost the contractors less than twenty cents each per day to keep the prisoners," and sometimes, when drunk, would say that he kept two sets of books, one set being private and that "this was correct." It was said also, that "there was never a credit mark for any prisoners, but plenty of black ones."

A prisoner's mother finding that the Governor spurned the judgment and expressed will of the people most interested, as to releasing her son, came and placed $100 in his hand, and told him to "jump away," and he did.

A prisoner loaned to one of the contractors over $1,000 in gold "for a few days only," and could never recover it. The court gave a judgment for the amount, but the law would work no further against the secret brother. Many years afterwards, when the victim was finally released, it was on condition that he leave and stay away from the country, so as not to be "troublesome" to the thieves who had looted him. And it was whispered that he had to receipt in full for the $2,100 which was then due him. He, however, returned to his home, and when the Governor had him arrested to be re-imprisoned, Judge Wingard turned him loose. He complained of attempts being made to poison him, and he often regretted his not accepting an offer to buy his liberty years before for a large sum of coin in bank; but, being ignorant of the men he had to deal with, he expected to get out on the merits of his cause.

From Josephus. — "Nor was there any sort of wickedness that could be named, but Albinus had a hand in it, he did not only steal and plunder every one's substance, nor did he only burden the whole nation with taxes, but he permitted the relations of such as were in prison for robbery to redeem them


From sketch by F. E. Strong.

PRISONERS AT THE BASTILE GOING TO WORK.—DRUNKEN GUARD.

with money, and nobody remained in the prisons but he who gave him nothing. The principal men among them purchasing leave of Albinus to go on with their evil practice, while that part of the people who delighted in disturbances joined themselves to such as had fellowship with Albinus, and every one of those wicked wretches was encompassed with his own band of robbers, while himself, like an arch robber or a tyrant made a figure among his company, and abused his authority over those about him, in order to plunder those that lived quietly. The effect of which was this, that those who lost their goods were forced to hold their peace, when they had reason to show great indignation at what they had suffered; but those who had escaped, were forced to flatter him that deserved to be punished, out of the fear they were in of suffering equally with the others. Upon the whole, nobody durst speak their minds, for tyranny was generally tolerated, and at this time were these seeds sown which brought Jerusalem to destruction.

And though such was the character of Albinus, yet did Gessius Florus, who succeeded him [as Roman Governor—A.D. 66] demonstrate him to have been a most excellent person upon the comparison, he omitted no sort of rapine or of vexation. Where the case was really pitiable, he was most barbarous, and in things of the greatest turpitude, he was most impudent. Nor could anyone outdo him in disguising the truth, nor could anyone contrive more subtle ways of deceit than he did. He, indeed, thought it but a petty offense to get money out of single persons, and did almost publicly proclaim it all the country over, that they had liberty given them to turn robbers, on this condition that he might go shares with them in the spoils they got."

There was a room, 20x20 feet, in the gang's bastile that was used for a shoe-making shop, tailor-shop, and hospital, except when there were women prisoners, when it was occupied by them; the tailor and shoemaker going up to the unfinished garret, and the sick—well, nobody was supposed to be sick. An invalid lay on his back on a table in the big hall for seven or eight months with a hip disease, and the sick, when able, frequently bought their own medicine. This hall was as much "the hospital" as was the tailor and shoe shop—and there was no other.

However. one woman prisoner occupied a shanty in the yard for two and a half years. This was an Indian woman, who, being jealous of her husband, a white man, at a dance waylaid and shot him dead while he was returning home; and he not being a secret brotherhood man, it was not considered much of a crime to thus kill him. She was also allowed to bring her three children with her, the gang getting sixty cents each per day for them, besides the seventy cents for their mother.

One of the contractors was married to an Indian woman—does any one suppose that had she killed him in a like manner she would have got off so light?

An Indian boy was sick with a scrofula disease, and begged and cried to be let "go home to his mother," who, he was "*sure, would cure him,*" and other Indians declared that "just such cases were cured by them." But he begged and cried in vain; he being held to die by inches without suitable food or care and crying to "go home!" His chum, who had come with him, wanted to wheel him to the station and see him home; their time by this time *having nearly expired*—but the last drop of blood must be wrung out.

They were convicted of stealing a little grub from a woodman's cabin—while white men who loot whole ranches are run for office. This is but a sample case where hapless prisoners were thus held on to, to miserably die by inches; when an untamed cannibal would have let them go home and be cured. The treatment of this boy drove his Indian chum to desperation; though having but a few days to stay, he jumped the place, procured a gun, and declared for vengeance—though having been peaceably disposed always before.

"Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast,
Upon their soul's tormentor to the last.
—— Upon that mocking fiend, whose veil now raised,
Showed them as in death's agony they gazed.—Moore"

A white woman, with a large family of small children, told her boy to defend their home which they had dug out of the woods, against a secret ring jumper who was then tearing down their fence, and the boy did so effectually as to him; therefore the mother was sent to Seatco for five years, and with never a child to comfort *her*. Her aggravated agony and heart-rending moanings for her little children, left in sore distress, as she walked the floor night and day in a frenzy of grief and despair, would make any honest man curse the court that desolates, loots and murders honest, hard earned homes, instead of at least lending a hand—without eating up the place—for their protection.

One morning, this virtuous, home-loving mother of a large family of helpless children, was found hanging to a post in her cell, dead. Did *she* do it? or was she horribly murdered?

An executive or other prison official, who spurns every crumb of justice or of charity, and even decent usage, to one of these luckless looted victims—whose shrieks of torture is to them the essence of delight—should be made to suffer in kind.

I was present when the Governor's attention was called to this event and the friendly post—he manifested no more feeling than had the victim been a rat.

Another woman, to repel an indecent assault, threw a lamp at her assailant, and he died. This was also made a crime and she was sent to the bastile with promises of a speedy release—*as is so common with the deceivers.* She soon found these promises to be a delusion and lie, and after an illness died. It was the prison talk that for months she did not go to bed at night on account of fear; and that during her illness one of the officials gave her frequent doses of medicine. She had no female attendant, indeed, *none* had.

There were several different doctors at different times, but they hardly ever exercised any authority. One, however, told a prisoner with much feeling, that he was getting the heart disease from his troubles and sufferings, and to "just look out and care for himself, for nobody else would, and called him back when he had been called out to work, telling him not to work, except as he felt able if he valued his life!" This doctor, however, soon got bounced, but the sick prisoner was held on to with a vicious, craving desire to wring out and lap his heart's blood.

After a long time a few newspapers were got to condemn the cruelties at Seatco (Seatco is Indian for "the devil's home"). One paper (*Seattle Chronicle*) demanded a change, or it would expose the whole brutal swindle. This had a good effect, so that even the Governor recommended that the legislature buy movable irons and do away with the others, and it authorized him to do so *forthwith*. Yet it was about *a year* before he got them, and *two and a half years* before the others were done away with, which displayed how earnest he was to lessen the misery of better men.

Those permanent irons broke down many a good man, and caused more to jump away than they kept from it. Some, while striking for their liberty, were shot. One was shot through the heart, it was said, after he had stopped, turned round, and thrown up his hands; and another was shot after he had surrendered. Even guards would frequently say that they "did not blame men from jumping away from such a hell."

When the legislature convened, it would send out a committee to investigate matters; but, as they were brother masons, they did little or nothing against the gang. The prisoners represented and complained that the warden should be an independent and responsible moral man; appointed and paid by the Territory, to stand between the rights of the prisoners and the Territory, and the cruel greed of contractors, instead of being as he then was, one of their servile hands. This they agreed to, and the legislature appropriated $600 a year to pay such a warden, but they left it to the Governor to appoint the man, which his excellency (?) did, *in the person of the very same servile hand the contractors then had employed*, thus simply making them a present of $600 a year of the people's money, and doing the prisoners no good.

At one session of the legislature, the members came out in a body, and in freely mingling and conversing with the prisoners in the hall, were quite fully informed as to the abuses they suffered. One prisoner addressed them at length, showing up the cruelties and corruptions in an able and interesting manner, and with plenty of proof at hand to establish, beyond dispute, every charge. The chief contractor was called in to face and refute, if he could, charges, that if true, should have hung the whole gang. And *he did not even deny a single accusation.* It was also shown that the Governor's message was false as to the prison. For example: That he had credited the contractors with keeping six more prisoners than were there, and that the people were deceived and robbed in various other ways also, as will hereafter appear.

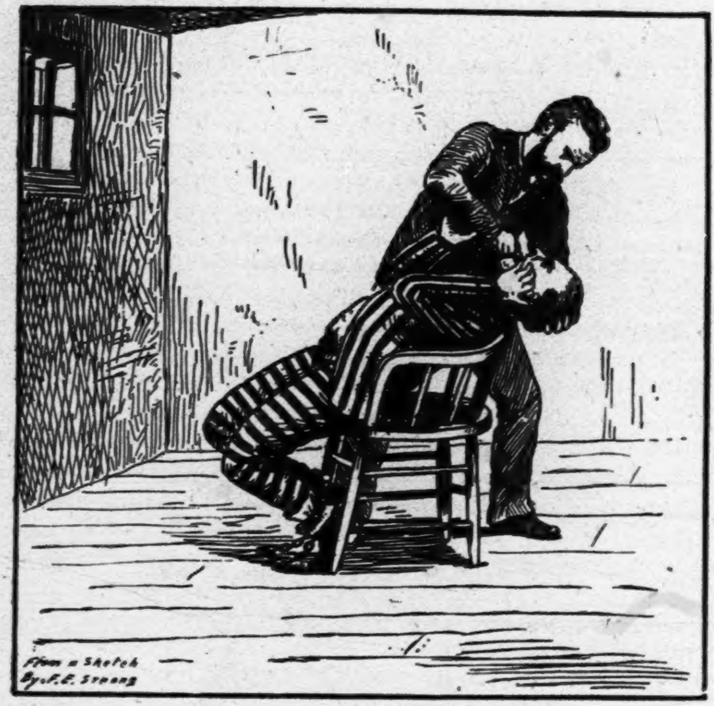
If there was a single member of that body who was not convinced that this was a most brutal swindle of a prison, he did not manifest it there, *or encourage further proof,* while they mostly freely condemned it as such a hell. And some of them earnestly requested Mr. Strong's speech to use openly in the legislature and to have it published also, and he gave it to them accordingly.

One of the contractors, declining to face the flaming charges against him, and who, like the rest, was opposed to giving a victim a hearing anyway, slipped up into the garret, and with his ear to the floor, listened insidiously to the prisoner's great speech, which he had written on brown paper—the only kind he could procure.

I asked a couple of members, who sat by me during its delivery, as I did others also, whether they "believed those charges to be true?" And they replied that they "believed every one of them, for—they said—they were evidently true by the proof they heard and saw for themselves, and that men in such a situation should be considered *more trustworthy when testifying against officials over them than others not in duress,*" and that "besides, if any charges were not true, *this was the time and place to refute it, but which was not attempted.*"

They also pledged themselves *earnestly* (as we thought) to do all they could to rectify the abuses, and end the fraudulent contract.

"Then," I said, "you do not believe the Governor?" "No," one said, "and I never did." They also said that Mr. Strong should be protected from punishment "for so bravely exposing the cruelties and corruptions and pleading for right and justice." Some appeared to be horrified and *infuriated* at these teachers of crime, these human serpents, who, when challenged to meet the charges against them of heinous crime, had crawled


From a Sketch
By F. E. Strong

HIS PENALTY FOR MAKING A SPEECH.
Exposing the tortures of the secret Bastile.

out of sight, to strike their victims in the dark with *secret power and obligation.* And many of the members made a second visit, and left apparently *more confirmed and determined* to break up the brutal swindle.

Yet when the legislature had adjourned, the contractors had got *an extension of two years*, and Mr. Strong's speech—which contained more vital information to the people than all the messages and other writings of all the Governors of the Territory, before, at the time, or since--*had been squelched.* Nor had he been protected from abuse for his earnest honesty, and was therefore punished by pulling out nine of his teeth, and in various other ways also—this was hitting virtue with a club.

And when the people had petitioned very strongly, and without any open opposition, for his restoration, it was denied by the Governor on the ground, that "he had thus caused the contractors much trouble." "Then," replied his very aged mother who had come from the States, to work for his liberty, "he has been driven to it by abuse! for I have successfully raised a large family of boys and girls, and this one has willingly given me less trouble than any of the rest."

Such is the practical workings of Masonry and its like, which sets good men to studying the philosophy of anarchy and of socialism, if the gang cannot be killed; there being *no security for liberty, for property, or for life, as it is.*

> "While every tear his [looted] children shed
> *Fell on his soul like drops of flame:*
> And as a lover hails the dawn
> Of a first smile, so welcomed he
> The sparkle of the first sword drawn
> For vengeance and for liberty."—*Moore.*

This legislature, and the succeeding one, however, provided for the building of a territorial prison at Walla Walla; but instead of utilizing the labor of the prisoners in its construction, which was entirely practicable, they were left with the contractors, at 70 cents a day, till it was slowly built. And even then the Governor and contractors would hardly permit their removal, notwithstanding that it had been provided for by the legislature, and would be a large daily saving to the territory and a measure of justice to the prisoners.

Indeed, the gang thus held on to them for the money there was in it, in direct violation of the law, till the Governor was *compelled* by the people of Walla Walla and the notoriety of the swindle, to let them go.

The legislature had appropriated $50,000 for the maintainance of the prisoners, wherever they might be, and $1,000 for their removal to the new prison "whenever it was suitabl for occupancy." Yet, the gang could get blackleg shysters t declare, that "while it was legal to pay 70 cents each and their labor per day to such a gang, it was *illegal* to pay out 25 cents each per day direct for their maintainance, and retain the labor besides." *They practically held, that "no money should be paid out of the treasury unless* 65 PER CENT. SHOULD BE CLEAR TO THE GANG." The Walla Walla brethren were willing to take a less per cent., which did not please the Governor; but by their advancing the means necessary to maintain the prisoners—thus leaving the Governor without his flimsy pretext – he finally and reluctantly complied with the law to remove them.

An eminent Mason came to see a man who had been robbed and shanghaied here, telling him that he would get him released for what money he had left; he accepted the proposition but on the *positive condition*, that the former was not to get any money until his release was secured. This was the distinct agreement in the presence of the superintendent. The gentleman wrote an order, supposed and said to be in accordance with the agreement, and in the excitement, flurry, stress and hurry – *made for the purpose*—the victim was got to sign the paper, without knowing anything to the contrary. The "Hon. leading-light-in-the-profession-and-head-of-the-bar" forthwit struck out and got the money, kept it, and dropped his victim, who went crazy immediately. This victim was undoubtedly innocent of any crime, and this case is given as a *mere specimen of others.*

> "What mighty mischief glads him now,
> Who never smiles but to destroy."

Months afterwards the eminent gentleman of the "bar" died, and though he was a notorious thief for twenty years, yet the ring papers were filled with glowing eulogies of the departed brother, but had never a word to say for his hundreds of suffering victims. But of the brutal, grasping, cowardly thief they said, that "he was bright, shrewd and ambitious, stood at the head of the bar, was repeatedly elected to the legislature, nominated for delegate to Congress, he invested [what he stole] in real estate, and, in the constant rise, made money fast. He built two of the most elegant residences on the Sound....the people of Pierce county have lost their most able advocate, most loyal citizen and best friend."

Now, is this "charity," or is it an outrage on justice, to make cowardly pillage respectable and aggravate the wounds of his bleeding, dying victims?

It was the prison talk that it took money to get a pardon. And as men with the worst cases and characters, and with slight, if any, petitions, were pardoned, while others whose innocence, good character and conduct were known to all who cared to know, and with very strong petitions withal, were left to languish; this talk therefore was but reasonable. And some whispered how much their release would cost. For example—that his "was bargained for $1000." (And he went, too, though he had plead guilty to highway robbery, was an old offender, had run away and been extradited from British Columbia and made a second attempt, and had served but a fifth of his sentence.)

Another said that his pardon would cost his folks about $700, (and he went also, having served but a small portion of his time.)

The ring papers said, that a "numerously signed petition did the business." When the truth was, the Governor would *scarcely look at* a "numerously signed petition."

For example.—A "numerously signed petition" was sent in to the Governor for the release of a prisoner who was guilty of no crime; he said that "as others had become impatient and begged and urged the Governor to act on their petitions without avail, *he* would let him take his own time and way without pressing him, and see if he would not be more successful." So he and his family waited and suffered, as patiently as they could, for six long, miserable, anxious months; and then, the Governor being at the bastile, he mentioned the matter to him, who finally remembered that there was a petition in his office in this prisoner's behalf, "but," said his excellency, "*I have not looked at it yet.*"

But he declared that he would "look at it" as soon as he returned. Whether he ever did or not "look at it" made no difference, for the victim served out his five years.

I have lately talked with an old neighbor of this victim and he declares that "everybody" knows, and did at the time, that it was a put-up job against him by an enemy for unjust revenge and plunder; and he had relied on one of the blackleg shysters that sold and betrayed me.

In such cases the judge and jury may know little or nothing about a man's real case, even if *they* are not fixed against him. It is only necessary to fix his lawyer, *which is a very common thing to do.* Surely, such *devilish treason should be killed out on sight!* In this case the victim believed that he *knew*, that he was thus sold for $150; and there are brethren in the gang, who have cried up this traitorous thief for a judge in "our good Judiciary."

One of my jurymen said that he learned more of my real case a day or two after the so-called trial, than he did at that corrupt performance, and that "now all he blamed me for was that I did not kill the devil sooner than I did;" and which is the general sentiment of my neighbors. Another juryman said, that "a majority of the jury were fixed against me anyway."

Therefore, in such cases as these, a Governor who rejects and spits upon the earnest prayers of good citizens who are uncorrupted and who *do* know the real case, and who further—with a grin—spits in the face of the victim, "we have a good Judiciary," is a damned, perjured, cowardly thief, a cringing tool of the gang, and a traitor to his country.

The intent of the pardoning power, the world over, is to correct any miscarriage or perversion or prostitution of the courts and of justice, and protect the defenceless. It is not intended to be a mere personal privilege to trade on in the dark; but is a sworn public trust, above and independent of the courts and their machinery and blackleg "bar." And a Governor is just as much *sworn* to attend to and exercise this oath-bound trust, and to do so honestly, as that of any other function of his office. Indeed, *it is the most vital and important* *charge of the office.* And what a villain one must be to squelch and prostitute it!

When a victim is gagged and railroaded through a court in charge of black leg shysters, who have betrayed and sold him, WHERE! OH, WHERE! IS HIS RECOURSE?

A sane man was shanghaied to the insane asylum, to rob him of his property (*quite a common thing*). A friend set to work and got him out, and was exposing the job when *he* was made a victim of a put-up job and shanghaied to the Seatco Bastile. He was informed that he would be released if he would agree to cease from "making such trouble."

Another sane man was charged about $2,000 by court lawyers for defending him against one of these jobs. He had valuable property that the gang wanted, and he declared that a man—who was afterwards made Governor—and "other masons" were in a conspiracy to rob him of it. His insanity consisted only in "*getting on to the gang,*" and thus defeating the job. So they made several attempts to put him out of the way. But the people of Seattle would wake up and get mad when these job trials were being waged against him; consequently the "good judiciary" would weaken and let him off, except that he must pay the shysters $2,000 per job, and the people of the county also paid about the same amount in court expenses to the brethren.

During one of these jobs a brother (who was a minister in the States) had to come out and help protect this victim against the "good judiciary." He was willing to defend himself and his property against the masons, and armed himself accordingly. But secret thieves being cowards, forced him into the good-to-them-judiciary, where they could rob him *at the expense of the people and without danger to themselves.*

A mason plead guilty to grand larceny, forgery and robbery, and was indicted on several other charges also; the extent of which in the aggregate amounted to *fifty-three years* in the penitentiary, and was sentenced to Seatco for *two years.* And, moreover, he was secretly pardoned *before he arrived at the prison.* The brotherly press stated that he "was serving out his time" there, and while the press was lying *for* the *guilty* brother, it was also lying *against* good citizens who were left to languish unheard and undefended.

Two other old offenders were convicted of an attempt to wreck a passenger train. They got two and two and a half years, and were soon pardoned out. One of them was convicted twice afterward, and was soon pardoned each time; his father was a mason.

Another who had been arrested *nineteen (19) times* for grand larceny, and had stolen stock, by his word, "ever since he was big enough to ride a horse," got two years and was pardoned; was convicted again and again pardoned—his father was a mason.

Another old offender plead guilty to horse-stealing, got one year and was pardoned before coming to the prison—his father was a mason.

A ring official plead guilty to embezzlement, and was pardoned before he saw the prison—he being a mason.

Indeed, the masons and odd-fellows have plundered the treasuries of many of the counties of the territory *with impunity*—the judiciary being very good to them.

Meanwhile, others of them were murdering people in cold blood, and committing all manner of other crimes, but the judiciary and ring press being "good" to them they went unpunished.

As example in point—in brief from the press.

"MURDER MOST FOUL."

[Blank] slays his brewer Adam G——. Two pistol shots. The murderer in custody.

"Going into the brewery yard we found Adam G—— lying on his back; the blood was streaming from a pistol wound between the shoulders; and the right eye had been pierced with another bullet. The assistant brewer said, "I heard two pistol shots, and ran up and found [*Blank*] had shot his head brewer."

"Adam G—— threatened to attack and sue [Blank] if he would not pay him the $50 due him; Adam G—— quit a week ago."

The Sheriff proceeded to [Blanks] residence accompanied by the editor. As they reached the portico [Blank] was sitting in a chair, and extended his hand to the editor and greeted him with the usual salutation, "Hello! how is de round-up."

Soon after the sheriff took [Blank] to the hotel. The dying man was unconscious from the first and died soon after. His appearance as he lay there with wet socks and drawers which he had just washed, and still clutched in his hand, showed plainly that he was not in a hostile attitude when slain [and he was unarmed].

We suppose that the hope of [Blank] is the plea of craziness, but his only craziness was long protracted drinking. "He has recently been very abusive to his family, and drove his son away, threatening to kill him if he returned." "The probate Judge refused the murderer bail, and he was committed to the care of the sheriff." But he is virtually at large without bail. The people are talking very wicked about this thing. They fail to see why a man who sells a drink of liquor to an Indian should be incarcerated in a cell, and one who slays his fellow-man should be allowed his liberty.

Considering the popular feeling in this case, it would be best, even as a matter of policy, and regardless of duty of officers to enforce the law, or else worse may come. *Later.* "Judge [Blank] has granted Blank bail on the showing of his attorneys that he is sick, with the sheriff to approve of his bonds."

A CARD. *To the Public.*—Recently, while on a visit to town, I got into an argument on the merits and demerits of the [Blank] case, and freely asserted that if Blank received an honest trial he would probably pay the penalty of life. A short time afterwards I received a card addressed: Charles Wendler, North Yakima, W. T., I. O. O. F., A. F. and A. M.

With the following in hand-writing evidently disguised:

"*We have you spotted, keep quiet, danger ahead, 0008 A. F. and A. M.*"

"With regard to this I will simply say that I have expressed my honest opinion like a free man, and that I cannot be bull-dozed by any anonymous and threatening cards, and if the writer becomes known to me I will prosecute him to the extent of the law. Respectfully,

CHARLES WENDLER."

It is evident that Mr. Wendler did not know that the "good judiciary" is made up from these gangs, or he would not talk about "prosecuting them" therein, where he would stand no more show for justice, than does a Gentile in Utah, in a Mormon court.

Mr. Blank's case was put off for about a year by the "good judiciary," while the people were being blinded and bull-dozed into submission, and after a change or two of venue the brethren indicted him with a sham or "imperfectly drawn" indictment for manslaughter; then the "good judiciary" went through the farce of a trial (?) on this flawed indictment, and the verdict was guilty. So now the "imperfect" indictment having been good enough for a so-called trial, and its necessary expense to the people and profit to the gang, it was discovered (?) to be "imperfectly drawn," and the "good judiciary" quashed it and the verdict accordingly, and reduced the brother's bail. I quote from a paper: "The case will again be presented to the grand jury at the October term of court, and unless another change of venue is granted the trial will take place at ——."

The "good judiciary" played another farce or two at the expense of the people and profit to itself. Of course, Mr. Blank was "acquitted"—this having been fixed in the dark at the very beginning. Indeed, it was done *in advance when brethren were made officials of the court.*

In a similar case it was stated by the press that "the case from the beginning will cost the people $35,000. It should not have cost $1,000."

Oh! What a good (?) judiciary!

ANOTHER SAMPLE CASE.—"Mr. Kleburn was walking along, with or after Mr. [Blank] on the street, Kleburn talking rapidly and excitedly, though making no demonstration to fight; presently the two parties stopped in front of the . . . office—Kleburn with his back to the building and Blank facing him—they being about *two feet apart.* They conversed in this position probably three minutes, when Kleburn was seen to tap Blank on the front of the shoulder—as if emphasizing strongly. Blank pushed Kleburn back and made some remark, but Kleburn advanced to his old position, and took hold of the lapel of Blank's coat with one hand. With astonishing rapidity Blank drew a revolver, and placing the muzzle directly against Kleburn's left breast, pulled the trigger. The report was so weak that those standing around felt convinced that it was a blank cartridge. This can be accounted for by the barrel of the pistol being pressed against Kleburn's person. Instantly as the shot was fired, Blank put the pistol in his pocket, and started around the corner. Kleburn stood stock still, just turning to watch his assailant as he passed around the corner; and it was then that the reporter discovered the man was wounded, and his vest was burning. Running down from his position he took hold of Kleburn's arm with one hand, and striking the blaze on his vest with the other *extinguished the fire.* At that time Kleburn was as pale as a sheet, and said, "Yes; [Blank] shot me." I will go with you to a doctor; when in front of the book bindery, the wounded man commenced to stagger, and despite all his assistant could do dropped heavily at the corner of the alley about 100 feet from where he was shot, saying, 'I'm dying.'"

Other witnesses swore that Kleburn "was emphatic, nothing like a blow though, more aggressive in manner than in action; there was no motion on his part to draw a weapon." And *he was unarmed while Blank had armed himself to shoot him.* At preliminary (and only) examination a couple of brethren plead and argued his case as much and as long as they wanted to, and so did Blank himself; but "the prosecuting attorney [a secret brother also] stated that he would not argue the case; the court (?) had heard the testimony and could judge whether or not it was a case." And the "good judiciary announced as its decision that "*no offence had been committed.*"

But it was really good enough not to play any more silly farces at the expense of the people as to this case. And the brotherly press all joined in songs of praises to Blank—declaring it to have been "*A clear case of self-defence.*" When, had Kleburn shot Blank in a like manner, they would have howled *him* down as a "*Cold-blooded, cowardly murderer,*" and the "good judiciary" would have treated him accordingly. *This none but a thief will deny.*

I could fill a book with similar cases, of which I have cuttings, but as *they are transpiring every day,* in one place or another, every voter should read and watch them *critically,* each for himself, and by his vote say whether or not a member of any *secret oath-bound order should hold any office of profit or trust wherein good citizens are concerned.*

The proceedings in such cases were watched critically by the prisoners, and many *could tell at the beginning just how they would end, by considering the relationship and obligations of the gang as to the same,* and their intense feelings at the unequal justice (*which is not justice*) that is practiced, I have no words to describe; nor can anyone fully imagine who has never unjustly miserably suffered.

Men differ as to which works the most corruption, money or masonry. The fact is, it is dangerous to pay out or receive money corruptly, unless it is done through the dark, lurking secrecy of masonry, etc. If a blackleg official should receive money corruptly direct from an outsider he might expose it; while a brother in the gang would *not dare* to do so. This is believed to be the reason that a prisoner's common and honest friends, and the people who knew the man and the case to be good, *had no influence with the* Governor, while a single heavily paid brother in the gang *had all the influence he wanted.*

Though members of an oath-bound gang have influence enough to shanghai and hold innocent men in prison, as they did me, by perhaps dividing the plunder, and even without, yet if a few of them should attempt his release, they must evidently be *well provided with cash to succeed.* Some prisoners who had no enemies in the Territory, and whom the people wanted released, were yet required by the Governor to leave the country forthwith, as though afraid of some secret being divulged.

And I—George W. France—had several offers to get me out for large sums of money. One member of the gang wanted my homestead (which was what I had left of my fortune) as the price of my liberty—as will hereafter more fully appear. A brazen, mid-night, blackleg Governor, might say, "Damn you, you cannot prove to the satisfaction of the "*good judiciary*" that *I* got or would get such money." I answer, "Damn you, it is immaterial to the victim who of the gang gets it, or don't get it, if he has to pay it all the same, or languish." And, sir, if you would hold a man in prison to be plundered and ravaged and looted of all that is valuable, near and dear to him, knowing him to be innocent, or refuse to know it, you are a most damnable, cowardly thief anyway. And so you are, if only high priced agents have any influence with you, while one's common friends and neighbors, and the mass of the people are spurned as so many rats! If you were honest, sir, you would choose to know and deal direct with the principal and his common friends, and the public; and receive the truth *whereever found,* and spurn the secret lurking enemy, who *dare not be known!* If you were not a servile lackey of corruption and Masonry, sir, you would not spit in the face of a ravaged victim the brazen lie, that "we have a good judiciary," when *you* know that *he* knows, that as between outsiders, justice is sold to the highest bidder for cash or mortgages—*which is not justice*—and that he has no more show against your secret midnight brethren, than he would have in the Mormon courts of Utah—your brethren also.

Prisoners, being denied mail facilities and more direct means of attending to their business, were, therefore, often *compelled* to trust business matters to blacklegs who were at hand. In thus trusting a prison doctor—living at Chehalis—he robbed his victim of, to him a large sum of money, in such a cowardly, villainous manner; yet there was no recourse against the thief.

It is often said by blackleg officials that "to hear prisoners talk, they are *all* innocent." This is false, for after their conviction they most always admit their guilt, if they are guilty; especially to their companions. One reason is, it relieves the mind; another, because most men would rather be considered a criminal than a fool; and another, because they generally fare better while in prison, and stand a better show for release—officials knowing how to sympathize *with their kind.*

It was widely published in the press that one of the Governors skipped his native State in the night, to dodge the sheriff who had a warrant for his arrest for (as administrator) robbing an estate of his own people; so he would naturally hate fire-arms, as knowing his just deserts like other burglars, and how to sympathize with nocturnal thieves.

Another prison official was reported to have served a term in the Idaho penitentiary for robbing sluice-boxes.

Another, admitted having been guilty of frequently selling whiskey to Indians, and declared that he "would steal before he would work."

Another, and his court, had robbed a paralized man in a cold-blooded, cowardly way of about $2,000 in gold coin. Two had been publicly shown to be perjurers, and several of them are accessory to cowardly, torturing murder!

What show has an honest man for justice with such a gang? Linked together in a secret oath-bound brotherhood! With their chief preaching temperance to the blinded, ignorant multitude, and getting drunk on the sly! And publicly portraying in glowing terms and silver tones the beauties and loveliness of truth, which in his practice he spurns, detests and spits upon, and declares to be evil! And all parading the Bible through the streets, to make careless people think they are honest!!

Well may they love the judiciary, that they, by midnight intrigue, control and own, and which is, therefore, '*so good to them*', and hate their victims' only effectual means of defence, as they do equality before the law!

The legislature appropriated $25, per year, for newspapers of the territory, which was highly appreciated; but this, I believe, was *the only means spent for the benefit of the prisoners.* Those having any friends left, would generally be sent reading matter (also boxes of food, etc.), and many were newspapers subscribers and would also buy books. The W. C. T. U. would sometimes send in tracts, flowers, etc., which, however, was considered very cold comfort to those whose bodies were being cruelly starved and torn, and virtue made a bleeding slave to depravity, with *none to stand up for the right.*

This toying with the devil *because he is in power*, made men forget their prayers, discard their bibles, curse the cringing slaves and question God.

There was only one outside door to the bastile, and it was in the upper story; so in case of fire all were in danger of being burned alive—this one door being *the only way of escape.* And *by it* was where all the lamps were filled, etc., so that the oil-soaked bench and floor and can of oil added to the danger. One night a fire in the guards' sitting room by this door and oil burned through the six inch floor into a prisoner's cell below, who gave the alarm. It was a whiskey fire; so some of the officials might have perished also.

The prison directors and others would always admit and promise to the prisoners, that other means of escape from fire should be provided; but, as the governor-doctor-and-the-law-brother crooked his little finger against it, this was never done. And the W. C. T. U. and others sent more tracts and flowers.

The clothing was of the cheapest and flimsiest sort, but some were allowed to wear their own, or partly so. Yet, in other cases, even under-clothing, sent by friends and mothers, were denied and said to be appropriated by officials, as was the case with other clothing also. The prison pants—for all the seasons—were sometimes worn by other men as overalls; and they were usually patched and torn. And prisoners thus thinly clad and heavily ironed, could be seen by the W. C. T. U.

and others working out in the coldest weather and snow, guarded by officials bundled up in overcoats and boots and glowing with whiskey.

Nor had the worst of these prisoners ever been more sinful than the men with influence at court who stone them down.

Did Jesus only fling a tract or flower at tortured and looted humanity? Or did he not criticise the State, *agitate and stir up the people, "blaspheme" the authorities*, and DO something for the afflicted!

The bastile cells were 8x10 feet, with two and three single beds in each. The beds were a straw tick and a 50 lbs. flour sack filled with straw for a pillow, one sheet (too narrow to be much good), and two pair of light cheap blankets—which were never washed. However, if a prisoner was able, he could add to his bedding, which many did; while others suffered in cold weather, sleeping in double irons. But, on the whole, there were but few complaints as to the sleeping accommodations.

The prisoners were expected to shave themselves, or each other; but some were excused from shaving.

Whenever a prisoner or two ran away, the rest must have their hair cut close; though some did so anyway.

One of the most quiet and peaceable men in the prison—or the world—who had worked hard and honestly for a living all of his life and was not now guilty of any crime, had picked up the shoe-making trade here and done all the prison work in that line, besides much outside work, which had required two other men to do before. His health being poor, so to enable him to stand so much work, he was trusted to walk about outside of the prison every day without any guarding; and was being promised assistance by the prison officials to get pardoned, or—more properly speaking—released, as he was guilty of no crime. However, he found that he was being humbugged and lied to in a cruel, brutal, cowardly manner—as is usual in such cases—so he thought he would pay them back just a little, which he did one day by extending his walk into the woods and remaining away for 9 or 10 days, when he returned alone and resumed his job. The contractors were so pleased to re-possess such a profitable hand, that they accorded him his old out-door privileges, etc. Yet, when he left, this is the kind of a send-off the gentlemen had given him :—

> *From the Press.*—"ESCAPED FROM SEATCO. The authorities in this city have been notified of the escape from the territorial penitentiary at Seatco, last Saturday, of one of the *most desperate criminals ever confined within its walls.* The desperado's name———[etc., etc.] The superintendent of the Seatco prison offers a reward of $75 for his capture and return."

So, if their testimony was any proof of anything, it could be thus proven by themselves, that neither guards or irons of any kind were necessary to hold even *the worst* and "most desperate" of the prisoners from running away, and, accordingly, they could not have been a very bad lot.

One of the innocent prisoners is in for life. He was sentenced to be hung, and the scaffold was built under his nose to hang him on. Had he been an American citizen, outside of the gang, he would have been executed, notwithstanding everybody who cared to know his case, knew him to be innocent. And so many did know it, that the people were talking bitterly about the proposed murder. Still the Governor and Judge persisted in having the victim thus to die! As the "good Judiciary" was held to be infallible (as against outsiders), no matter how infamous it be in fact.

The people were so horrified at the proposed murder, that it was thought safer to do the job up *secretly*, in the dark, as it were. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the people, in their might, would have allowed such a cold-blooded murder to be done in open day. So the Governor would do it privately and out of the people's sight.

Here is a clipping in point:

> "Governor [Blank] and Judge [Blank] have joined in a special request to the Sheriff, to have the execution of Gionini conducted in the most *private manner possible.* Strenuous efforts have been made to secure commutation to imprisonment for life, without avail, as the Governor considers him to be guilty and sane, and so responsible to the law for his crime against mankind and his maker. The execution will take place on Tuesday, the 11th of March."

Let the people put a stop to private executions! It is Masonry and means murder!

This victim was a citizen of little Switzerland, and the Swiss consuls in Portland, Oreg., and San Francisco, and the Swiss Minister at Washington, interested themselves in his behalf, and secured a commutation of his sentence.

A man had killed another for his money, and then got a couple of Italian fishermen to swear the job on Gionini, and by buying his lawyer, as it is supposed was done, this was *easily* accomplished. These court witnesses swore that they were at a certain place when the shooting was done, and "saw Gionini do it." But it afterwards transpired that it was an utter physical impossibility for a person to see another at all, from one of these places to the other on account of obstructions that intervened. And such was the evidence (?) on which the man was, and is to-day, robbed of his life.

His treatment nearly drove him crazy; he was kept in suspense as to his fate for about a year, and this was such an agony to him that he told them to "go ahead and hang him rather than thus prolong his misery;" when any one could have known his case in a week. He could neither understand nor speak English at the time of his "trial," and no interpreter was allowed him. He is a civil engineer by profession, and had held positions of trust under his Government.

From the Press.—"Father Cesari has just returned from Olympia, where he has been to see the Governor in the interest of the condemned murderer Gionini. Father Cesari says that he *knows* Gionini is innocent of the crime for which he is convicted."

The Mayor of the town where he was "convicted," declared:

"I most solemnly believe that the man is innocent." The Sheriff wrote: "On Sunday morning I went to see him to see how he was conducting himself, believing that he had but a few more hours to live. I said to him that I had ordered lumber, and next day would have an enclosure put up so that the public would not see him die. He said he did not care how many people were there, that he was going to die an innocent man. He then explained, and I am fully persuaded that the real culprit is not now in irons."

SAY? *is it equal, just, or fair, to condemn any man who is unheard and undefended?* A YEAR AFTER "TRIAL" this accused *happens to be allowed to briefly "explain,"* and behold the Mayor and Sheriff declare him to be innocent!

The Mayor continues.—"I firmly believe that another did the deed." "I refer you [the Governor] to ex-chief Justice—and Judge—who *have always doubted his guilt.* Both were present at the trial, and followed the entire case, and declared that the man should not be executed, that *Gionini is not the murderer.*" . . . "*Gionini had no defense.*"

Now, if Gionini had been released when it was found he was innocent, he might have brought to justice, or at least exposure, the real criminals in the case—but the Governor was bitterly opposed to thus being "troublesome" to the gang, and would therefore hold me to evidently screen them from justice, and this may be one of the reasons that Gionini is being held. *The real criminals may belong to the gang.*

A company, composed partly of the prison contractors, built a large sash and door factory at the prison. The prisoners were pleased at this—thinking they would then have an opportunity to do over-work, and thus make something for themselves, as is usual in such cases.

When it started up they were given tasks about equal to what would be expected of journeymen, and were to be paid by the piece for the over-work they might do. A lot of prisoners were thus set to work, and it was remarked by outsiders, and even officials, that they "never before saw a lot of inexperienced men take hold of such work and machines with such *good will, ability and effect.*

The works were thus manned with the exception of a foreman and a machinist. The company gave the contractors fifty cents a day for each hand (the contractors getting seventy cents besides from the Territory). But the prisoners were to be humbugged and abused like the case of the cooper given heretofore. They did their tasks and earned as much as seventy-five cents a day besides. Therefore they were screwed down and finally not allowed to exceed fifteen cents a day for any amount of work, and this must be taken in grub, etc., out of a little store that was higher-priced than others where they wanted to buy. This ten to fifteen cents, however, added to the regular prison fare, made the eating good enough for those working in the factory. But they thought they ought to get more than just suitable grub, inasmuch as the contractors were getting seventy cents per day from the Territory, and they were earning $2 or $3 besides. And, moreover, they were often forced out to work when ill, and some of the work was dangerous, so that several got mutilated, three loosing three and four of their fingers, and never being in the least recompensed therefor in time or otherwise, and were cruelly and poorly treated and cared for, so that they suffered *terribly*. For example: The doctor (?) in trimming what was left of a mutilated hand, sawed off the finger bones with a *wood saw!*

One or two foremen did all they could to have the men treated right, but failing, quit the job—cursing the outfit as earnestly as did the victims. A guard thus had a row with the prison superintendent, and so earnest was he that he used his pistol, firing several shots, but as he did not kill him, it did but little good.

For various reasons *there is no class of people as easily controlled to do right as prisoners.* Therefore, whenever trouble occurs with them it is safe to those who love the truth, to consider their keepers as in the fault till *the prisoners are given a fair hearing* in the matter. And when a keeper is killed by a prisoner, it is safe to those who love the truth, to consider that he only got a small portion of the justice due such a cowardly tyrant.

These factory hands went to work as before shown with a good will to do good work, and as much of it as they could; and they required no more over-seeing or watching than the same number of free journeymen; yet the officials were not willing to treat them accordingly, because this would not satisfy their infernal passions of cruelty, torture, and greed; which, of course, kindled a desire on the other hand to resent and get even; I will give a few examples of how they would do this: A man working an intricate machine said to a chum near by, "I have been sick for two or three days, and ought to lay off and take some medicine, but it is no use to ask the devil of a warden, only to be insulted." Whereupon the chum takes the butt of a spike, drives it into a piece of the others material, and says: "Damn them, run that stick through your machine and break it up, so you can lay off while they are getting it fixed." And when the foreman *and chum* come running up to see what the racket was, the sick-but-happy-man was cursing—with his mouth—"some one unknown to him who must have a grudge against him," and "spiked the stick to get him into trouble." And then, as he is laying off with me in the hall, he mutters—from way down deep in his heart—"*G—d d—m them! they would work* ME TOO *into the grave, would they?*"

And he was perfectly willing for the works to be burned into smoke and a train was laid to send it sailing to the sky. When the prisoners were moved from Seatco, this man was pardoned, and knowing him to be a good hand if treated right, he was induced to remain in the factory (which was then being run with free labor) as assistant foreman of the works.

Pause and consider how, that it is often *circumstances* more than the man, that makes the baleful criminal, or the successful man.

Machine bearings were oiled (?) with sand and burnt. Cans of oil, etc., etc., would have holes punched in them and thus emptied. Light tools of all sorts and material were thrown away and destroyed. A man, in marking out work, would make little mistakes (?) of a quarter or a half inch—enough to practically spoil the work—like prosecuting attorneys and court clerks who thus make "errors" in an indictment or bill of costs, to be used as a pretext for a new trial for one of the gang, who says to his opponent: "If you follow me through the courts, it will break you up;" and it does. Who ever heard of such errors (?) in favor of a Christian against a Mason or Odd Fellow?

Men loading the finished work into cars would give glazed doors and windows a farewell kick, and smash them.

The cedar dust was disagreeable to all, and to some it was *very injurious*; and the boys wanted all of the windows opened, but, for some pretext or another, this was refused. Consequently when the foreman was out of sight, some one would hurl a club and *crash!* goes a window; the foreman goes towards the racket and *crash!* goes another behind him, which is repeated at intervals, until there was not a whole pane of glass in the building to throw at, and they remained open until winter.

Sometimes they would strike, that is more or less of them, and take a siege of bread and water.

One morning there was a row at the factory; a man had been put on bread and water for refusing to run a certain machine, unless his irons were removed, he having to use his feet, and it was *dangerous*. So a part of the boys were refusing to go to work, unless he was released. The warden was sent for and started to take down the names of those who had struck —telling them to separate from the others, for him to "put them below" (on bread and water).

There was a new comer present, who was not taking any action, so the warden said, "are you into this." "I don't know what the trouble is about, but you can count me in with the boys that are striking, I guess they are right and I will stand in with them." And he did.

Finally, after several attempts were made to burn the business down, and finding that they were bound to succeed, the company nearly dispensed with their services and they were soon to be moved away.

Wherever the pardoning power is vested in the Governor, he can always prevent or atone for any abuse of prisoners, and he has other powers also, to protect them, and also the people at large. But when he belongs to the gang, he need not be expected to exercise the office honestly.

A prisoner should never be removed from the county wherein he was living and known; then he would continue to be known—favorably or unfavorably, as the case might be—but he and his conduct could then be TRULY known. And when he did not get justice or was abused, *he could make this known also to the people,* WHO SHOULD HAVE THE POWER *by written expression of two-thirds of the voters in the county, to release a prisoner at any time;* thus making EFFECTIVE *the right of petition,* which blackleg Governors spurn and over-ride, *to enable secret midnight influences to prevail.*

Surely, there should be a security, THAT THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT OF THE PEOPLE SHALL BE LAW!

And that this shall not be over-ridden by any little secret gang, or a servile official.

Oh, Ye "Prison Reformers!"

Look ye here and learn something!! from one who *knows* whereof he speaks.

When in prison, the prisoners should be provided with shop room to work in, and allowed to buy and use such hand machinery and stock as they may desire, and to *work for themselves* and *attend to their own business.* All such to pay the *necessary* expense of their keeping from the proceeds of their work.

Tradesmen would take in as partners those who were inexperienced, but could furnish stock or outfit, and would employ as journeymen those who were both inexperienced and poor.

And by attending to their own business, they would get about *full prices for their work.*

To assist them in doing so, would encourage honest industry and be a practical, honest, Christian charity; then they could *buy* their 'tracts and flowers,' and even suitable food, care for their families and have something to do with, and defend themselves against the gang on their release.

They would establish brands and business reputations, that would be as reliable and should be as much sought after and patronized, as that of other business firms. And an interest in such a name and business would sell better to the new-comer or the old stayer, whose interest it would be to keep it good.

It should be seen to that honest industry pays and that honesty is made respectable.

The prisoner's rights should be precisely like those of other men, except as to their confinement.

Punishment should be awarded only by a justice of the peace, or higher court *(who should not belong to any secret, sworn brotherhood),* in open, public court; and punishment not to exceed close confinement with bread and water diet.

Such a system, I KNOW, *is entirely practicable, and means reform* to such prisoners as need reforming half as much as do the courts, and also means a *saving and security to the people.*

However, be it known, that to reform most men, who need reforming, it is first necessary that they be convinced that they are worse than other men, who are considered good enough for governors, judges, senators and even presidents, that are loaded down with praises and power, and their false names and their persons held sacred against justice, as meted out to better men, when they are *known to be venal, cruel and corrupt*.

They reason that if honor depends only on success, and dishonor only on failure to succeed, and the worst devils are the most successful, then why should they reform?

Men, who are really bad, are often so *after much study and consideration* and experience in the world, and while some have gotten to be governors, judges and senators, others are quite as successful in villainy with a sandbag; while others again, not so bold, cunning or lucky, get into prison. Still these have hopes that they will yet be as cunning, bold or lucky as the others, who are enjoying success, and frequently declare that "there are men working and saving up stakes for them to take when they get out."

Now don't you see, that, to change their course in life, there must be an outspoken, active *voting* sentiment and power that shall make virtue, industry and honesty *respectable and successful*—even in the courts!—and that will make vice, idleness and dishonesty disgraceful and a failure—even in the courts and at the polls?

That they must be assured, that, if they honestly labor, they can reap and enjoy the just fruits thereof themselves! And that, what they may win by honest toil, they shall have a right to defend, and shall not be pillaged of it; nor of their liberty!

But this cannot be done, while they know that so few wholly escape from the gangs of midnight conspirators, that have a den in nearly every county, to prostitute the courts and other functions of government, to over-ride the will of the people and pillage all they can throw down in the way; and when they can put their fingers on so many victims who have earned and won so much by hard and persistent toil, only to be robbed and ravaged and looted, and held to languish in prison with no one "working and saving up stakes" for *them* when *they* get out. For these there is nothing but bitter desolation!

There are some who would practice virtue and live the golden rule only because it is *right* to do so, whether they "succeed or fail," live or languish. But they are unsought, undefended and unsung.

Nothing desired by prisoners need be excluded from a prisoner except whiskey, opium and cards. *Steel and iron and the opening of letters does not keep prisoners from breaking away.* A phial of acid and an old case knife will let a prisoner out of any cell; and any one having practical friends on the outside can, in one way or another, get these. Guards are all that holds prisoners who want to break away. And a single night-watchman prevented any such escape for over eight years at the Seatco Bastile, and he slept so much that his snoring was a nuisance. The prison was of wood, and *all the tools of a blacksmith shop, a farm and a factory were accessible to the prisoners*, and any one could have a case knife that wanted it.

Not more than fifty per cent. of prisoners need any guarding at all, and if dealt with honestly and generously, not more than twenty-five per cent. would break away if they could. Not that they are willing slaves and satisfied, but because they dread being fugitives, and want to get out right.

October 1, 1883, Washington Territory legislature assembled. And this from the Governor's message:

"The penitentiary at Seatco contains seventy-three persons.

The cost of their maintenance for the past two years has been thirty-three thousand dollars."

[The number of prisoners at that time was not seventy-three but sixty-seven. But it is reasonable to suppose that the brother contractors were drawing pay for the six extra that the brother Governor allowed them, which would amount to $1,533 a year, and for nine years $13,797. If there was no censorship over a prisoner's correspondence, such errors (?) would never occur. There were men in prison for long terms for stealing only a few dollars.]

His Excellency continues.—"The management is judicious and firm, very properly tempered with kindness." [*Kindness!*]

"The prisoners have general good health, and but few deaths have occurred." [He does not tell how some of them died, or the number.]

"When seriously sick they are placed in the hospital, have good accommodations, nursing, and excellent medical attention." [I have heretofore described the hospital (?), and given examples of the "nursing" and "excellent medical attention" that the sick in reality did get.]

"They are provided with abundant food in suitable variety, ample clothing and ordinary sleeping cells."

[He ought to be fed on such grub the rest of his life, and wear light cotton clothing all the year round, which he says is "ample."]

"They [the prisoners] are generally well disposed in conduct." [Then why did he not give them "generally" the rebatement of time provided by law on account of the same?]

"And not a few of them give evidence of a desire to become good citizens." [How could they help it with such "virtuous" examples before them?]

"Moveable shackles have been introduced and used in many cases to the *comfort*, benefit and satisfaction of the convicts, who remove them at meal time, at night, and on Sundays." [That is many who had not been wearing *any* irons before were now made "comfortable," satisfied," and "benefitted," by their use.]

"In the out of door system of labor [which he favored] it is considered unsafe to dispense with the riveted shackles in view of the additional temptation and facilities for escape incident to the new irons, but in any cases where they can be safely used they are always applied."

[The *law* in regard to this matter of the preceding legislature, meaning to "*forthwith do away* with the riveted irons," and which himself recommended with his mouth and pen, and official seal, *had been practically ignored*, and the foregoing is the Governor's excuse for the crime of torturing better men to put money into the contractors' pockets. They were getting hotel rates for keeping the prisoners without their labor; yet the Governor ignored, *violated the law*, and favored their keeping their victims in *heavy double irons, night and day, all the time, and so they had to sleep in their clothes for years!* And this to enable the contractors to more securely and with less guards coin their heart's blood into money!

And, moreover, did the irons on the men with the guard who fell asleep, hold them from escaping (?): Certainly not. It was the little humanity exercised by the guard. These prisoners had axes in their hands to cut and break off their irons, and a rifle and pistol at their feet to defend themselves; they were in the woods and the guard was asleep! Yet his Excellency says officially in his message, that "in any cases where they can be safely used they [the moveable irons] are *always applied.*" *Say!* would any one but a tyrant iron such prisoners *at all?*

Even men confined to their beds with sickness were in double irons, and when the prisoners were moved away from this secret hell, these very ones were accorded all of their short time, as no bad conduct had ever been charged against them. Such was the real "kindness" and "*nursing*" (?) of the Governor and company. And the victims who so horribly suffered have *a right that the truth be known.*

The message continues.—"Moral instructors have been appointed, and have discharged the duties imposed faithfully, and with decidedly satisfactory effect."

[Yet they had *no influence to reform* any of the abuses or to liberate prisoners whom they knew to be innocent.

"*Those lives which you have labored to destroy.*"]

"I have," says the Governor, "issued but few pardons save under the statute allowing rebate of five days to each month for good behavior upon the recommendation of the superintendent." [Now, instead of his stating that the superintendent *was always one of the contractors or their hand,* and was loth to recommend seventy cents a day besides the labor out of their pockets, and that the law was therefore a humbug, needing to be changed as according to it, nearly all of the prisoners' conduct was bad, as he chose to be governed by the superintendent who was "*the doctor, Governor, and the law,*" he said the following *stuff*: "This law is most salutary, inspiring good conduct with hope of reward which is always recognized by the pardoning power."

[Other States had laws securing a rebatement of about one-third of the time for good conduct; and after the prisoners were finally taken from the contractors such a law was passed for them. But while the gang were getting big pay - or rather *plunder*—out of the prisoners and people, the Governors were satisfied with the old law which was no benefit at all to the prisoners and people, as the prisoners got no more short time after its passage than before. Most Governors can give as much short time as they please, with or without any special law. Sometimes prisoners are released by the Governor *before they reach the prison at all*, as has been seen. I thus call attention to the mere gabble and deceit, and rot of "great (?) state papers." "*What fools we mortals be?*"]

The "State paper" continues. "The present contract for confining, guarding, and boarding of the prisoners will expire on the first day of August, 1884, and before your successors assemble; it will be necessary for you to provide for future contingencies at this session. The present contractor has fulfilled *his obligation to the Territory honorably and efficiently*, has been at much expense in building the prison [with but one prodoor], and stockade [of wood that the prisoners did] and providing other necessary appliances [what were they?], has valuable experience and is worthy of your considerate attention, if he presents a proposition to renew the contract."

[Could any contract slave-trader plead his own case any better than this? The prison, etc., cost about $4,000; and those six paper prisoners alone would amount to $*13,797*!

It is a wonder that he did not recommend that the "honorable" contractors be paid $15,000 for the loss (?) of the work of those absent or paper men.]

"A law of Congress provides that all Territories, except Washington, shall have as a donation the United States prisons located within their respective domains, upon their admission, as States. In view of this remarkable exception against us, I suggest that you petition Congress to give us the prison at McNeil's Island at the proper time, which, if secured, will afford an economical solution of the subject for the future."

[This could have been gotten for $36,000 at the outset; thus effecting a saving to the Territory of over $*125,000* while these contracts were running, and over $125,000 *more* expended in the prison at Walla Walla, as the prison on the island could be easily self-supporting and without using a single iron of any description or any other brutality. But the masonic committee of the legislature reported, on examination, that "*it was unsafe to keep prisoners.*" So they paid their brethren, with the people's money, hotel rates and their labor, to board and guard the prisoners, and furnish such a *safer* (?) place that they *kept them in double irons night and day, all the time to hold them!*

Is it not a burning outrage that such a gang of traitors and bribe-takers should be in office, and so fixed with the "good judiciary," that under the shadow of official authority they can murder, ravage and suck the heart's blood of their victims with impunity, and go pic-nicking with their plunder—these conquering and crowned criminals! And they have passed a law virtually making it a "*crime*" for anyone to show up their crimes to the people. And the courts virtually hold that their "persons and feelings are sacred," and that they "cannot be guilty in law of crime to be punished as other men," and that "outsiders have no rights or feelings that they must respect."

From the Press: "The Seattle *Herald* recently accused the Argus of purchased silence in the matter of the penitentiary at Seatco, but makes *amends honorable* editorially in the following language:" "Our statement made in a recent issue of the silence of the *Argus* on the question of the necessity of investigation of the officers of the penitentiary is withdrawn. The *Argus*, as its rule is, gives its indorsation (at least to the extent of quotation) to our efforts to expose an abuse of authority which is simply a disgrace to our coast, and a reflection on the civilization which we are proud to think characteristic of this country—even if we are far west."

"CRUEL."—"From members of the legislature the Seattle Chronicle learns of a state of affairs at the penitentiary that demands immediate and full investigation. The prisoners are clothed in the lightest sort of apparel. Their pants are usually dungeree, and they have but the single pair. One man stated that he had had but one pair of pants in thirteen months—the time he had been there. When they work out and get wet, their clothes dried on them in bed. The heaviest irons are used—one man wearing twenty-five pound shackles for a number of years, but now they are seventeen pounds. These shackles are never taken off—are worn night and day until the men step out free."

The Tacoma *Ledger* said: "It is not at all surprising that [the gang] is opposed to the construction of a Territorial penitentiary....The failure to build one might mean much money in the pocket of [the gang]....Chinamen worked for ninety cents a day and were driven from the country. [The gang] hire out their slaves for fifty cents a day, and persons claiming to be enemies of cheap labor would aid in the perpetuation of this system."

"*The Penitentiary.*"—"From time to time reports have oozed out from the penitentiary at Seatco. They have not varied much. The testimony coming from that sequestered place of confinement has swept in general scope the same field, and laid practically the same charges at the door of the management of that institution. Two years ago the members of the legislature visited Seatco, and at that time, here and there, it was said that the treatment of the inmates was of a sort better adapted for the care of animals than human beings. It is a system wrong in principle, and doubly so in practice. It opens the door for the entrance of personal greed of gain, cruelty, and neglect of men so kept....Against the management at Seatco the charge is made that the prisoners are not properly fed, are miserably clothed, and are often punished when there is not the slightest reason for it. It is natural that a contractor should desire to make all he can out of his contract [but it is always in the power and province of the Governor to prevent any abuse]. They form sufficient basis for a far more rigid examination of the manner in which the institution is conducted. Hitherto *the inspection has been no better than none—not so good in fact.* The members of the legislature visiting Seatco have simply complied with the letter and not the spirit of the laws—abuse and criminal neglect should be prevented. Let the legislature make a careful examination of the treatment of the prisoners at Seatco, and know from practical observation that the cupidity of contractors, and the natural thirst for cruelty, which is the usual result of absolute power, do not over-leap the line of simple justice."

AS TO THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE AT STEILACOOM, WASH.—His Excellency (?) in his message says: "Personal observation and a study of the reports satisfy me that the affairs of the Hospital for the Insane have been managed in an intelligent, humane and economical manner, by the Board of Trustees, also that the medical and hygienic treatment have been eminently skillful and successful, and the general supervision careful and thorough."

AN INMATE AT THE TIME WRITES.—"....The patients are not guilty of crime but are often over-worked. Brutal treatment is not the kind of usage which the government intended, this institution is conducted by brute force. The government of this institution is a failure. Profane and obscene language, that I never before heard of a parallel, is used by the wardens with one single exception. In conclusion I would state that the tax payers of Washington territory have a right to know of the dark and dreadful scenes that I have witnessed—the beating of patients for no just cause, that the heart sickens when we reflect that the records of barbarism fail to produce a parallel to this infamous treatment of innocent men, guilty of no crime, and *left without redress, who are threatened with sudden and terrible penalties if they reveal the facts in any case whatever.* I believe in an almighty and merciful providence; I resorted to that source, and from that I received courage to divulge the base conduct of those entrusted with the care of those unfortunate patients. I am only doing what my conscience dictates. The fear of man is not worthy of a serious and candid thought."

GEO. W. SLOAN.

From the Press.—"Adjudged Insane". "Two inquests in lunacy were held in the Probate court yesterday. [Blank] and Geo. White were adjudged insane, and committed to the Asylum. In the case of the latter a trial was demanded and granted. In the course of the evidence "it came out" that White was laboring under the delusion that a conspiracy had been formed against his life, and he accordingly went armed to the teeth, and kept a constant lookout for his supposed enemies. A bowie knife and revolver were taken from his person. Judge [Blank] considered him an unsafe man to be at large, and gave judgment accordingly."

[REFLECT! that with control of the courts, press, and secret "asylums" (?), how easy it would be for the gang to thus put a victim out of the way, when, after conspiring against his life and property, they find that he is aware of their job and has armed himself accordingly for his defense. *Such conspiracies are often real* and *not a "delusion"* at all—*as the remains of so many victims secretly murdered,* and the wrecks of many homes are witnesses. *And this Judge most likely had a pistol in his own pocket at the time, to kill somebody.*

As example of how victims are shanghaied from other States, to be buried alive in living tombs where the "management is so '*humane! and careful*' (?) to keep them from 'making trouble.'"

I give the following from the *Press*:—"V.... B.... is thrice more sane than her tormentors, and she is unjustly held in the Steilacoom asylum. The idea that she should be held there in solitary confinement to prevent her from exposing a villain, while he is allowed to run at large in this State, is preposterous. Every disinterested person who has visited V.... B.... willingly states that they believe her to be sane. A physician who was called expressly to see her, scorns the idea that she is not in her right mind, and if her friends desire to do her justice, let them comply with the demands of the poor girl, and have her examined thoroughly by two or three physicians, and not entice her away into a strange land, have a secret examination, and then, before she knows what is the matter, have her locked in a cell."

> "..Why was it, that in establishing her insanity, two common laboring men, whom V.... B.... never saw in her life before—as she states—were brought forward to testify, when, she was examined in Washington Territory as to her sanity; and who was the physician who conducted that examination? It would be interesting to the people to know. If they were to go to Steilacoom and there see the tears course down the cheeks of a poor girl, hear her supplications for deliverance from her enemies, and listen to her sensible talk on all subjects, a visitor might suggest, they would perhaps change their opinion in relation to the matter. V.... B.... asks only for an honest examination, and a *public* one; at the hands of physicians selected by disinterested parties, and she should have it. It will do no harm to her, and will satisfy the public mind."

Were it not for the law (heretofore given) forbidding censorship as to her out-going letters, *how would the "public mind" become interested to care about her fate;* she was thus enabled to make her case known, to gain friends, when the press *outside of the territory* (*and gang*) agitated and plead her cause. And so the paper (*Portland Mercury*, of September 16, 1883) continues:

> "As the case now stands, the girl has friends, and is getting them by the score every day, and if Lawyer [Blank] does not want a hornet's nest of public opinion around his ears, he will come to the front, and not only enlighten the people as to how he managed to get her into the insane asylum, but who paid the bills and who gave the medical examination. V.... B.... from the appearance of things is unjustly detained at the Steilacoom asylum [with its "*humane and careful and thorough*" management!] and if those she is calling on, do not come to her assistance, she will go wild with grief *and become a maniac to a certainty.*" [*Many are thus* MADE INSANE.]

[When the legislature met, one of the members, disregarding the Governor's message as to the "*humane* and careful management" of the institution, was instrumental in having the girl released, and she went forthwith to work, setting type in a printing office—so she was not very insane; the "good judiciary" and Governor to the contrary notwithstanding.

No prison should ever be entrusted to men who love darkness and mystery better than light and truth.

No doubt there were, and are at *this very time, when you are reading this*, many innocent and sane victims there, as well as elsewhere; *for brutal keepers could prevent them from making their cases known in spite of the law* to the contrary. And *even* *this Governor* was, by a successor, recommended to the legislature, for A TRUSTEE TO THIS VERY INSTITUTION.

It should be made by law DEATH ON SIGHT, to any official squelching any prisoner's case from the public. And a majority of the voters of any county *should be empowered by law to release a prisoner from an asylum*; and two-thirds from any other prison.

There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals; will not the plaintive wails of human suffering find any willing and earnest ears?

Says the Portland, Oregon, *News*:—"A prominent man of Chihalis, Washington Territory, who is in the city, says that many persons are sent to the insane asylum at Steilacoom who are as sane as those who commit them. An investigation would be justice to those who are evidently victims of official ignorance."

[*Ignorance (?)* is it? Then let the *people* judge!]

Once again:—"James Balch was discharged from the asylum at Steilacoom on the 18th inst. [1888] on a writ of habeas corpus. He has been an inmate of the asylum for five years, and claims to have been perfectly sane all the time."

EXPERT TESTIMONY.—"In the case of a woman, who had been confined two years in the asylum, five experts testified that she was perfectly sane, and that her confinement as a lunatic was an outrage; but those who were interested in keeping her shut up brought forward five other experts who swore that she was crazy and unfit to be at large. This illustrates the usual effect of expert testimony by which courts and juries are bewildered and rendered incapable of rendering just decisions.

Under the practice which commonly prevails in the trial of insanity and patent cases, and suits for damages for bodily injury, experts are hired to give an opinion for the side on which they are employed. They are advocates rather than witnesses, and their employment as such is one of the most notorious abuses that now flourish in our courts."

AS TO THE TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY, the Governor, in his message, has *never a word* to say as to the wholesale stealing by the Masons, of *the lands belonging to it*, though he asks that the legislature appropriate the people's money to run this looted institution; and *looted with impunity*! And he says, "Five thousand and fifty-seven acres of University lands, as donated by Congress, have not yet been selected."

From the Press:—"The number of acres (of University lands) still remaining unselected is only 500 or 600, instead of 5,000, as reported by Governor [Links]. Some years ago *75,000* acres of choice timber land were picked out by a commission, and set aside for the benefit of a University. The land is all gone with the exception of some 500 acres, and nothing to show for it, but a modern structure that cost about $10,000; and the land on which it stands goes to other parties should the University ever be moved. Would it not be well for the people of the Queen City to investigate this matter and see where the $250,000, now due said Territorial University, have gone? And yet, in the face of all this, Seattle [and the Governor] persists in asking the legislature for an appropriation each session, to keep it from being rented out for a lodging house. There has been a *mystery* hanging over our Territorial University since its foundation, and it has never been a credit to our people and Territory. No doubt, the time will come when an investigation will be called, and the true inwardness and condition be known."

[The ring press called this Governor's message a "Great State Paper." And the secret brethren could afford to do so.]

CHAPTER XVII.

Prison experience, *continued*.—My personal efforts and that of my friends for my release from the Bastile, for some kind of a *trial*, and for only a respectful hearing.—The result, etc.—"Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, she only asks a hearing."—Letters of my wife; governors, judges, and various other persons, and correspondence.—Petitions, recommendations, etc., etc., how they were treated, etc., etc.

SOON after my arrival at Seatco, I addressed a letter to the Governor, giving him a concise statement of my case and situation. I begged him to investigate the matter, and gave him reference as to the same, so that he could do so with very little trouble. I also asked him to state to me what showing and proof and kind of petition he would require to release me.

But he would not even answer my letter.

He was a Freemason ring man, so what did he care for me or mine, so long as none of the secret brethren complained?

I was bringing into the gang seventy cents a day besides my labor, and my home and family were being ravaged; which condition of cruel persecution and pillage was entirely satisfactory to his Excellency (?).

I had approached him in a very civil, open, frank, honest way, without any mystic signs or middleman of secret intrigue and corruption. I simply wanted a respectful hearing, and for him to correct a brutal, corrupt, and hellish outrage, which by his official oath *he was sworn to do*. Yet *he spurned me even a hearing*! His time being about out, it was not thought possible that another such as he would be appointed. He had been in office when the infamous, *brutal swindle of a contract job was done, and the Seatco Bastile established*; therefore it was not to be expected that he had any heart, humanity, or sense of justice.

> "You disdained and *renounced my justice*, and turned aside and wounded with a stab my honest pride—to repress the manly swelling in my breast."

As it was thus evident that nothing good could be accomplished with him, my friends delayed getting up petitions until the new Governor would take his seat. This was the "Gallinipper," who was soon afterwards appointed, but he did not arrive to assume the office until late in October, (1880).

Meanwhile and afterwards, my wife and others wrote as follows:

"HOME, July 26, 1879.

DEAR HUSBAND:—I received your letter last night; your advice is good as it always is, and has always been, and I will try very hard to profit by it; but there are many disadvantages to contend with, more especially to be obliged to borrow money to save our home from being swept away, and all of us left homeless; but your attorneys shall not have our home they tried so hard to get; they, who undertook to defend you, and extorted all of our means, and then gave you away without even an effort to save you. Those whom I have talked to about it say, that "of all the trials they ever heard of, this beats anything yet;" not even one-half of your witnesses used. It is the most unjust affair ever recorded, and if the Governor could only get to know the *whole truth*, you would be sent home at once. Neighbor after neighbor speak of the injustice you have to suffer, and say that you were "such a good neighbor" to live by. Even Mr..... exclaimed, to a company who were discussing the outrage you are suffering: "I am an old man, and can say that I never lived by a more honest, upright man, and kinder neighbor than he, and he was the same to all as he was to me."

And, my dear husband, there is not that person living who can say ought against you, and tell the truth .... but do not blame me, George, and when you think of it, "think tenderly of me, for I am travel-worn—my feet are pierced with many a thorn when dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need the tenderness for which I long to-night.

If I should die to-night, you would call to mind—with loving thought some kindly deed my icy hand had wrought—some gentle word my frozen lips had said—errands on which my willing feet had sped. The memory of my selfishness and pride, my hasty words, would all be put aside, and I would rest forgiven of all to-night."..................... EFFIE."

"August 5th, 1879.

....I just received your letter. Children are all in bed, and I am here all alone to-night; would to God I was with you.....Mr. S..was here to-day, he says that every one says that your attorneys did not defend you at all; he says come to him and he will work with and assist me in making the truth known to the Governor. And Mr. B.... told me the same. P.... and H... are very warm friends. I have a good deal of confidence in Mr. S... for he is a very smart man and well posted in law, and his advice is the same *as yours*;... had you got justice you would have been *cleared* at preliminary trial, but they don't go according to law here. . . . . I enclose children's pictures. . . . I can only say *be your own dear self*, and you will be all right;. . . write often, for if you expect me to live, you must not forget that I live only on cheering words from you; your letters to me are as some life-saving boat to a drowning man,. . . and now good night. 'We miss thee at home, *yes, we miss* thee—there lingers one gloomy shade round me that only your presence can light.' Your loving wife,

EFFIE."

"HOME, September 28, 1879.

Inez and Clyde have been sick, and May is unwell. I am about the same.................................'Leave me not yet—leave me not cold and lonely; leave not the life that borrows from thee only, all of delight and beauty it hath. Tell me not time (whose wing my brow has shaded), has whithered spring's sweet bloom within my heart. Ah, no; the rose of *Love* is yet unfaded, though hope of joy, its sister flower, depart. Leave me not, my human teacher, lonely and lost in this cold water of ours. Heaven knows, I need thy music and thy help, still to beguile me on my weary way. To lighten to my soul the cares of duty, to charm my wild heart in the worldly revel—lest I too join the aimless, false and vain. Let me not lower to the soulless level of those whom now I pity and disdain. Oh, fly not to Heaven, or let me share thy flight.'.........

.... EFFIE."

"October 29th, 1879.

....I have been very sick. I am so tired, and worried to death nearly. ....I only hope to live to circulate petition, and to succeed in seeing you home once more, and if I fail, death will be a welcome messenger. I am so tired of seeing our property going, that we worked so hard for.....

.... EFFIE."

"HOME, November 3d, 1879.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—I wrote you a few days ago, but this being Sunday, I thought I would write you a long letter. I am getting better, but gain strength so slow....I am well enough to walk out to the granary. Clarence has gone to church with Carrie....I found Mr. J.... the same true friend—upholding you in everything.....I will get Mr. B....[an eye witness to the fight] to sign a statement, same as he told Mr. B...., Mr. H.... and others after the fight. And will also get them to send a statement of the same; will also have Mr. and Mrs. H.... send to the Governor, what Mrs. [Jumper] said [Jumper] said when he left the house with his gun [to murder me]. I will also get people here to write to the Governor that they believe Mc.... swore to a lie as to you having threatened [Jumper], as many have expressed themselves so, and he tells different and conflicting stories yet about it. [This was the only neighbor not on my petition]. L.... told me right after the fight that 'it was a mystery to him why the first shot did not kill us both,'—and that at his (Jumper's) second shot, 'Mr. France would never have known what killed him, if I had not struck down the muzzle of the gun, as it was aimed past me at his heart.' B.... also told the same story, and he told me that you 'was not to blame, that you did just right,' [which is the verdict of all who know my case, except thieves and members of the gang]. ....The children are all well, but Clyde has been sick. Inez is a great, big girl and pretty as a picture—hair just as curly. May is growing very fast and is almost boss of the place. Clarence is also growing fast. You would hardly know me. I am so poor—am very tired, and as you see very nervous. I expected to be able to see you this fall, but money is so scarce [the brutal traitors and thieves were spending it for whiskey and other vices]. But I will be there after you some of these days—soon as I can get around to it.................... Your loving wife, EFFIE."

"HOME, February 1st, 1880.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—Everything has been a whirl of excitement and trouble......... I have been so sick, and mother was buried a week ago yesterday......and failure to raise money when due, all combined....... Judge W. will not now sign petition, as he and the Governor are enemies; and says, that 'to sign it, while he is Governor, would only prolong your time, as he would pay no other attention to his signature in your favor.' .... I can speak above a whisper only part of the time. The children are well and having a big play.......Your own loving wife, EFFIE."

"HOME, April 4th, 1880.

..........Mr. N.... sends me word that he had written to you [the letter was squelched, as was usual] and says that he will use all the influence he has in your behalf. Mr. H.... says the same also.............. EFFIE."

....

"HOME, May 4th, 1880.

....George, I now hope to see you soon, if all things are as we now expect....I wish I could just step in for you to-night. Babies are all asleep and well—Clarence and May started for school to-day....We think that Judge W.... will now sign petition. [Note.—But while the Judge said he would not oppose my pardon at any time, he maintained that "it was no part of his business to solicit any man's restoration, that this is the Governor's province, and for him to exercise whenever it appears proper to do so."]....Enclosed find locks of Clidie's and Inie's hair. Also copy of letter from Bro. O.... and Mr. H.... with his petition, the other has not come yet..................... EFFIE M. FRANCE."

.............."April 1st, 1880.

MY OLD FRIEND GEORGE.—Enclosed find petition of such representative men of Ulster county, N. Y., who knew your father's family of their own personal acquaintance; and our representative in Congress then secured some signatures, outside of Ulster county, that I don't know, except by reputation.

I would be glad to do anything in my power for you, knowing that you were always right when here, and we have no doubt as to the situation of the affair out there.

Do not get discouraged; an honest man is the noblest work of God. And any man who attempts to live honest, must meet just such trials and difficulties as you have gone through, unless he will consent to buy his peace.

Knowing your strictly moral and honest habits and disposition from childhood, I feel there must be some way for you to be restored.

Judge Westbrook said, he thought the President had the pardoning power of a territory. Anyway, if pardon is denied by the Governor, have petitions returned to you for future reference. [But the blackleg Governors would *never do this.*]

If there is anything I can do for you, please make it known and it shall be done, if possible.

Still hoping for the best, I remain your true friend,

C. A. J. Hardenbergh,
Supervisor of the Town of Shawangunk, Ulster county."
[Afterwards Assemblyman.]

Wm. Lounsberry, M. C., Ulster county.
H. Westbrook, Judge Supreme Court.
Rob't A. Snyder, Sheriff, Ulster county.
Alton B. Reuben, Surrogate, "
Chas. A. Foster, Senator, "
Thos. E. Benerich, Member Assembly.
Peter D. Lefever, " "
J. M. Bailey, " "
Frederick Mills, " "
E. M. Madden, Senator.
John H. Rogen, Teller.

Mr. H. had been justice of the peace for eighteen consecutive years, and was all the time the most trusted representative of the people of his section in various capacities.

I will here state that, which none but a thief and liar will deny, that my good character and innocence of any crime from the cradle to the gang's Bastile, was *established* as truly and plainly as can any other man in this Territory, in or out of prison, establish his. But only to find that I had less consideration and security to enjoy the fruits of my honorable toil and unflawed character, than did the blood-sucking shysters and robbers the fruits of their secret intrigue and crime. "Moral distinctions die out of the minds of wicked men. They become incapable of moral judgment or of any sensation of pity. The despoilers of homes seek the cover of night and the protection of banded crime for their wickedness."

"When the meanest citizen is oppressed, the proudest might well tremble."

"HOME, June 29th, 1880.

MY DEAR HUSBAND :—....Have been circulating petition, but hear that the Governor will not come out here [from the States] until fall ;.... will complete it when we get ready to go to Olympia. [She gives the names of ten persons as the only ones who refused to sign petition for my release, and they were either members of the gang, or were ignorant of my case.] 'Three weeks ago I weighed 122 pounds; to-day 104 pounds. I have a fever every day...I tell you we will go *well prepared* to the Governor, with strong petitions, etc., etc., and think it will be about the first of October.
.... EFFIE."

"August 24th, 1880.

....Children have the whooping cough....I am taking medicine for my lungs—horehound honey, tar and rum—and I have to take for my liver may-apple-root, and then add to that bitters to strengthen and make me eat. I get tired before I get around. [I had always kept my family and myself in good health without drugs or doctors ; but such trouble is killing to those who innocently suffer, though it be considered by the robbing home ravagers as but paying sport to them. Indeed, the misery of their victims is to them the essence of delight, and they think it tends to their safety to break the health and spirits of such as are best esteemed by others for their virtue, and even to resolve upon their utter destruction.]

"HOME, September 19th, 1880.

....................There is yet seventy acres of grain to harvest, this ninety acres on homestead is threshed.................................. Wheat only thirty-five cents, delivered. [But hogs were a good price, and I had my farm stocked to feed up all I could raise on the whole 480 acres, which was mostly well fenced for the purpose. I was fixed so that I could have made $1,500 to $2,000 a year clear. And this I intended to invest mostly in stock each year, which with their increase would, in a few years, amount to $50,000, which will give an idea as to this, *the least phase* of the ravage done me by the gang of robbers, backed by a rotten government. Hogs were as high as eight cents on foot, but my large stock of them, together with my other stock and most everything else, was sacrificed and wasted away by my situation, until my family and affairs were swamped in a general wreck so that the midnight conspirators could fatten on human misery and blood.]

"December 20th, 1880.

..........As I have written you before I am not able to undertake the journey to Olympia, so I have written to the Governor explaining why I do not go, and Mr. N.... and P.... have written also; and now the petitions, etc., will follow the letters. I would much rather have taken them to the Governor, but I cannot go, and trust that sending them will do as well.........................

EFFIE."

"January 28th, 1881.

..........I am anxiously looking for some word from you, and we look for you by the 10th of February if not sooner........will meet you in Dayton........I have so much to tell you........get Clarence a knife, Clyde a gun, and May and Inez each a doll............[Think !]..am so nervous, could talk better than write. Believing you will be home inside of two weeks, I will close and wait until I see you. I am waiting.

'Waiting, quietly waiting,
  To hear his step at the door;
Starting at every murmur,
  Striving to rest once more:
Stilling her heart's wild beating,
  With hands clasped over her breast,
Praying for peace and patience,
  Patience and peace and rest.

Long are the hours of daylight,
  Weary and dull and long;
Life's work seemeth a burden
  Hushed is her lute, her song:
Waiting, forever waiting,
  For day to fade in the sky;
Waiting for night's dark shadow
  Which brings the loved one nigh.

Waiting with painful longing,
  To lay his head on her heart;
Waiting, though knowing always,
  That they must forever part:
Powerless now to resist it,
  The love which unbidden has grown,
Like ivy—creeping and clinging—
  In love round the granite stone.

Waiting without an effort
  To cast his image afar;
Looking at him as travelers
  Look to the evening star.

Waiting, though knowing to-morrow
Will unite them—yes, for aye—
But waiting and hoping and wishing
To see him once more to-day.' EFFIE."

"HOME, *February 10th*, 1881.

..........We are hourly expecting you home, as the petitions, etc., etc., to the Governor were mailed the 18th of January, over three weeks ago, and you have probably received money ($50)............If this is a failure, but I cannot think it is, I shall see you in the spring, for I will go and see you and the Governor myself.....................Oh, George, I am with you in my dreams every night and all the day........I can do nothing but wait as patiently as I can............They say, 'George will come as fast as he can.' Oh, do not tarry a moment.

'All through the day, watching for you,
Though I am far away I will be near you;
I cannot cheer you, yet I will stay,
I will be near you all through the day.

All through the day, seeking in vain,
Wings for the hours—weighted with pain
All things are drear—nothing is gay,
Yet I will be with you all through the day.

Worn is my frame, wan is my cheek,
Low are my accents, broken and weak,
Yet sweet to think of you all day,
And I will be with you, all through the day. EFFIE."

From a friend visiting my wife at this time:

"AT YOUR HOME, February 10th, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND:—We are looking every time the dog barks to see if you are coming..........I almost *know* the Governor cannot pass your petitions by, but would be much better satisfied if Mrs. F.... had taken it herself. Mr. .... started a week ago to meet you, and we are hourly looking for you. I am writing this and, at the same time, hoping you may not get it till it returns. But if you are fated to stay there until this may reach you, and it helps to pass a lonely moment, I shall consider it was not written in vain.................Children are calling in as they pass from school to hear if you have come........and if you delay longer than Saturday, I am afraid I will not have the pleasure to help welcome you to your own dear home and family.

Your friend, MRS. F. G. M...

From a sister:—All of my people being in accord with her as to my case, as are my friends also elsewhere; none of whom have been able to discover any fault of mine to justify the robbery and persecution practised against me, and are alike startled at the *plain* and *evident* fact, that a peaceful, law-abiding, well-to-do, respected citizen can be thus shanghaied from his hard and well earned home, to be pillaged of his livelihood, liberty, love and happiness, and condemned to a horrible, lingering, tedious death, without recourse that even a cannibal would get in his own country.

"A Sister's ceaseless tears,
Needs no imploring, passionate appeal."

"September 19th, 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—..................If ever in the world there was a case of justifiable homicide, yours is *clearly* and *surely* one; and to me and to *us all*, it is very strange the jury did not see it in that light. You certainly pursued an upright, straightforward course in the matter, doing *just what you should have done*..............A strange community, indeed, you must have been surrounded by to permit such work. But be patient, by the time the upright portion of your community have time to get their eyes open to a just sense of right and wrong, you will be pardoned out.......................

M. J. S."

Everybody, except members of the gang, or those having had experience, thought that just as soon as one's neighbors who knew the man and the case best of all, should petition for his restoration to them that the Governor was bound to act accordingly: little did they think that the blacklegs would spurn to even *look at their petitions*, when secretly opposed to members of the gang.

"September......1879.

..........We would very much rather have you *right* and where you are than wrong at home..................That L.... must have been a very silly fellow to have lost his balance of mind as he did....you was the one [Jumper] was after, and L.... only an obstacle in his way; and just as soon as he could jerk the gun from him, of course, you was the one he would have killed....You are mistaken about one thing you wrote to the Governor, 'that your children were disgraced;' now that is a very mistaken idea; had you committed a *crime*, then the case would have been a very different one. No, no, there is no such thing as disgrace about it to you or yours....Think of the *Chisholm* affair in Mississippi? see how much worse off—the Judge and two children murdered....and as I said before, you must consider the class of men you had to deal with....Your statement is just a straightforward thing, and I am glad you published it and so are *we all*....What a shame to the Territory to allow such work as has been enacted with you. Your loving sister, M. J. S."

"December 28th, 1879.

..........He who assaults another's life, by that action forfeits his own—the same may be allowed in defence of our property when violence is menaced....The verdict is a mystery to be solved....Here, or in any other civilized community, the verdict would have been "served the villain right." If a man's rights are no better protected than that, it is a very bad place to live............ M. J. S...."

"March 9th, 1880.

........Do not think that truth and virtue is at discount in the world because, by adhering strictly to these and other virtues—as in your case—you be lodged for a season in prison; that is no proof of those virtues being wrong; they have triumphed in the past and will in the future, and you will live to see it........ M. J. S...."

"January 3d, 1881.

DEAR BROTHER:—Be patient, my boy, and you will not be there long, and we wish the Governor to turn up something for you as a redress for the wrongs you and your family have suffered..................And be thankful also, George, that your children are spared to see you through, and *vindicated* as you surely must be, as the truth, though crushed for a time, will *surely* rise triumphant in the end. Trust in the Lord..........

M. J. S."

"March 1st, 1881.

..........You say all shall be compensated for their trouble for you. Now, George, never repeat such an idea, we are simply doing our duty and pleasure......The deep sympathy of our natures bound towards you in your unjust trouble, and there is nothing in our power that we would not do to extricate you from it......We are all so anxious to hear the result of petitions, etc. We think of you day and night, you will never know how my mind reverts to you in all possible times....may the Lord bless the present efforts...... M. J. S...."

"June 15th, 1881.

......How grieved we all are to hear of Governor [Links] course. Dear me, when will the end come?........we must trust to God and try to look up through this black, dismal cloud in faith—knowing there is a silver lining, though we are not able to see it yet. But, George, the silver lining is surely there................And now with assurance that we will do all in our power for your release. . . . . . M. J. S. . . ."

"February 16th, and April 8th, 1882.

. . . . I doubt not that in time all the *mysteries* of your unjust imprisonment will be unveiled. . . . . . I believe your being confined—unjustly though it be—saved your life from those enemies that rose up so venomously against you, for they seemed determined on your destruction, and there is no telling what means they would have used to accomplish their foul ends. . . . . See how Paul was persecuted, and why? It was not for any wrong act of his, but because he was straightforward in doing his Christian duty. We are very sorry to hear of your ill health. . . . . . Time is a great restorer of rights, and avenger of wrongs. . . . . . . Your neighbors and townsmen strongly petitioned for your release, but . . . . *has very evidently been corruptly tampered with.* . . . .

M. J. S . . ."

Two of my witnesses had been *controlled* to testify when on the stand, that Jumper's carbine, at his second shot, was aimed at my near companion (L—) instead of at me, so that I would be defending another man's life instead of my own. But as they had from the fight and for about nine (9) months thereafter declared that the second shot was aimed at me, and there being three men at Seatco who had been in jail with these two witnesses, and had heard them very frequently say that "it was aimed behind L— at me," I therefore desired to get their affidavits, with those of other men, to establish this fact beyond any dispute.

L— had forthwith after the fight so declared it, and in a complaint for Jumper and partner's arrest, which he wrote out himself, *had also* SWORN that this second shot "was aimed past him at me," and the other witness had always so stated it (and DOES NOW, 1889) to even his wife, *who never knew he had ever contradicted it until I informed her after my release.* "Why!" she said, "HE ALWAYS TOLD ME AND OTHERS that the gun was aimed past L— at you, and L— striking it down saved your life and killed the horse."

If the Governor hesitated in releasing me, I wanted him to give me some kind of a *trial* (inasmuch as I *had never had any*) to enable me to bring out and establish such matters as these. So I wrote to a notary public to come and take these affidavits for me, and received the following reply:

"TENINO, November 17th, 1879.
GEO. W. FRANCE, ESQ., SEATCO.

DEAR SIR:—I will be at Seatco last of this week or first of next, when I will attend to your business. Yours truly, F. R. B.."

But I was not to be allowed to positively destroy the *only point* that served the gang as a pretext for "convicting" (?) and plundering me; therefore, though B.. was frequently at the bastile, I could not get the business done. Once I was told that the Notary had left word for me "to have the papers signed and send them to him, and he would do the "*acknowledging at home* and forward them on to the Governor for me." This was evidently *a trick* to squelch the business as they would a letter, and B.. being one of the charitable (?) brethren, was willing not to interfere with their game of torture.

Here is a copy of a letter I wrote to B.. over *three months* after I commenced to try to get this business done, and *I was trying all the time.*

"SEATCO, W. T., February 16th, 1880.
F. R. B.. Esq., TENINO.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please be so kind as to attend to that business for me at your earliest possible convenience? Please to consider my situation, and that I am unjustly imprisoned—which fact I will establish in part by the three affidavits that I am so anxious for you to take, as I desire to send them at once to the Governor, or to accompany a petition from my home. Very truly, GEO. W. FRANCE."

Of course, with an honest Governor one's life would not be thus trifled with, and haggled and flayed. But such, my countrymen, is practical masonry. Have I not seen it? Have I not *felt* and suffered it for so many years? *Don't I* KNOW *that this is so?*

On the first visit of Governor [Links], I being in the dining room, easily got an interview with him. I referred him to the briefs of my case that I and others had sent to the executive office before, and that petitions would soon be sent to him, and got him to *promise* that if there should be any opposition or objection to my release that he would let me know forthwith by whom it was made, and give me an opportunity to meet and disprove it. But I could not get him to state anymore than I could his predecessor, "what showing he would require to release a prisoner," but he repeatedly said he "would consider my case very carefully," etc., etc., and I being so plainly innocent, and having such strong proof of it, and such petitions withal it, *did seem* to me that there could not be another being in human form and aspect, so brutal, so corrupt, so blood-thirsty and cruel as to reject and spurn it all, that he might gloat over the misery and heart's blood of his victims. I told the Governor how I was denied the right to attend to my business as to the affidavits, etc., but instead of his seeing to it that none should be denied such vital rights, he settled it by saying that I "could just send the papers in to him simply signed, and he would consider them as though they were sworn to." *He thus joined in squelching my case.*

> *"For where is now that hour or hallowed day,*
> *When plundering villains cease to prowl for prey?*
> *Exhaustless wealth their boundless bosoms crave.*
> *While thieves concealed in every guise we view."*

Very soon after this visit of the Governor my petitions and other papers were sent in to him. But for a long time afterwards—though I wrote the most plaintive appeals to his supposed sense of justice and humanity, and begged of him not to thus torture and destroy all that was dear and worth living for to me and mine—yet I could get nothing out of him, but that he was "considering" my case. Oh! what a hateful, treacherous word that "considering" got to be. Still he would give me to understand that he would presently "act on my case." And when I would ask him if any one opposed my release he would always reply that "*no one opposed it.*"

I tried, time and again, to get him to "name some point as to which he was in doubt as to my innocence, and I would undertake to satisfy him with indisputable proof as to the same." But this he would *never*, NEVER do. He would speak of the "unusual strength of my petitions," and would not say that he needed anything added thereto or any further proof of my innocence, *or any further information whatsoever.*

A person that went to see him in my behalf reported that "the Governor says *your petitions are the strongest he ever saw,*" and that "from what he said, I think you will *go out in a few days,*" and shortly afterwards the Governor told me that he "would act on my case in a few days," and he said it in such a manner that I and others near me thought that I would surely go, when I received the following:

"HOME, April 12th, 1881.

OH! MY DEAR HUSBAND.—I have received a letter from Governor [Links] and he gives me no encouragement, though he don't say he will not release you.

I was *so sure* that he would act favorably. I do not know what to do next. *Oh! everything is so dark*..

....

'I have kept you ever in my heart, dear George,'
Through months of good and ill.
Our souls cannot be torn apart,
They are bound together still.

I never knew how dear you were to me,
Till I was left alone.
I thought my poor, poor heart would break
The day they told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet
Upon this Earth again.
But there, where happy angels greet,
You'll meet your Effie there.

Together up the ever shining shore
We will tread with trusting heart;
Together through the bright eternal day,
And never more to part.' EFFIE."

["The greatest affliction humanity can suffer, is the *agony of prolonged suspense.*"

"Corroding griefs and slow consuming care,
HE *firmly resolved your injured heart to tear.*"

"*Long as his actions 'scape the public view,*
Whatever his passions prompt, he dares to do."]

"HOME, May 10th, 1881.

....

But, Oh! It seems to me that you *will come.* I am with you *so often* in my dreams. Last night it seemed, it was not a dream. I was with you, and the warm kisses seem to linger yet on my lips. You will never be more natural and real in life, than you were last night in my dream...........

I am sitting by the window, looking—when not writing—on the green hills and the tall, gloomy pines; they are the only things that do not change—always the same—and thinking of the past.

Why does everything rise in my mind so vividly this morning—there seems to be a something before me; it does not seem to be evil either—I almost dare to think it is something good........................I am having the garden planted to-day. I think of how we used to make garden.................Do not despair, for I think it will end well yet.

'Oh, breathe not those accents, though distance divide us,
Though time has been lavish with sorrow and years,
Thou art dear to me still—the past cannot chide us,
When we turn and look back through a vista of tears.

Ah, yes! thou art dear, though the sunshine has faded
From off my yond forehead, while shadows of care,
Like the twilight of evening, my pathway has shaded,
And left, now and then, silver threads in my hair.

Speak not of indifference, while there yet linger,
The hopes and the dreams of my earliest hours.
While memory points with her magical finger
To pathways whose thorns are all hidden in flowers.

How well I have loved thee may never be spoken,
And now, even now, in my early decline,
My hopes all departed, the heart that loves thee
Must ever be thine.'

EFFIE."

[" *Rare are solitary woes;*
They love a train, they tread each other's heel."

"Her tempted virtue unprotected left,
Robbed of assistance, of each friend bereft."

Friends wrote and urged the Governor in my behalf and informed him of the critical condition of my affairs, which was being taken advantage of by cowardly devils, to distress and ravage my home and family, and that I had no one to protect them. But there was no honesty in his heart, and he seemed to enjoy and gloat over such torture and murder. Of course, he DID *enjoy it, or he would not do it.* "Since will to act and action was but one." And "there was a laughing devil in his sneer." Rather than let go, he would cut out the tongues of his victims so as to escape their dying curses.]

"HOME, May 22d, 1881.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—[She is being robbed of between three and four thousand dollars by one devil alone, backed by the gang; is being got into a stress; is gloomy, discouraged, distressed and embarrassed, so that ruination was surely evident if I was not speedily released, as there was no one else to avert it, and which I frankly and plaintively plead to the Governor; these letters to the Governor are too plaintive, entreating and meek for me to ever repeat. And yet his conduct was so *malignant and brutal,* that it flamed and maddened my wife's brain, tore her heart into shreds, filled her with the very frenzy of despair, drove her insane and cast her down, so that she was ruined and never herself anymore.]

'I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends to me
Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance,
May brighten as I draw near.

For, perhaps, the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink.
Or, if Marrah must be Marrah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be he has waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift, of such rare value,
Some joy, so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance,
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me still in those arms,
Which will not let me go;
And hushes my soul to rest
In the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on—not knowing,
I would not, if I might,
Rather walking with God in the dark,
Than going alone in the light;
Rather walking with him by faith,
Than walking alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose;
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord knows.
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word 'He knows.'

EFFIE."

Law of Moses.—"If any Judge takes bribes, his punishment is death; he that overlooks one that offers him a petition, and this when he is able to release him, *he is a guilty person.*"

"*Strike, if you will, but hear.*"

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

"HOME, October 18th, 1881.

OH! MY DEAR HUSBAND:—..............................[What transpired and was written within this space of time, and beyond, is too distressing, distracted, miserable, tender and domestic, to note here, or for the profane and cold to comprehend or regard, and enough cruel anguish has already been given, and is otherwise known, for such to gloat over. She is being governed by the force of cruel distress, and is thus distrained in the ruinous crash, as to which I cannot write any more, for no language or pen can express it, and to only think of it is maddening.

"Oh, pant not thus, for his poor heart to bleed."

"Oh, Virtue! I have worshipped thee as a God; but thou art the slave of depravity." That is incapable of a sensation of pity.

She closes as follows:]

I WILL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS.

"When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dew drops of Heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my *memory flies*,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the message it bears,
To bring you a *kiss* of *affection* and say,
'I remember you, love, in my prayers.'

Go where you will, on land, or on sea,
I'll share all your sorrow and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have whispered to me,
And the kiss of affection, still warm on my lips,
Since you told me how true you would be,
I know not if fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember your love in my prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,

I know there is one watching you;
And may its bright spirit be with you through life,
And guide you up Heaven's bright stairs,
To meet with the one who has loved you so true,
And remembered you, love, in her prayers. EFFIE."

"Oh, Mercedes! I have uttered your name with the sigh of melancholy, with the groan of sorrow, with the last effort of despair. I have uttered it when frozen with cold, crouched on the straw in my dungeon; I have uttered it, consumed with heat, rolling on the stone floor of my prison....I wept, I cursed..... ....—*Monte Cristo.*

In the fall of 1881 the legislature convened, and a committee of it and the Governor visited the bastile. And while I was pleading my case to the committee, the Governor interrupted, telling me that "*all I lacked in getting out was the Judge*," so I subsided as *he did not want my case to be known.* But the Judge had refused to recommend or otherwise favor others, and stated that he would not solicit any one's pardon, "as that was the Governor's province to use, independent of the Judge." Still as he had charged the jury in my case that the fight "was more like a duel than anything else"—which meant that it did not exceed manslaughter—and always maintained that I ought not to have got more than five years, and that he would not oppose my pardon at any time before, and this while *not knowing but a part of my case*, I therefore felt that when he should become more fully informed, he would fill the bill, and I would go. For "Hope springs eternal in the human breast, man never is but always to be blest."

A friend who was clerk of the court at my farce of a trial, and who was now chief-clerk of the assembly, wrote me from Olympia that nearly all of the members of the legislature would sign a petition for my release. And that he had also "explained my case to the Governor, but he declined to interfere with "the *judgment of the court*," but added that he "thought after five years of imprisonment I would be pardoned."

So it was "the Judgment of the court," was it?

But the "Judgment of the court" did *not bother him as to other men he had pardoned.*

In the midst of his cruelty and the shrieks of agony, he has the gall to express sympathy (?)—praises the Judge, and virtually confesses that he has not yet "even considered my case."—Here it is.

> { "TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON,
> { EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
>
> OLYMPIA, W. T., January 25th, 1882.
>
> ....I have your letter respecting your unfortunate brother, Mr. France, and I assure you that you have my sympathy, so also his family, and if I could with propriety indulge my personal feelings I would give him his liberty. He had a fair and unprejudiced trial by a good Judge, and found guilty of the crime for which he suffers, and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to consider pardon.
>
> There are many in the prison for the same crime, and all about equally deserving, so that I cannot well select one. I am sorry for you and his family; with respect I am yours, WM. A. [LINKS.]"

This letter is a fair sample of the *rot* given by ring officials to outsiders. If the prisoners were "*all about equally deserving*" with me, would a man of any sense of justice or humanity hold ANY of them? So he confesses to more than I have heretofore stated as to the innocence of so many. And he *did make selections, and I have before noted their character.* And he says I "had a fair and unprejudiced trial!" When even a juryman afterwards stated that a majority of the jury were fixed against me, and another one stated that he afterwards found that I had committed no crime, unless it was in "not killing the devil before he did."

I had written to the "good Judge" asking his assistance, and proposed to have him fully convinced of my entire innocence, if he would but name the point or phase as to which he thought me guilty. But he was determined not to be compelled to admit that I had been entirely shanghaied in his court. So he would never give me any such opportunity to do so. He would ignore my questions and propositions as to the same as follows:

> "WALLA WALLA, Wash. Ter., January, 1882.
>
> MR. GEORGE W. FRANCE:—I have received two letters from you, and I am sorry for you and sympathize with you, as I do with almost every man who is unfortunate, whether in prison or out of it. *I* did not convict you, it was twelve of your countrymen, who no doubt knew you better than I.

I gave you the shortest sentence the law would allow. If I could have made it five (5) years instead of ten, I should have done so, under all the circumstances, as I told some of your friends who came to me with a petition in your behalf, that I thought your crime only deserved five years imprisonment.

You seem to forget that a Judge has any duties obligatory upon his conscience. Not a month passes but some one is asking me to recommend a pardon for somebody. Juries convict, the Judge sentences, and the Governor can pardon if he see fit. That is his province, not mine. I shall not oppose your pardon, and shall see that no advantage is taken of you in my court, if I am apprised of any attempt to do so.

This is all I can promise you, and all I think you can reasonably ask.

Respectfully yours, S. C. WINGARD."

He did prevent any further advantage being taken of me *in his court*, as was attempted on account of my duress, and showed plainly that if a Judge is so minded, *he can see that no man is robbed in his court, though he employ no lawyer and is himself absent.* The whole horde of blackleg lawyers should be squelched; any Judge that requires a litigant to employ or trust one, is a thief at heart. But this court had been used as a tool against me and mine by the gang to such an extent that it was not necessary in finishing up the job, if the Governor would hold me; and he would.

So the real judgement of the "good court," that the Governor held to be infallible *as to me*, was a sentence of five years. And the sentence of ten years *was therefore* A MERE TECHNICALITY, that none but tyrants would make use of to torture, ravage and destroy.

More of his Excellency's *rot* to friends in the States.

"TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.—EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
OLYMPIA, W. T., March 20th, 1882.

....

The letter is very satisfactory. I have no doubt of his good character up to the time of the crime for which he suffers. I hope in time to be able to do something for him.

The people here make great clamor over pardoning.

I am yours truly, W. A. [Links.]"

When the people where I lived and my case was best known were almost *unanimous* for my restoration, and *had so petitioned for years*, and many of them also plead for it; and, moreover, when the Governor had so often declared that "*no* *one opposes your pardon,*" WHO THEN WERE THE "PEOPLE" *who would "clamor"* against it, outside of the gang?

SAY! WHO WERE THEY?

I had an occasion to protest to the Governor the unreasonableness of requiring the Judge's recommendation, when he knew he had made it a rule not to recommend anybody. "Well," he said, "your case has not been fully or *formally* made out or presented to me." Intimating, I took it, that I should employ a high priced agent, or linked middleman, or lobbyist, to present my case to him in a more *inviting manner*; for still I *could not get him to name "a point or phase as to which he wanted more light.*" And I had relatives and other friends, who were likewise pleading for my release; some of whom did so as representatives of a whole community of tax payers. But *neither did his excellency want any information from any of these.* He treated the judgement, will, and the sober second thought of the people with contempt—frequently not even making any answer to their true representatives; they did not produce to him any *mystic sign!*

I had now been meekly pleading and begging for about three years and had not succeeded in getting even a respectful hearing or an honest reply; nor had any of my friends.

I was therefore determined, if possible, that the Governor should fully know my case in spite of himself, and to let the people judge, whether or not "it was fully and formally made out and presented," and also whether it was truly done.

Therefore I wrote the following epitome of my case and trouble, and had a copy of it delivered to the Governor at Olympia and endeavored to have it published to the people.

But the Governor and Co. would not allow the people to thus fully understand my case and condition, *so they squelched it from the people.*

"And with necessity, the tyrants plea,
Excused his devilish deeds."

"No engine so sure as the means we employ,
To ridicule first what we hope to destroy."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Prison experience, *continued.*—An epitome of my life, case and trouble to "the Governor and the people."—*The only argument and summing up of my case that was ever made.*—The frank but fruitless wail for justice and humanity by a victim shanghaied, ravaged, and languishing in prison.—"Let thy keen glance his life search through, and bring his actions in review, for actions speak the man."—"While love and peace and social joy were there. Oh, peace! oh, social joy! Oh, heaven-born love! Were these your haunts where murderous demons rove? Distinction neat and nice, which lie between the poison'd chalice and the stab unseen."

"Seatco Prison, Washington Territory, April 20th, 1882.

To his Excellency, Governor [Links], and to my countrymen at large —especially in my own section:—

As to "my case not being fully or formally made out or presented" at this stage, please consider that neither I nor my friends are lawyers, but that we have feelings, and thought we had sense and character enough to make so simple a case as mine manifest to any one disposed to "embrace the truth wherever found." And that this is all that would be necessary at this stage. And now my duress has been so prolonged, that I am destitute of means necessary to employ experts to make out a formal case and plea—as at a contested, technical trial. From comfortable circumstances—a competency—I have been reduced to want and distress—sore and cruel. But your Excellency, in a homely, awkward way, we thought it *had been shown and is maintained* by evidence given before, and by and with other facts proclaimed and *unquestioned:*

First.—That I was always truthfully, peacefully, charitably and frankly disposed, to a fault, and temperate in all things; that I never struck a child, harmed a kitten, killed a dog, or stoned a bird; or oppressed anyone because he was unfortunate, in trouble, ignorant or poor; nor envied any one his own. And would ever stand for a fundamental truth—though I stood alone and then fell. Nor yet afraid to confess my many errors, wrongs, or sins to men.

But that these traits are more of an endowment than any fault of mine, and if their fruits be considered as evil, I pray that they be no longer charged against me.

Second.—That without molesting anyone, and by honorable toil, I made on the outer border of settlement a spacious and a happy home of high prospective value, and was possessed of plenty to the envy of others.

That I possessed all of the moral, legal, technical and customary titles and rights to be had, to each and every portion of the same.

That it was by hardships, privations, and good conduct—taking in the flower of my life—that I won these, and that I had every right to inhabit, cultivate and enjoy these, my own, and to defend my life while performing such homage.

Third.—That a transient few there were who determined to possess my property, and these—forming a clique—waged on me and have caused, with their friends or supporters, all the trouble and loss I have suffered, and while I was pursuing the even course set forth. Yet, they mostly were friendly to my face when we met, had received favors at my hands, and cannot maintain that I ever wronged any one of them.

Fourth.—That one of these would contest the possession of a part of my home with his rifle, and without having any legal, moral, or customary right thereto whatsoever—had not even instituted or filed any contest, and I had it enclosed with over ten thousand rails.

That he declared he would cultivate and hold this—my field and plowing—and that if I "attempted to do so he would kill me." That he swaggered to me and to various others, from the outset to the fight—as sworn to by men and women (the latter strangers to me). That he "had more backbone than me, did not believe that I was on the shoot, but if I was it was just his hand;" that he "would, by the nape of the neck, pitch me out of the field, and if not man enough without, would fix me so he could." That "one or the other of us would die there." That he "would or I must go or come into the field a shooting," etc., etc., etc., and proclaimed Macbeth's judgment, "Damned be he who first cries hold, enough!"

Yet, your Excellency, he had good traits withal; we frequently had friendly chats, and he sometimes sat at my table. And I don't believe he would have tortured me so—during all these troublous, hapless, endless years of agony and despair, and while I was crying enough! enough! enough! He would at least meet me in an open field, give me a warning and a partial show, and end my misery. Will not your Excellency do as much? Do not dissect me so with the executive function of mercy, while yet alive and in my mind—just because I am ignorant, awkward, in trouble and poor; give me *some kind of a trial*, and show wherein I can defend myself against the inconsiderate and most unusual verdict against me.

Fifth.—That neighbors warned me to be aware, or Mr. Jumper would carry out his many threats against my life, and urged me to accept the loan of a little pistol to carry for my defence when I went to the woods, where I was likely to meet him, and in my field. I did so and kept on in my usual course. That the neighbor, who loaned me his pistol, was intimate with Mr. Jumper, knew his intention to kill me, and was therefore afraid for his horses even, to be in this field, least they should be shot by accident when I should go into it. All of which he and others swore to. Reference: his Honor or clerk of my District court, and the witnesses themselves.

Sixth.—That but two men could be found during a period of over nine (9) months, who would swear that I had ever threatened Mr. Jumper with violence, and one of these had enmity against me, because I had refused him a favor—as not believing him honest—and, moreover, the incident referred to was long anterior to the fight. The other swore, I said "such men ought to be hung." The former was false, the latter true. (The former is the only neighbor, I believe, within two or three miles not on my petition— if he can be considered a neighbor.) [On my return I said to an old neighbor, "don't half the people consider him a perjured scoundrel?" "I guess *all* of them do," said he.]

Seventh.—That finally I applied to a peace officer and preacher of the word, to bind the gentleman over to keep the peace, so he would not murder me, and got in reply, that "he was indeed a vicious and dangerous man, but that it was simply envy—on account of my prosperity—that caused these plundering raids, and that all things considered, his advice to me, was *to be prepared to defend myself, and go on about my business*, to sow and cultivate this field." I simply did so, as usual in my even course. —Reference, his Honor.

Eighth.—That the following day—in company with two other men (who were mutual friends as to Jumper and me—and who were not armed) while peacefully at work, sowing wheat on horseback, in my usual way, on said portion of my home: That the gentleman, as aforesaid, having averred he would kill me at such *time*, *place* and *circumstance*, seeing us from a distance, proceeded at once direct for his spencer carbine, saying (at least), "there is going to be trouble," [and that "*he would kill me*,"] came direct into my field, with his gun cocked, and presently came to me and made a swaggering, fierce, frightful attack, "placed his cocked gun to his shoulder," his finger on the trigger; said, "*I will kill you*," "*fired the first shot*," "killed a horse *close by my side*," under a man, who, "reaching back *struck the muzzle down the instant it fired*." That my pistol shots *quickly followed* this of the carbine," and were *all fired in rapid succession*." That these points and words as given of *the attack and fight and position*, were, and are always agreed by, and were sworn to by all present at the shooting who were sworn—three men—except that the man by me was so dazed, that he did not see or hear my latter shots. And the rapidity of all the shots was also declared and sworn to by others who were at a distance. Reference, his Honor or clerk, District court and *witnesses themselves*.

Ninth.—That when my companion "struck down the gun with his hand, he clung to it, was struck on or against his head with the butt, dazed, jerked off his sinking horse, and a frantic struggle followed for control of the gun."

That "neither said companion nor any other man had a *hand or a finger* on to Jumper at any time," but "*only hung on or clung to the gun*."

That *said companion* at one time "during the struggle, was flat down," and one hand was torn quite to the bone. These points and language were and are also established and maintained as aforesaid. Same reference.

Tenth.—That during the struggle for control of the gun and life they (Jumper and said near companion) were in most all positions; that it is disputed whether Jumper was entirely down at any time, and I don't believe that anybody really knows, beyond a doubt, certain, on account of the confusion and excitement of men and horses in the way, but all present agreed that *my companion was down*; he swore to it, and he was covered with dirt and bruised, and *was jerked by the gun ten to fifteen yards over the ground—Jumper's way*—in one position or another, when my other companion (from about fifteen yards away) possessed courage, by my cries for help, to approach and grasp the *again cocked carbine*, and was—after a parley—given possession of it by Jumper "as a friend," when all violence ended, and we travelled our separate ways.

These points were not disputed—except as to the one as aforesaid—but I submit that the other points prove, that Jumper could not have been down very much, and not at all UNTIL AFTER THE SHOOTING WAS DONE. And, moreover, that he was active, strong and dangerous *to the end of the struggle*.

And what! I ask in reason—or instinct even—would he evidently have done had he less than *four* pistol balls into him? Was he not evidently, indeed, trying to kill me all this time? or was it his unarmed friends he was after? or who? or what? And is a *cocked carbine*, in such hands and power, and *declared and acted intent* enticing? or is it *frightful all* such time to one it is meant for?

Was I not, therefore, naturally and reasonably in fear of my life during ALL of such time?

Eleventh.—That even after I was done shooting, I was "perfectly wild" with fear, and cried out to witness ("the friend") to "*for God's sake help us.*"

And in reason I submit, if such an attack would not frighten almost a cast-iron man? If not, *what would?*

That this *proves* that I was *still* in fear of my life, and therefore *did not shoot as often or long as in law one is justified in shooting* in self-defense in such a case and under such circumstances. Reference, *any* standard appropriate law and most universal precedent. And as to which, permit me to but repeat the words afterwards averred and yet maintained by an aged Divine, of excellent repute, who knew us both, and the ground, and the fight. That, "were he in my place, he would be shooting yet." And by one of the party present—who is now a justice of the peace—and which was sworn to by others as well, that "he (I) should have shot him *forty* times instead of four."

Twelfth.—That, after the fight, this—now officer of peace and justice—declared to me and to others, that this carbine shot "was aimed at France's (my) heart, and his striking down the gun saved his (my) life"—which is true.

That (Mr. Jumper not appearing much hurt) he (L..) and I swore out a warrant for his arrest (and two men—not us—were empowered to make it, and in which he SWORE that said shot was aimed at me, and he so declared at various times, to various persons, *for some nine months thereafter*, as did the other witness also, as proven by documents heretofore submitted as to each and the same, and which is, moreover, evident *by all the physical, inherent and circumstantial proof* bearing on the same, and which I think I can say was not disputed, and was certainly *never refuted.*

Thirteenth.—That when death, however, had resulted, I proceeded to the justice and requested an examination, expecting, of course, an honorable acquittal. But the before noted clique came to a living man—this being their opportunity—sent for a shark lawyer to work in the tricks of the trade, *made him also clerk of the court,* delayed proceedings (without notice to me) till running it past the middle of the night, and swore, or courted "evidence" (?) of things so physically *impossible* and morally improbable and untrue—on account of distance and the physiology of man—and *conflicting withal,* and which *measurement and a little reasoning* would pick to pieces, break in flinders, and make plain to even a child; that, therefore, on account of the [masonic] indignity of the honorable court, I was not sworn at all, nor was *anyone* who was present at the shooting, or nearer than—according to *their own guess*—from 70 to 140 yards, and which distance I will further on refer to more fully.

That Jumper was not sworn, with plenty of opportunity, time and vigilance, and that the others who *were really the only living persons who were present at the shooting* and *could know the fight,* were—with one of their own who wanted to tell the truth—unjustly and perniciously cast off [*not allowed to testify*].

And *this is the mould,* by which they would cast public opinion, and from it they did cast me into prison thirty miles away, and reports that I had "murdered" the gentleman. And then, moreover, cast my indictment from *this mould alone.* [NO ONE WHO WAS AT THE SHOOTING WAS ALLOWED TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE GRAND JURY.] Reference, his Honor of the justice court and others.

On account of my ignorance of men, and my duress—*thus caused*—I failed to get this court on the stand at my "trial" (?), but as it presently petitioned for executive clemency, I will presume it thought *this* would do as well, which sadly displays a lack of knowledge as to the effect of prayer on the human [*in*human] heart.

Fourteenth.—That a sample of the material or *stuff,* composing this mould—from which were cast the forms of commitment, indictment and verdict—by which to oppress and rob me in the name of the people, law and of justice, is found of these *distance* witnesses, wherein is *named*—as numbered—the little bullets, as *belonging to my respective discharges, as by* *numbers from one (1) to four, each to each respectively! with men or horses intervening, and the shots fired in rapid succession in a furious fight,* and when, moreover, two of us who were present did not know they hit at all!

And again, in swearing to words, as urging me to greater action, when by *location* and *time*—marked by themselves—the distinction of words was beyond the reach of *human hearing,* as far and certain as to *see the little bullets hit* was of human vision. And as though there was any *time* or impulse for *talk in the dash of the frightful life and death conflict.*

And thus can all that was sworn against me be refuted—even by its own—if considered with a passive mind, and be governed with *reason,* and the same standard accorded others in similar cases.

When thus shanghaied, I foolishly declared that I "would not care a stiver for a ton of such stuff." But I thought that *reason* and *justice* would next prevail if I employed experts to defend me, [but, fatal to me, they were secret brethren themselves].

Fifteenth.—That his Honor of the District court being presently made known of the fraudulent manner in which I was held in duress, kindly sent me word that he "would issue a writ and give me an examination—(which by law and usage I was entitled to) either at Dayton or Walla Walla, as I chose." But never having been in court troubles before, I meanwhile, hastily and ignorantly, was persuaded to trust, what proved to be my all to others [shysters], and, therefore, I did not get any examination, hearing, or trial, for over nine (9) months. And then I did not in the usual sense and meaning of those words, and thus have I not, *at any time during my trouble,* had a fair show, or deal, or hearing, or justice, in any court or by the public. And which I swear to be true, and will further point it out, so that *any one* who may read this showing may know it also. But that, however, the chief points which I have given, besides others I will give, have been *established* beyond reasonable dispute, as before shown, and none of them could, or *can ever be refuted* when the physical and inherent evidence and *undisputed* circumstances bearing on the same are duly considered withal, *and in but a few of these points it can readily be seen evident, that there could not and can not be any real case at all against me.*

That the only plausible theory set forth, and point formally made for my conviction at my "trial" (?) is by a preponderance of personal evidence alone, in diverting the aim of the murderous carbine from "*my heart" to the life of another,* with whom Mr. Jumper was on friendly terms, with whom he had no quarrel, against whom he had made never a threat, and to whom he had but recently presented a token of regard, and *who was unarmed.* On which account he was with me there, he thinking he could therefore persuade Jumper from his declared intent to kill me on this particular occasion, and they did respectively try to do so.

But with my proven *state of fear of danger, alone.* How! by what law! or precedent! or standard! *can* such point be held against me?

Who is to be the Judge, as to such danger, when the EFFECT *is established?* Suppose the gun was not loaded (even the magazine was filled for the purpose) or that it was a wooden gun, or that he was only shooting at my hat, or my horse, or at "nothing" (?), *but a mutual, unarmed friend and peacemaker!* Or that he was only in sport to see me run!

That it does not—*in even justice and law*—make any difference what any one else might think—or *claim* to think—just so that *I was impressed with danger.* And was there ever a being, cast in human shape, who would not be so impressed under the force, and in the current of such an attack?

That, moreover, if such point had been reasonably [and without corruption] established: That it is a narrow and uneven cause to work all the oppression and torture and wreck that has been done. As to which I beg to submit the judgment of a court in a State, where "good is not so frequently called evil, and evil good," where sharks and cutthroats cannot and do not ravage hard-earned homes and altars with impunity, in the guise of justice, and cause their victims to beg for life, and in vain. According to the press, at Paterson, New Jersey, May 1st, 1880, William Dalzell, his son being with him, shot and killed Joseph Van Houten, who was one of a picnic party trespassing on Dalzell's land. It did not appear that the trespasser had any vicious intention, motive, or impulse, or that he was armed. He was there only to have a good, social time, with his intended wife, in a May party of his friends. But in going to the picnic grounds they persisted in passing through Dalzell's field, who thereupon shot Van Houten dead.

Judge Dixon, in charging and laying down the case to the grand jury —according to the press—said, in the following words: "If Dalzell fired the gun simply in protection of his property against trespassers, he is guilty of murder. But, if the trespassers assailed him and put his own *or his son's* life in danger, or caused in them *fear* of serious bodily *injury*, and the shot was fired to *prevent* this, then it would be excusable homicide, the act having been committed in self-defense."

Dalzell was indicted for manslaughter and bailed out to attend to his business, and prepare for trial. And here follows the outcome in the words of the associated press:

"William Dalzell, the infuriated farmer of Paterson, New Jersey, who shot and killed Joseph Van Houten last May, for (as one of a picnic party) invading his farm, and who came near being lynched at the time by the enraged companions of Van Houten, has just emerged from his trial with a verdict of 'not guilty.' He succeeded in getting a jury of Bergen County farmers; as a chief point in the defense was that a man has a right to defend his property from trespassers, and on this point the farmers were a unit in Dalzell's favor."

Now suppose Van Houten *had made an attack on Dalzell with a cocked carbine in both hands, and fired the first shot—after having declared he would kill him on that very occasion;* and that after nine months [dirty] work by the tricks of a [secret] clique of sharks, it was made to appear that Van Houten was "*only*" trying to murder Dalzell's son. What do these sharks take the yeomanry and homebuilders of this country *for* anyway ? It will thus be seen, that according to "Jersey Justice," were I having a fair deal and almost give the prosecution all they ever claimed as a whole—with the *stuff* sworn and vented—I would not have been held at all, or the first nail driven in my coffin.

And I would respectfully submit, whether any man has succeeded in making and holding a home—worth envying—in this country, if it was not believed he would fight to defend it. And if it will be possible to do so, if the sharks are supported and backed by the power of Government, not disputing the "infallibility of the courts," but as a matter of *experience and fact in the history of the settling and habitation of this country.* Will men work the best part of their lives in making and earning homes, if they can jump or wreck those already done with safety and security and *even veneration?*

As to which I would refer to the reports of the shotgun, rifle, pistol and strife throughout this country.

That, had such "Jersey Justice" been proclaimed by Executive and courts, my trouble and also that of several others in my section—since been made—would not likely have occurred. Or had I been known as a vicious, reckless man, or as having such in my employ, as many do, I would not now be pleading for my life at your Excellency's feet.

That Mr. Jumper had just previously undertaken to jump another man's claim, but being at the outset met in kind, he found it to be a stump he was jumping against, without shooting into it, so there was not much trouble there.

That there was a man living with Jumper previous to and at the time of our fight; that he therefore reasonably knew more of his intention, manner and motive, than any other man. That he also closely followed Jumper into the field and witnessed the fight as closely *anyway as the principal prosecuting witness.* That they subpœnaed this witness and placed him on the stand at the so-called preliminary examination; that he was disposed to tell the truth as far as he knew; swore, he "did not know the number of pistol or carbine shots, as they were fired so near together and rapidly, that it was a fierce, hot, mixed-up fight," etc. (I should say so, *with bounding horses, men and fire,*) "but, that there were more pistol than carbine shots," and that, on account of the distance, he could not recognize us as the men engaged, though dressed the same as at the fight. That their lawyer *and clerk-of-the-court* then quickly and abruptly dropped this companion and eye witness—blurting out that "*another such witness will throw us out of court.*" (?)

Whereupon the sheriff and others said to me that "*he would be my best witness.*" Certainly, he reasonably knew as much as either of the other two "distance" witnesses. *Certainly,* he would *hold them level in their* *future swearing*; and it made him mad (saying, "how, the hell, COULD I tell in *such confusion and at such a distance*,") when they insinuated that he ought to swear something, that would appear damaging to me, notwithstanding the distance and nature of the fight, and it being so plain in my favor on its face and back and bottom, and which he *did know*.

That, moreover, they also dropped him out, when binding their other witnesses to appear at the District Court. And that, I being left in duress, remember, thus *compelling* me to trust to others, I therefore utterly failed in securing him, and he *disappeared before my trial* (?).

If I was getting a square deal (which, however, no one to my knowledge has had the hardihood to seriously declare), then why, oh why! was not such a witness secured, placed on the stand before both the Grand and Petit Juries, and told to tell, in his own way, *all that he* DID know about the tragedy, and everything appertaining thereto, BEFORE AND AFTER, and then LET HIM TELL IT? And then sift the wheat from the chaff, if any chaff there be.

That any man who will not consider such sample circumstances as proof of a crooked deal and swindle, to be repudiated, should not complain if ever he be judged in kind.

That the most sacred property and abode known to man or animals is that of home! That doubly sacred are these, when they be made, fashioned and won by one's own honorable and persistent toil! That the most sacred law and impulse, and truth—of instinct, of God and of man—is that of defense of one's life, while worshipping on such an altar! That no law of God, or of man, or of honor—decently meted out—requires one to run from such an altar, or *swerve while engaged in such homage*.

Your Excellency! I propose to further notice, meet and embrace, in refutation, the most extreme points, stuff and tattle, ever set up or insinuated against me as crime—morally or technically—at any stage of the trouble and as to every phase of the same, by considering them and it, as bunched together and as separated; and then showing four germane and fundamental points and principles, that they are established in my favor and recorded, and can be again and again; and which *must refute beyond reasonable and fair dispute all such matter*.

I think that most any one while engaged in earning and making a home should derive sense enough even from horses, calves, children and the Indians about him, to enable him to roughly portray a standard under which he can perform his homage in safety from carbines, sharks and the function of mercy. But I can only do this in my own, simple, awkward, frank, homely way, and in stinging duress!

First point or reason of the "four."

That I had a moral and technical right to be there and on the hapless spot, which is my intention and purpose, my course in life—what was in my heart and bones.

Second point and reason.

That I had a moral and technical right, cause and reason—in common prudence—to be armed, and have my pistol grasped in my hand for action immediately preceding my shooting; *this is my conduct*, good or bad, wise or otherwise, as to the fight.

Third point.

The motive and impulse causing action in the shooting.

Fourth point.

The state of fear, which is that of instinct, as I understand these things.

Eighteenth.—That the principal prosecuting and officious witness was, as before shown, too distant to reasonably or physically know much about the fight, or ANYTHING as to disputed points or matter, or more at least, than the witness whom they *rejected, discarded and cast away*; because they were together at the outset, and neither approached to aid either of us (and on account of the brevity of the shooting dash, and the perplexity of motion and increased danger, such approach would not increase their opportunity of knowledge anyhow). And, moreover, as heretofore shown, the "cast away" *swore* it to be *impossible to define the fight*, on account of its fury and nature "*at such a distance.*" And, moreover, no one testified, (or claimed that I know of) to seeing this principal, officious and *linked* witness during the fight. (The evidence of the "castaway" would, of course, have been valuable to me on this point also.) And the first time any of us three saw anything of him—from a time before the fight—was, as we left the field immediately after it, at a place *half a mile* from the fatal spot; and then we *met* him coming from a *different direction* to us *for to enquire* as to the fight! Of one of us, further on ahead, this *source of so much linked misinformation* inquired: "*Are you shot?*" "*Is France shot?*" Etc., etc. And, moreover, the places he had been and the words besides which he had spoken to others, ("that I was shot anyway,") and the long *distance he had travelled*, and *time*—with other proof to be had—would show that this witness *run like a deer, on the first fire or before*, and which showing of itself would have shattered the so-called case (?) of the prosecution from the outset—*the commitment, indictment, and duress*—had I belonged to a shark gang, instead of being but a peaceable tiller of the soil.

In which case it was "not considered necessary or worth bothering with;" notwithstanding I had paid a thousand dollars *to have such work done*, (all of which, had I not been traitorously held in duress, I could have done myself with less labor and skill than is required to plow twenty acres of ground—a $30 job). And the "*castaway*" swore that "he run for some timber" to get away from the carbine, and his companion surely and evidently run for shelter also. And, moreover, if I would—as I will do in one place and another—show that this "*distance*" witness and the other distance one—who together *constituted my commitment, indictment and duress*, and the source of *lying, perjured misinformation*—would *murder me in my field*, would this even be any help to a "haymaker," or must such practice and malicious slander emanating therefrom, be varnished for all time with my blood ?

That I had just previous to the fight offended said officious and *distance* witness by refusing him a favor—a matter of several hundred dollars to him—and that we were not on friendly terms anyway, but that yet he was where he was (in the field) to get my answer as to said favor, and by *my special request.* Now, was I such a lunatic as to place an enemy on the scene if I had *intended*, or had *any intention*, to "murder" his linked friend ? And, moreover, to offend him just before I *intended* to do it ? And, furthermore yet, to at the same time ask him to go with me *close to his linked friend*, which would be *to see me do it more plainly* (which I will show that I did). If so, then why was I not caressed and sent to an asylum adapted to idiots, instead of shanghaiing me to hades for torture or executive charity ?

That when Mr. Jumper first appeared in my field and was approaching one of my men who was at his work, that this witness exclaimed to me, "*There comes* [*Jumper*] *now with a gun!*" that I answered, "Let us go out and see what he is going to do with it!" that he answered me, saying, "*I don't care a* DAMN ! *what he does with it!*" and did not accompany me, all of which he admitted on the stand to be true. Same reference as heretofore. And that presently, after following me and one of my companions around (as we sowed wheat) and failing to frighten, swagger and drive us out of the field—from my homage—with his cocked carbine in both hands, that the gentleman then *gave it up* and left us, to *have a talk* with said linked witness at the place I had left him. And as to which talk or conference, except that it was had, *nothing transpired*—unless it be *in the conduct that followed it.* But had he been an unprejudiced and honest witness, would he not have tried to *avert the attack of his friend?* And had he done this would it not have so transpired ? That then *from this witness* Mr. Jumper, enraged and thirsting for my blood, proceeds to my other companion ("his friend") at work, asking him "as a friend" to "*leave the field, for there is going to be trouble!*" that he then struck direct to me and my other companion, close together and peacefully at work on my altar, and belching out a stream of furious, raging profanity, made his final attack, *jumping against a stump that had not swaggered* and which he had found would not quail, (*the whole case in a single sentence*). Which frightful display, from the outset to the fight, as well as the relative positions—especially that we two (Lay and I) were close together at work when he made the final attack, as we had been all the time since I had gone to him at the onset, or first attack, was agreed and sworn to by all present who were sworn—three men. Same reference as before, and witnesses themselves.

That my companions were veteran soldiers and brave men, and averred that they had never witnessed a more frightful, hideous, wicked attack by any man. Witnesses themselves and the evidence.

Had I reason and cause and right to grasp my pistol?

And withal, when in close succession, "he put his cocked gun to his shoulder" (No. 1), "his finger on the trigger!" (No. 2), and I stared in the muzzle! and "he said, I will kill you!" (No. 3), "and fired" (No. 4), "the gun being struck down the same instant it fired!" (Point 5).

Had I the right? accorded to other men, *to return the fire? repel the attack? shoot into the frightful, fatal danger?* And with all the rapidity, impulse, force, steam and power, which he *himself* thus transmitted and *fired* into me?

That these five numbered points were always agreed and sworn to to the letter, by all who were present at the shooting, who were sworn, three men, unquestioned as to reputed veracity. Same reference, and witnesses themselves.

What? Oh! What? am I and my friends—who know these sworn facts—taken for? And am I being held in duress to justify and hide in my grave the brutal crimes of criminals! or what? WHY! am I thus butchered?

Nineteenth.—That there was but *one other* witness, besides the *distance* and prejudiced, offended and absent one before noted, who was not present at the shooting, who *pretended* to define the fight, or split hairs as to the same. And this other one was *Jumper's partner*, in the fullest sense of the word, and swore to being outside of the field when the shooting commenced, and *guessed* at the distance to be "*about* seventy yards" at my "trial" (?) or "about half the distance of the other one."

Now what minute part, in physical reason, *could* such witness define in truth, within the succeeding few seconds of the shooting dash, as to the same, and with the fire, sound, men, horses, smoke and fury in the way? How many little bullets or hairs could be seen, split, placed, and numbered (as "from 1 to 4") and exact positions of *gun*, *men*, and other things, comprehended? And words understood and all fixed in the mind in the *few seconds* of such a shooting dash? In such space of bewilderment of any one's brain, within range or reach of the fire and fury?

Great Heavens! what faculty of vision? of hearing? of comprehension? Oh! what mighty powerful minds! possessed by these two "distance" witnesses! to be engaged in such business too!

Even admitting the distance as no greater than THEY *guessed* it, and which, moreover, I do not do (*one of them was running away*). (But I am —as usual—working only on ground which I can readily hold, by any standard of law, of right, of reason, and precedent. And which is established beyond reasonable and fair dispute, and I suppose recorded. And wherein the witnesses themselves can be readily referred to.)

So, therefore, *must* not, in law, justice, truth, decent dealing and humanity, the evidence of *those who were present* at the shooting, be THE *evidence*, as to things *physically impossible for others to know?* Just so far as does not conflict with natural reason, inherent proof, or other circumstances, or materially with themselves? And most certainly so when two of the three of these *present* witnesses were but mutual friends and peacemakers (I being the third) and their general or reputed veracity unquestioned.

And when neither of the other two "*cared a damn! what he did with his gun*," made never an effort to avert the conflict, but so he parted from each of them unhindered and thirsting for my blood, were prejudiced, interested and officious. And swore positively to things *impossible* to know, and to others established to be false beyond dispute. And who were afraid to meet and face on the stand the witness they dropped out and cast away. *And who were impeached withal.*

Oh! the desecration of that which should be venerated, and ever held the most sacred by all men! Oh! the stabbing of the most cherished and beautiful functions of our Government. Are drunken sailors more basely, brazenly shanghaied! and then held and tortured? And from such a source of information and influence?

Some good men hold that I should have surrendered my homage at the previous attack, while others, just as good, maintain that I should have been prepared in kind and repelled the attack, shot the danger, when it first appeared. Yet, though I owned a shotgun, and there was also a navy revolver in my house and an improved rifle, belonging to a man—fond of hunting sport—in my employ; yet the little pistol was the only weapon taken or had by us, which fact was not disputed.

If your Excellency please, it was always to me a sorry, sickening sport (?) to hunt down God's beautiful creatures, to see them suffer and quiver and die! How sorrowful then, indeed, must, in reason, be my feelings, as to the taking of human life. But men are few, who's life they would give that another might live. And there are those who cherish and love their lives and wives and children—homes and homage—and the beautiful wherever found; and possess in the vigor of manhood certain sparks in moral sentiment which can be made to glow, and which they would not desecrate or smother, though they die!

Had I surrendered at the previous attack, my surrender would have been demanded again and again; as was afterwards done, as this plea is witness. Had I run from the final attack, I would likely have been shot in the back, or called on to run again—but not likely more than once more.

It was confident surrender that worked my downfall and put me in this most horrible grave. That the peace officer, who declined my application to guard my life by the courts at public expense, only administered an unlettered law of public sentiment—in which my lot was cast—which is "That one who will not defend himself is unworthy to be defended," and which history of such proceedings there will maintain as to sentiment and actions.

Really, your Excellency, the main force of the prosecution was not serious and grave, but rather as with a snicker, in the way of business and revenge. But yet they made many good but credulous men believe that they were honest and humane (?), and that I, who—though a farmer most of my life, and with all my hardness as to other things, had never killed even any domestic animal, except hogs, and though struggling with rugged fortune, had never struck, in anger, any man, woman, or child—that *I* was a murderer (?). Thus have they pierced me and pierced me deep—deeper than they knew—in the region where I live, and where it hurts, as with many poisoned arrows, and cast me into a stigmatized horrible grave near five hundred miles from where my children were born. Oh! don't play with these arrows now, it hurts so! nor fear to pull them out, or I had rather "winged the shaft that quivered in his heart!"

Twentieth.—Was Mr. Jumper down during the few seconds of the shooting dash? If so, when? how much? and how did he get down?

He was inches over six feet tall, weighed over 200 pounds, and a boasted man of strength and activity. His antagonist (for control of the gun) weighed about 150 pounds by his word, but he was no slouch either; he was active, strong, and brave, or I could not testify to it now. But he had a throat trouble, hurting him in over exertion, and that it troubled him very much in the sanguinary struggle. And now be it remembered that "the pistol shots followed that of the carbine," and "all fired in quick succession," (more properly, *my first shot was fired with it*, which explains the loudness of this, the second carbine shot). "That he (Jumper) jerked him (Lay) by the gun off of his sinking horse, struck him on or against the head with the butt of the gun and dazed him;" and that *he* (Lay) *was down.*" That "nobody had a hand or finger on Jumper at any time." That "he gained ten to fifteen yards in distance—his way over the ground." That "he was active and strong to the end of the conflict." And but one of my shots were at all fatal, and no effect was manifested to—his then—antagonist by any or all four of my shots at *any* time during the conflict, and he averred at the end of it that I "had not hit him at all," and bitterly and madly condemned me for not "knocking him down and stamping *his head deep in the ground, damn him!*" and afterwards declared that "he should have had *forty balls into him, instead of four!*" And this, mark you, from one who was before kindly disposed towards him, and trying to divert him from his death with never an angry word, nor did any one utter an angry word to him in the field.

So, therefore, it must be *evident* that all, if any, of the "down" there was about it, was done by me shooting him down with as late as the last shot, or that together with the others. And this man, hanging on to the again cocked gun, or danger, swore that during this time he was so dazed that he did not see, hear, or know of my shots, or see me—all the powers of body and mind that he then had being riveted to the gun and danger.

And there was no physical or circumstantial proof to show that he was down. Nor did any one who was near enough at this time *to know* who was sworn, claim to have seen me shoot him when he was down and at that stage of the fright and fury! I do not believe that any one near enough *to* know, *could* know hardly one man from the other, or just where he himself was, or what he was doing, for it was dangerous most anywhere around there then. If this be not reasonable, then why is it that scarcely ever does any two, or even a crowd of eye witnesses agree exactly and honestly in describing any frightful fight done in their midst before their eyes? And that the theory be about correct, that a man, when excited, is like a horse to the extent that he cannot comprehend but one object, or thought, at a time? But, however, he *thinks* that he *should* know everything that had transpired within the view, and often imagines that he does, when perhaps he did not know anything. In a side view, if one's sight be sharply drawn to and *fixed on* a frightful man's finger, and "sees the finger placed on the trigger" of a gun to fire a murderous shot, I do not believe that he *can know* certain, within a foot of where the *muzzle* of the gun is, or its exact aim, while his sight and mind is thus fixed and set on the trigger, and distinctly hears from the *frights* lips "*I will kill you!*" "and the gun fired and was struck down the instant he said it!"

But, if a man in *front* does not know where that muzzle is, he at least is impressed with the most burning, fearful, flaming, blazing imagination, that can be stamped on and in the brain of man, and will not then discuss or study about the matter before taking action! Nor does the most artful double-dealing flawed law—concocted by sharks and applicable to the case, require *that he should*. And I humbly confess that in some of my wakeful, suffering hours of night, I could *make any man* GNAW the muzzle of a cocked carbine who would dispute that such a display must cause fear of life in the one expecting the shot, and in range of the aim! Because I believe he would do it, but to turn and snicker, which I would never do to even a cannibal, under such circumstances—for money, fear or fame.

In the tame, cool assassination of Garfield, who was the man to instantly jump onto the tame assassin, to repel the attack; to grasp the danger with his hands! though *standing* all around him? And were there any two of the numerous witnesses present who exactly agreed as to what transpired, or was in view, for a time after the first shot was fired? I think not. Mark, how they differed about his hat, etc. But what would have been the state of their minds, were it a *fierce* shooting *fight* and struggle, with three bucking, bounding, struggling horses mixed up with the rest? Is it not *evident*, therefore, and anyway—to wise men or to fools—that had Jumper been shot any less, that he would have succeeded in killing me, if not others besides, who would have tried to stay him in his rage?

As to the first point of "the four:"

Your Excellency, *Did I* have a moral and technical right to be there, and on the hapless spot? This, the prosecution did not attempt to refute, for the official records near at hand would settle that; if the very laws by which I was being tried (?) were any authority to go by, and as before said, there was never any contest instituted against me, and there was no question as to the lines.

Second point of "the four:"

Did I! *Did* I! have a moral and technical right, cause, and just reason, and in common prudence, to be armed to the extent I was, and to have my pistol grasped in my hand, immediately preceding my shots? Nor was this disputed, nor was it asserted or claimed on "trial" (?) that I went to the field, or to the spot, with any evil in my heart.

And how *could* that, in reason, be done, under all, or but a part of the sample circumstances heretofore shown, germane to the same, and none of them were assailed, but they were squelched. They cut me very short in my testimony; indeed, they tried to prevent me from testifying *at all*, and asked me *but two questions*, when they dropped me and virtually said, "go off now and lie down like a good lamb." (I was being tricked, shanghaied, and cast out of the way, which I will swear to be true, and can further show, if necessary), though they did not dispute my being there, right on the spot, and on or about there during many years before. Nor did they question my reputed veracity or good name, though I invited them to do so by "every witness put on the stand, by either side, or anyone else, or that I was always a peaceable citizen."

Third point of "the four:"

It seems to me that it *must be plain*, that after Mr. Jumper had failed to swagger and frighten me out of the field, that when he returned to me again in that manner he plainly showed his certain intent to carry out his declared and now manifested *determination* to "shoot me out," and perhaps anyone else in his way to this end. But as he had just left unharmed one of my men without threatening him, and addressed him "as a friend," and had been on more friendly terms with the other by me: Why should he, why *would* he kill him? What would be the benefit or advantage to him had they both left, or were dead, and I had remained? Except it be to get rid of them as witnesses to more securely murder me! Could I not get other men, when I had two or three others in my employ all the season, and could and did I not work myself?

Did I not, therefore, *know* that *he* now *knew* that—though I might be easily flattered, imposed on, tricked, betrayed, sold, frightened and killed—that *I would not be bullied or swaggered from my homage?* Therefore, in the mad, furious desperation of this final attack, *must* I not reasonably, instinctively, necessarily and surely *be in fear of my life?*

If not, what in the name of high Heaven *would* cause such fear? If not, what then was the matter with me when I was bewildered, dazed, "perfectly wild" from the onset of the attack until after all violence ended, and at the time *after* the shooting, when I cried out, "for God's sake, help us!" as both sentences were sworn to by even this friend of Jumper, and added that "*we were all perfectly wild!*"

Come now: If law and justice is the standard, and *by the evidence, what was the matter with me?* Your Excellency, what was the cause and the motive of this *state of fear?* Where did it come from? Who hunted for it? Who made and fired it? *Who drove it in?*

Now then, with my pistol clasped in my hand and thus impressed, stamped, fixed, set with fatal fear, *and thus attacked!* What then is the most reasonable, rightful and instinctive motive, impulse, force, current and action to follow? If not *to shoot, to repel the attack, to* FIGHT *the frightful, fatal danger? Did I! Did I!* DID I! have a moral, legal, instinctive right *to shoot the danger?*

If not, why then should I have a pistol in my hand? If not, why did he hunt and attack me with a loaded and cocked carbine in both hands, with blood in both eyes, in a furious rage, and having declared he would kill me—"*shoot me out of the field*"—*in this very way, time, and place?*

In the light of all these established and *unquestioned facts*, was I not shanghaied? *Or what is* the name for it? Am I not being butchered, or what is it that a farmer can understand?

Fourth point of "the four"—the state of fear.

Your Excellency, when one is thus—as is established I was—in a state of fatal fear, what is the most probable shortest space of *time* such state can be, that the force, power, current of such shooting impulse can exist, be spent, and the brain be impressed with an adverse or diverse thought so that different action can follow, transpire, by the force of reason?

To those who may not have given this subject due thought I would submit, that in such sanguinary attack and conflict, sound and fury, the brain and mind is naturally, necessarily, spontaneously and uncontrollably impressed, stamped, fixed, and spell-bound with danger for a *time* or *state*. That during such state or spell, the reasoning function of the brain (the only accountable motive in man) is suspended or paralized, and he is then, therefore, consequently and unavoidably simply a *machine*, in the power and control of an engineer, or distinct power (*instinct*) which is irresponsible to any man.

That, therefore, the acts that are done during the time of such state of fear or *spell*, are the spontaneous, ungovernable acts of artless instinct, nature, and of God.

That a person cannot cry and laugh at one and the same time; that he cannot write with one hand intelligently on a serious or dangerous subject or event with much force of thought, and at the same time write with the other hand with force of thought on an opposite or a diverse subject, also, that when the mind is firmly set, fixed, or strained on any thought—as of apparent danger—such thought and impression cannot be *suddenly* dropped, removed, or rubbed out, sufficient for the brain to receive another or opposite, or a diverse impression, distinctly impressed or photographed, so that it be *possible* for *intelligent* opposite or diverse *acts* to follow *instantly*; that before such other different acts can be displayed, an interval—a space of *time*—must and does therefore intervene, and that during such interval of time, the motive or reasoning power gets to work and works another, or photographs such different impression on the then passive brain, *after* which intelligent and responsible acts are done, and not before or sooner *can* they be. That during such interval or intermediate space of time, a person is necessarily in a state of bewilderment, perplexity, folly, and of instinct, it may be passive or intense, extreme or active, or dazed—according to the force of events transpiring or transmitted in the way—and which the force of instinct deals with in its own simple, artless, yet most effective way; that this space of time, from reason to reason and state of fear, in my case, as a matter of established fact as heretofore shown, did extend from the time Jumper made his final attack and fired, until he was disarmed, or gave up his gun, or the repelling of the attack was accomplished. That, besides being established by personal evidence, the instinct of reason teaches that such time *must* be greater than the *few seconds of the shooting dash*. That, therefore, if I committed any crime it was in performing my homage and grasping my pistol.

That no standard law (or any other I ever heard of) classes as murder ANY act or acts done in such a state. But that, however, in reason and fact I did not shoot *as long* as the fatal danger lasted, and that it was a most extremely narrow escape or miss from death that I had from first to last—from the onset until the gun was surrendered.

That none of such reasoning or discussion, as I have roughly cast, was allowed me at my "trial" (?) or to argue or sum up the case, or to use diagrams that were drawn for the occasion. But that to impeach the two prosecution witnesses, each as to some part of their evidence, and to establish the words spoken by Jumper as he fired, was held to be sufficient; which was done, besides the other evidence as before noted. The declaration, "I will kill you!" was not disputed.

That the evidence, or rather *stuff*, by which I had been held without bail or trial, or hearing, was, as before shown, of Jumper's partner [who was not even arrested] and the other prejudiced and interested witness [who was not prosecuted either] who "didn't care a damn! what he did with his gun," if, indeed, he did not *urge him on*. And who both—as before also shown—were too distant to know as to disputable material points, or parts, or matter; supposing *anything* could or should in reason and even justice and law be *very* material with the *indisputable fact, that he was hunting me with a cocked carbine, and murder in his heart!*

The Grand Jury, as a whole, I believe, thought as *I did*, that my trial would follow immediately, and perhaps, therefore, did not summon *any one who was present at the shooting, and knew the fight*, or who was unprejudiced or honest, which criminal negligence doubtless secured my indictment for murder anyway, and the succeeding six months of duress, and *by which duress*, most vile, ONLY could my conviction be managed or accomplished. Because the evidence to be had up to this time against me, was really either immaterial or else *so* thin, false and rotten, that almost any cheap police court lawyer, or any farmer with ability enough to make and hold a comfortable livelihood out of the ground, could—with measurement, a diagram, comparison with even its own as originally sworn, and a little reasoning—make plain and evident to even a child, and blow it away by any standard of reason, law, justice, or precedent, as per samples given. The preponderance of personal evidence to divert the aim of the gun from "my heart" to the man's life by my side, was managed, wrought and *wrung out of duress, distress and fear*, managed for the purpose by a practice that would make even cannibals blush with shame, and for which the people were taxed and *I* held as criminally responsible. And this, while I was held in vile duress and in a false light, without even a hearing, and begging for a trial! A situation that will cause any one's average friends to stampede like a band of sheep when one of their number is attacked by a pack of wolves, and which was a part of the play and swindle; and, furthermore, it was a surprising trick *sprung on the stand.* The proof of which can be discovered in various articles of this—*the only argument, plea, and summing up of my case* ever made, and, of course, it could be done better.

[To fix these witnesses, they were indicted for "*premeditated and malicious murder*, hearing which one of them ("Jumper's friend"), frightened with fear, cried out, "Oh, my God! I am as innocent as a child unborn, but they will *hang all of us!*" Whereupon he was privately interviewed, a bargain struck, and he was turned out. But it required six months longer to fix the other.]

The Jury was not chosen by lot and was illegal. And I was tricked (*as any producer can be* and is in danger of being by the hidden tricks of the trade) into an embarrassed duress and misplaced confidence in which I had no say as to its (the Jury's) construction, or any power against the traitorous tricks played on and off of the stand to my ruin. But yet part of the jurymen said, that had it not been for my last shot or two, nothing could have been made out of the point, or any of the matter put against me anyway and voted the judgement they did, with the hope and expectation that the executive would abrogate it. And those of these who had not gone away *did presently so petition*, and the verdict included a recommendation to the court for mercy.

But to consider duly withal the *rapidity of the shots*—that they were of the very same impulse—and the manifest danger all the time until *after the shooting*, and the state and impulse of fear and the natural inability of witnesses to really know much in such danger and fury, was it not, indeed, at least an inconsiderate, a narrow and most unusual verdict; and was I and those of my friends who did not stampede, unreasonable, or criminally unwary, when we trustingly believed that as soon as the circumstances and traitorous tricks that induced it were shown to the executive, with a fair petition of the peace and home loving citizens of my section and acquaintance, that my restoration would be very presently granted. And when others, *who are guilty of crime*, are so frequently restored in the verge of their sentences, *why am I thus discriminated against?* And is it not, indeed, hard and oppressive and murderous to me in my sore and wringing distresses and ill health?

That the producing class cannot support a grasping horde of sharks and homewreckers, have time left to keep posted in the ever changing tricks of their trade, keep the public posted as to every job put up against them, and besides have time to make something for themselves or their children. That, therefore, it is unfair and grinding to deny recourse to one of these victims from their nefarious coil, and without proclamation of warning made before. That I never had any quarrel or trouble with my settled neighbors whatever, except with one, but with a few transient sharks or raiders, who required of me to buy my peace of them at ruinous prices and dishonor, till I had to run, deliver, fight, or die!

And as only *one in about fifty* of the first settlers of the land have succeeded in making, holding and enjoying comfortable homes thereon, perhaps I should have been guided by their experience and been satisfied to live in a tent. I know whereof I speak, *only one in about fifty!*

Oh, how brave and patriotic (?) for a [secret] clique of men to divert the powers of government, to wreck and devastate a well-earned and happy home! And take the life of a single, solitary, peaceable tiller of the soil, on the strength and sadness of the funeral of one who at least had the sand to undertake it alone.

That I have implored your Excellency and his Honor, not to consider the dignity of state or functions of office, or of personal feelings too great, to point out to my understanding *any case against me*, or to show any refutation of the points I have roughly taken, when all the circumstances are duly considered; or that these are not germane and rightly taken, or as to which, if any, need further proof, explanation or reference? But have been granted nothing as to the same, except that I "was convicted by a Jury of my countrymen."

I have also, throughout, begged for executive mercy (though "the world *does* turn round"), and ever ready to confess to any guilt or sin, shown to my understanding, or to that of my near or proven friends, and to mend my ways or pursue others entirely different, if such rule be shown to me by which I can live better, in more peace and less dishonor, which also have fallen on stony ground, leaving me in the dark and as one in a dream—having been pushed off of a high bridge, and though conscious of the fatal fall, yet powerless to combat or avert it, except by a hand in sight but withdrawn or clinched.

Anything as to my statements of my case, etc., that may be too concise and suggestive rather than complete and exhaustive, [and requiring a day or two to read it, as is the case when a member of a secret gang is tried,] and may, therefore, (on account of its comparative brevity) not seem plausible to a prejudiced or contracted understanding, function or motive, can be shown wherein and why it is true; as, for example, why, if these things be all true, did my neighbors and friends permit my oppression? Because I did not wail about my trouble nor proclaim it from the housetops or through the press, but kept on my even, peaceful, confident course; my relatives were far away, I belonged to no clique or clan, but looked confidently on "every man in the right as a brother" and honesty as honorable. My neighbors and friends are peaceful citizens—not sharks or containing the element of mobs—and *had trouble and toil enough of their own* to keep them very busy, and did not think there could be any conviction; naturally thinking that when one had ability enough to prosper so long and well, where so many others had failed, that he should have sense and character and means enough to take care of himself or to choose proper and safe assistance, if he was right—not supposing that their own taxes and government could be turned against him in such a case, and there was dirt cast and thrown into their eyes [by the lying gang] from the outset, through which many could not see clearly. But some, of course, did not care anyway, for they could now catch up in the rugged struggles of life, foolishly shutting their eyes to the fact, that such selfish lack of critical interest [and earnest *action*] is just what keeps us eternally ground in the dirt; and of their turn to come to *feel* it, in *one way or another—fifty chances to one!*

But my neighbors did volunteer much help, as much of the evidence, etc., shows, and offered more of such assistance. I have no complaint against my neighbors and they have none against me, while there are some whose troubles will ever be mine also.

But the single fact, that the ground and portion of the field where the tragedy occurred was never measured, shows how sadly, indeed, they misjudged my ability in choosing honest assistance, though *they* would not oppress me on account of my ignorance.

The *guess* of the two interested, prejudiced, distant, etc., prosecution witnesses *alone* was sought and taken as to their distance off from the shooting. One was on one side of that body of plowed ground and the other about opposite and some distance outside of the fence, and who *guessed* at the distance from the shooting as *about* half that of the former, who put his distance at 140 yards.

Now there was an unprejudiced man present at this pretense of a trial who, while in my employ, plowed that ground, and he guessed this distance, while he was even stepping it so much, to be "a quarter of a mile," *440 yards*, (instead of "210" as put and accepted), but which (440 yards), however, was about 100 yards too great; but had it not been deemed by others [secretly] against me, that "they had placed themselves far enough out of distance" and reason, with the other circumstances and impeachment against them, then the one quarter of a mile (440 yards) would have been his *guess* evidence as to the same, although subpœnaed by the prosecution in their raking the country for threats from me—as though I would not have the right to defend myself on my own home anyway—(I never had a quarrel with any man in my employ, nor did I "murder" any of them, nor had I threatened Jumper with more than legal process to them, nor would any one of them swear that I had. This one swore, that he "plowed about 40 acres for me there," and he plowed less days than others had for me in breaking this field, and with the same four-horse team. Yet, they would not let any of these testify as to the distances. And I had hauled and laid into fence nearly every pannel of fence across and about there and had worked on this land in this and other ways for years, and had it partly fenced before it was surveyed by the Government, so that *I* could have guessed, as knowingly as anybody, if allowed; had not the evidence of these two witnesses [DON'T YOU FORGET IT] by whom my indictment and near ten months of vile duress was cast and my conviction (?) fixed, put up, secured—been deemed to be already abundantly refuted, "so that my knowledge as to the fight and trouble and distances would be superfluous." *Didn't want me to testify at all!* [*Any one who insinuates that I was honestly defended or had any real trial, is a liar, a thief and a cur, and a traitor at heart.*]

A portion of these rails I bought of Jumper himself in the woods, for this expressed purpose, and afterwards when he had started in to jump the land, he admitted to me in the presence of others, in these, his own words, that "no man has ever treated me better than you have."

This was a quarter section of school land destitute of water (so as to be of little or no value as a home by itself) and adjoining my other land. I had it leased in due form, besides first improvements, and had it enclosed—which was *two points more* than the law required. Jumper's pretext was that certain sharks had told him to "sail in," that the statute by which such lands had, was and is being taken and held (in nearly every county of the territory) was void. But as it (the law) had not been abrogated by the courts, and as *all of the statutes are flawed for to be questioned for a price,* I therefore required, and was willing to contend for something more official than his word or other tattle, and then he said he "would give me an *ounce of lead.*" And I should have taken it, should I?

But another gentleman had been trying to jump another portion of my home to which I had for years a United States patent, he going into another field and took possession of my springs and only water—some one hundred and fifty (150) yards within a well marked government line on deeded land I had lived and pioneered on for years when my settlement was a subject of ridicule and jest—and denied me even water necessary for my domestic use and that of neighbors who were in a measure dependent on the same, and this after I was out over $150 to accommodate him or in buying my peace. He told me "if I wanted water, to dig for it," and I did not "murder" him, or arm myself in any way, because he only used a half dozen men to take possession with—no carbine. I vainly plead to him for several weeks for only enough water for domestic use, and while we were carrying it near one-quarter of a mile on his account; but I finally got very tired and ashamed of myself; then I told the gentleman to take a turn as water carrier himself. He did not like it, and, of course, I was in his way then, and so he said "he would help Mr. Jumper with *his* job."

I was willing to divide up occasionally with such influential gentlemen so that they would permit me to live in their country, but they frequently want to take all an "idiotic haymaker" has, to divide it up themselves. And, of course, if the Government and press and false friends back them, they can get away with it every time, and butcher anybody in the way. Although being aware that the courts do not often defend homes without at least mortgaging them into the ground, yet I implored these gentlemen, that such was the more civilized and advanced method of getting them, and if they wanted mine, to take it in that way, that "it would look better anyhow and I wanted to see how it was done;" but to institute suits and divide the stock in that way would be too tedious for them, they wanted it *then*, or I must die! *Must I?* These gentlemen were [close] friends and talked to me of each other, and one of them *did* show me "how it is done," *but it was on the gravity of the other one's funeral.*

It was he with his men and but two or three others of his friends that was the power at the throne, at which I was first held or shanghaied; he had a shot-gun and others of them were in like manner armed, and he *did* "do it with a grin." It was afterwards said [and is yet] that a quart of whiskey added that night would have been my death, together with that of the only near witnesses to their defeat the day before; but others would have bitten the dust also. This is the little midnight mob noted at the outset; this is the "serious" grave (?) force that prosecuted and hunted me to the grave, and which practice is being justified by my blood. This is the "brave" (?), patriotic (?), virtuous (?) element "that is thus being venerated and backed!"

Is there no office without the reach of such power? no official heart but what is mellow to such "serious" (?) prayers, and hardened to the sons of honorable toil?

And I have written as truly as Bancroft could write this history, but it is no pleasure for me to write it, and I am suffering because it is true.

If your Excellency would grant me but another chance to live against the forty-nine, then permit me to swear to this epitome and *only discussion of my case*, by the sentence, by sections, or as a whole, as far as I pretend to know; stand what is left of me on but the partial level of a haggled, restored victim, and if any one would face me with a denial, I can be tried by another "jury of my countrymen" for perjury, and in which event, if it be *criminals* your Excellency wants, *they* can be found, though I be not convicted any more.

The good citizens of my section, if your Excellency please, may be swayed to trust in men who always have and will tap their granaries to the bottom ; but an angel from Heaven could not make them believe that they have not lost the grain, or that the courts are perfection, infallible, and mercy a sin.

With all possible humility, and respect and courtesy, I submit for decent consideration, whether it is plainly and by good authority shown that instead of the flock of crows, so immense as to darken the sun of heaven against me, that in truth there never was even a single, solitary little blackbird ; and that this storm was put up for plunder and crime in the cowardly, sneaking, traitorous, deadly guise of friendship and of justice. And by which I have been plundered of my liberty and life, of my family, of my hard and well earned home and herds, and my children of their rightful care and heritage. And this by gentlemen who would rob orphan children of their last chicken and their doll, cast them in prison to hide their crimè, and would sell their Saviour and their souls for a little money —these cut-throats and sharks ! And on their account I must be butchered ! *Must I?*

Your Excellency seems to have forgotten—it being so long ago—that notwithstanding my case having not been fully and fairly made known to the public, that yet my restoration has long since been seriously petitioned for by my neighbors—with scarcely exception for several miles about me—with a goodly and representative portion of the other good citizens of my counties and range, and with a portion of that "jury of my countrymen" that so haplessly "convicted" (?) me, and this without any remonstrance from any quarter or person—at least *publicly or squarely done.* And that a goodly portion of these are Christian men, of manly honor and fine feelings, and comprise the best elements of society ; men who would not cling to a legal mistake or fiction if they only half know it, if it desecrates a fundamental and beautiful truth, or the sacred sentiment of charity. Your Excellency, all of these petitioners know much as to the struggles in earning and holding a home and livelihood in their country, of courts and sharks, whom artless men cannot know without experience, of my trouble and distress, and they know me, I think, to a man, as a citizen, husband, father, and somewhat as an official, and as a neighbor, not as perfection, oh, no ; but they are not afraid I would "murder" anybody, or willingly bring sorrow to any fireside. These good citizens pray to your Excellency that I be no longer held as a depraved criminal ! Are their prayers to avail me nothing ? Will such a force of prayer not phase the executive heart and find therein a single spark of mercy ?

Your Excellency could also discover among these petitions men who at the outset of my trouble were active in my downfall, they would give me a whirl in the way of business, they would fight me when I could fight them in return ; but when they had won the contest, *they* would not oppress me to the death, and have prayed that your Excellency do not. Of such as they I never wailed, *to* such I can cherish no hatred.

And I am loth to open sores that might otherwise be healed, and refrain from doing so except so far as my situation compels, and which I think your Excellency might consider. Are the prayers of these also to be disdained?

I would also beg to remind your Excellency of an additional dusty petition, composed as it is of representative men of exalted order in my native state, including a Supreme Judge of renowned talents. That these petitioners also know me in a manner, and consider my word alone good enough for them to base their action on, and they know what was sworn to against me. That to impose on and stultify these petitioners I would necessarily be a consummated villain, born, bred, and practiced; and to presume that they would impose on or stultify your Excellency, would not be done by those who know them well. It is hard and mortifying to think or know that the prayers of such men—who would extend to me from afar a helping hand, though in trouble and stigmatized as a felon—glance or bound to the ground.

But though your Excellency may consider all of the ardent prayers in my behalf as if but a casual breeze, and me as a vicious animal, fit only for the yoke and the slaughter, and my wife and children as but suitable victims and game for depravity; yet, thank God, those of my kind (and the kind are numerous) who know me and my trouble well, do not so consider the matter; though they be powerless to avail me anything but fruitless, though ardent prayers.

His Honor—though not famed for excessive mercy, and with the discord of such position, and also while not fully knowing my case—has said that had the literal statute permitted it under the verdict, he would have made my sentence five years instead of ten, and that he would not oppose my pardon at any time before.

That if, therefore, I have any rights whatever any more, but to suffer, and quiver, and die; and it be only a rightful proposition to consider ten years as but a technical sentence, and five as the moral or spirit of the judgment against me, and that I am by right entitled to the time I suffered in jail, begging for a trial; and the abatement of time provided by law for good conduct, applied on such judgment, then I will in *October next have fulfilled the full terms of such judgment.* And if this is done, then therefore I most respectfully submit if your Excellency will not then have entirely rejected all of the manifest prayers, showings, and proofs, so earnestly, honestly and humbly offered for executive clemency. And that anything beyond would be simply enforcing a hard, unusual, unintended, technical, distressing, unlawful swindle of a verdict; made out of fixed evidence, sprung on duress without a moments warning or recourse, and ground out in part by about 13 months of false, pernicious, dastardly imprisonment and fear, fixed up and plotted for the purpose. And I must be butchered in order to stuff such practice down the throat of the public as "honorable" (?) *must I?* That sharks and cut-throats may fatten on human misery and blood.

That the single germane, indisputable fact, that Jumper was hunting me on my home, with a cocked carbine in both hands, with murder in his heart, and having declared to me and to others that "he would do so and kill me" on the very occasion, makes evident of itself that his death was only a pretext and blind used by unconvicted, criminal sharks, to use the power and taxes and protection of government to suck my blood. And had these blood-suckers been in like manner and intent with Jumper at the front and I had killed THEM ALL, would it have been murder? Or am I and my whole tribe savages or fools, indeed?

Though always loth to bewail my troubles with or to men, yet, I owe it to myself, to my children and my kind, to thus submit my case at this late day for public as well as executive consideration, as I am still being haggled in the deadly guise of friendship and of justice, till some of my old friends would hardly know me now; and my name and pride which before was not considered bad, to take alone in the way of business anyway, is being haggled too. And I have been choked and suppressed and oppressed, and *betrayed and sold,* till this is but a death rattle. But if anything in conflict with, or denial of any of my averments be embraced and then intelligently and honestly sifted, pressed and hammered, it will fly in burned fragments, and no point be made that will pierce or turn any I have shown in my case or character. And let any one who would care to know the truth as to my trouble know it now and not forget it, as is valued all that is most dear and sacred and beautiful to man.

Very truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

CHAPTER XIX.

Prison experience *concluded.*—Efforts to get my case before the Supreme Court.—Copious extracts from my diary kept in prison.—"Considering my case."—"Seeing about it," etc., etc.—My appeals to Legislatures, the President, Congress, etc.—How changes in Governors, etc., are discussed by prisoners.—Prisoners that were shanghaied and *never convicted.*—How I established my good conduct against the lying gang.—The "good Judiciary."—Efforts of and for other prisoners and results.—Removal to Walla Walla.—My release, etc.

THE Governor treated the epitome, etc., of the foregoing chapter just as he had all other communications in my behalf, because he was able to squelch it from the people, of whom he said, "they make great clamor over pardoning." He was dead to every generous or just emotion and every elevated sentiment.

So then I made an effort with the "good Judiciary" to grant me some kind of a trial wherein I could be defended or defend myself, and in accordance with the same wrote the following letter:

"SEATCO, Thurston Co., W. T., June 21st, 1882.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

I hereby apply to your Honor for a new trial. I can show ten times more than the reasons usually deemed sufficient for other men. The substance of which are that there is not, and never was, any real case of crime against me, and there was and is an abundance of proof to establish beyond dispute my entire innocence of any crime. That I simply killed an assassin, who was hunting me like a wild beast on my own home, with a cocked carbine in both hands and declared murder in his heart; that I shot only after he had made the attack and fired the first shot, and while he was trying to kill me with his gun again cocked; that I thus defended my life by every other right, besides following the advice, counsel and direction of a "court of justice"; that my commitment to jail was bulldozed by a little armed gang in the middle of the night, (which gang had previously tried to jump another portion of my home, to which I had a U. S. patent) they having a shyster "lawyer" for clerk and to fix up the proceedings, who was *also* their prosecuting attorney, and I was not permitted any defense.

That when in duress, my counsel betrayed or sold me, kept me in jail for over nine months, while they helped to manage my conviction, notwithstanding you had declared a willingness to give me an immediate trial, or examination, which should have ended my trouble. That they extorted my means of defense by the most base, false pretenses, and refused to be discharged when I had found them out. That C.. expressed with me at court great surprise at the trick sprung on the stand (that the gun was aimed at another), when it transpired that he had *before* granted this in his charge for you that was rejected. That he had previously declared to me, that he "had great influence with the court, that it loved him though he despised it, and that he had written a charge for it which would be the charge to the Jury, and under which I must be acquitted, so it would be superfluous to make out or show all of my case," or to hammer to pieces and destroy (as could be done) all that was sworn against me.

All of which foregoing I will swear to and can give a bill of particulars as to the same, as conclusive as any similar victim ever can under the same circumstances and duress.

If there is any recourse for such as me in the courts of this country, I want to find it; and I most respectfully and courteously hereby apply to you to assist me in doing so.

GEO. W. FRANCE."

I also applied to others and to the Chief Justice of the Supreme court, only to find it to be so exclusive and high-priced and prostituted that to get there I would have to pave the way and by-ways with gold in quantities which, by this time, I had not.

Could anarchy be any worse condition for the common people?

Some months after the delivery of my epitome to the Governor, he was at the bastile and I took occasion to spread out a copy of it on a table before him, and urged him "*to point out a single move, intent or act* in my conduct as to the fight, or anywhere in the trouble that was bad, and to say what more he required?"

To which he replied in the presence of others (which I have the documents to prove), "Of course, France, you have a very strong case; I cannot discuss it with you, but I will let you go on the recommendation or *favorable report* of the Judge." To which I replied, "You know, Governor, that Judge Wingard will not recommend or solicit any man's pardon." "But," he replied, "I do not require that; you get only a *favorable report or word* from him and *I will let you go.*"

I then asked him if he knew Mr. N.., ex-president of the council, and "whether he would consider him a reliable man?"

to which he replied that he "did know him and considered him very reliable, indeed." I asked him to "publish my case and argument (epitome) and see if anyone could be found who would assail it or discuss it with me." No reply. I then suggested that "he refer the question of pardon to any three ministers," he replied he "guessed we could get along without preachers." (The one who came there said he "would have done just as I did, by the evidence.") I then wrote to Mr. N.. stating to him what the Governor had promised, and requested him to see the Judge accordingly, to which Mr. N..replied as follows directed to me:

"DAYTON, W. T., October 10th, 1882.

Mr. WM. B.. [who was the chief contractor of the bastile.]

SIR:—You will do me a favor to assist Geo. W. France to get a pardon. I know he has paid the penalty of the crime, which he was imprisoned for. Therefore, it being justice to the man and the laws, I ask that you see the Governor and state the case to him.

Judge Wingard thinks that France is entitled to a pardon.

Yours truly,

R. G. NEWLAND."

Also this to me:

DAYTON, W. T., Oct. 10th, 1882.

....................I have received yours of the 7th, inst., and also one before that, I should have answered, but Judge Wingard was away at the time. I spoke to him last Saturday; he said, he was willing that you should *have an unconditional pardon now*, and I hope the Governor will grant you an unconditional pardon immediately.

Every one here that knows anything of your case expresses a desire to have you pardoned. So the Governor need not be afraid that the public opinion is opposed to your being pardoned out of prison.

Yours truly,

R. G. NEWLAND."

Not hearing from this effort, I addressed the Governor as follows:

"SEATCO, Oct. 26th, 1882.

To his Excellency:—[Bill Links.]

I herewith send your Excellency copies of letters from the Hon. R. G. Newland, transmitting Judge Wingard's substantial recommendation for my pardon. Believing that this fulfills your Excellency's requirements and trusting that you will not be unmindful of your promise, I, therefore, have sent for means to reach the wreck of my home and family.

I presume this matter has been presented to you by Mr. B.., as he has promised to do so, and "lend all the assistance in procuring my release that lies in his power," but I would not neglect any portion of diligence, duty or privilege in *such a vital matter to me and mine.* I have said that I was willing to be *obligated* to show and establish to the satisfaction of the Judge, that there was not even the shadow of any true case of crime against me, and I still court the opportunity to do so.

Very respectfully,

GEO. W. FRANCE.

Copy. SEATCO, W. T., November 24th, 1882.

DEAR SISTER:—Yours of the 8th, inst., just received, with $25; but my pardon is still withheld, notwithstanding the Judge's substantial recommendation and the Governor's *promise* that this would effect my release.

.... GEO. W. FRANCE."

FROM MY PRISON DIARY.

"*Jan. 20th, 1883.*—Gov. [Links] here. He came to me, spoke and extended his hand very cordially; examined the medicine I was taking (digitalis, iron and bismuth), noted my condition, saying: "you are certainly quite unwell," etc., and that he "*would see me again before he left.*" But he did *not*, and left without me getting anything out of him as to my release and the Judge's substantial recommendation. He is on his way to the States."

So I again appealed to the Judge, as follows:

"SEATCO, W. T., March 1st, 1883.

The Hon. S. C. WINGARD.—I beg your Honor to consider that in August next, without any rebatement (and to concede to me the time I lay in jail begging for a trial), I will have suffered five years of most terrible imprisonment and distress; that my health is impaired, and that my home, that I toiled the best years of my life to make, my means of livelihood, family and affairs are in a most encumbered and deplorable condition, beyond my control. That, as I am placed, I cannot attend to and protect anything, and friends who would help me declare their inability to do so, and that I am "already ruined!" They have suggested that I take certain action in the matter, but find that my duress is such that I cannot accomplish anything, nor to even communicate with my wife and children to know definitely the proper mode to pursue. And the breach is made wider, the intriguing coil drawn tighter, and the ravage more ruinous every day and hour. I beg your Honor to consider that I have ever earnestly plead and affirmed that there was in truth never a stronger case of self-defense, and that there was and is indisputable proof to establish this beyond fair question, and all else that I have claimed. And I have continually, from the day of the tragedy, plead and begged for an opportunity to so establish it. But instead of granting this right I am condemned to destruction, with no effective recourse, except through your Honor's *more earnest endeavor.* If you are loth to otherwise effect my release now, under such vital and critical circumstances and misfortune—far reaching as they be—or if discredit as to the truth of anything I have uttered be in the way, then I beg that you recommend and urge my release on condition that I make each and every assertion that I have made and do make as to any phase of my case, situation, condition and trouble, good and established within a given time to your Honor's satisfaction, and to be held in reasonable restraint or obligation till the same be done. Grateful for favors done, I implore you to consider well the full meaning of every word herein uttered, and that I am willing to stake what is left of my life and fortune on the truthfulness of my assertions, and that time and events have already proven much that was considered as with a sneer.

Most respectfully, and in great distress

GEO. W. FRANCE."

March 6th, 1883.—Note from sister M. J., in the States, dated *Feb'y 15th*, that "they were telegraphing to find the Governor to interview him, etc."

March 18th.—Received letter from M. J., at Trenton, N. J., where they were to see the Governor, who had just left very suddenly, but interviews his son and interests other parties, so that they are confident I "*will be released in a month.*" Date of letter, *March 1st.*

March 20th.—Received the following terms for my release, in the name of "the people" (?) (that had *really* declared that they were *unanimous for my restoration*) which I will give as a *fair example* of SEVERAL such propositions:

"POMEROY, Garfield Co., W. T., March 8th, 1883.

G. W. FRANCE, Seatco, W. T.

DEAR SIR:—I write to you to ask what is the least you will take for a deed to your homestead..

This is private between us. I have been feeling the pulse of the "people" and trying in every way to see what chance there is for you to be released. I know of only one way possible, and that is for you to have a few hundred dollars. Would communicate the facts, if I knew how to get them to you privately.

It is no illegal plan, but the best plans are sometimes frustrated by too many knowing them.

Let me hear from you at once, and the least you will take in cash to sign a deed to the land named.

Would you give it to get out honorably, if it could not be effected for less? ....

Hoping you are in health, I remain yours,

........................."

Oh, no! this "*people*" (?) ("who clamor") would not rob or ravage, or murder anybody. They would only give them "a fair and unprejudiced trial," (?) torture, betray, deceive and loot them of all—*everything* they possess! And do it so "legally" and so "*honorably*" (?) while to sand-bag a man, take only $9 and a silver watch and let him go on home, is made a crime!

"Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel." But think of the excursion tickets, the segars and whiskey and newspaper puffs this "*people*" (?) would enjoy out of *so many years of toil and honest endeavor!* Oh! my "*people!*" Would you, oh, would you, so "legally" and so "*honorably*" picnic in my miserable ruin, or "clamor" that I die?

Is this the price of liberty? No! *not even that*, but to still toil on for another such picnic to the gang.

> "*For* THIS *his sword the midnight ruffian draws;*
> *For* THIS *the* LICENSED *murderer spurns the laws,*
> *Rears his proud head diminish'd justice o'er,*
> *His trophies wat'ring with a brother's gore.*"

"*The dagger, hid in honors specious guise.*"

March 24th.—Governor [Links] here. Was distant and cold, said, "he knew my case as well or better than I did, and if he wanted to talk any more to me about it, he would let me know."

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer."

He would "smile and smile, while secret wounds did bleed beneath MY *cloak.*"

Perhaps I had better deliver up my homestead, my livelihood, *so many years of honest toil*, and take to the road. *Curse them*, if I do! "*Raised the fire of vengeance in the heart.*" But how do I know, but they *would take the price and hold me all the same, or put me in the ground to hide their crimes, as no* SECURITY *is held out that I would not yet be held.*

"Some men have so little sense of honor, that they do not regard an oath as to their duty, even in the discharge of official duty. He who kicks at this, his conscience stings and is the man."

March 26th.—Mr. B.. came to see me; said, "there was no public sentiment against me whatever, and that the people wanted me out, except members of the gang," and said he "*would see the devils in* HELL *before he would give them a dollar more.*" But *I* was to be in hell while they were in clover.

April 18th.—Received letter from M. J., that they had been again to New Jersey and "were assured by the Governor's son, that *he would soon accomplish my release*," etc.

"Oh, labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience."

As to his Excellency's veracity: he writes as follows to a sister in the States:

"TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.—EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

OLYMPIA, March 30th, 1883.

.... DEAR MADAM:—I did not receive your note desiring to see me until after I reached this place. My son, Dr. [Links], Jr., wrote to me. I have given much investigation to the case of Mr. France, and regret to inform you, that it was a much more aggravated case of mortal shooting than, perhaps, you know of. His case was fairly tried and *the Judge considers the penalty not excessive.* I must state reluctantly to you, that I have but little consideration for any person who takes human life, except in clear cases of self-defense.

I am yours truly,

[Bill Links.]"

To which she replies as follows:

.... Governor [Links].—DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 30th of March was duly received and its most mysterious contents sadly read, and to our great sorrow not favorable to my brother's release. *Why* is it that Judge Wingard acts so strangely in this matter? He certainly has to others said plainly that he would not oppose his pardon, besides the petition for his release was signed by almost the *whole community*.................... His action seems so strange.

Did you not long ago receive a letter transmitting Judge Wingard's substantial recommendation for his pardon?

The clique who set [Jumper] up, to get brother in trouble, was governed by no principle or feeling but those which avarice and unprincipled ambition inspire, and are prospering on brother's hard earned property; and it is to their interest to keep him imprisoned as long as possible, so that he may have nothing left with which to redress his wrongs.

I can very easily see how impossible it is for one occupying the positon of Governor, to understand the workings of so *deep laid a plot.* But should any man attack another, as he was attacked, on his own home, while quietly engaged with his employees sowing wheat, in this State most surely the verdict would be *justifiable.*

Time will convince you, honored sir, of the innocence of any crime, save of the clique and [Jumper] their agent.

My dear brother is losing his health and suffering more than tongue can tell, and innocent *as you, sir, or I* of any crime, save that of defending his own life; and all he needs, is a chance to show that there was not even a shadow of any true case of crime against him, and he courts the opportunity.

The Jury was composed of an element that we would all be very slow in intrusting so important a case. Some men have no sense of honor and no regard for their oath.

I confess myself, that I would have very little consideration for any person who takes human life, except in clear cases of self-defense, and I am *sure that this was such a case.* ....

M. J."

May 12th, 1883.—Receive word from G. H... that he will "*with the sanction and in conjunction with Judge Wingard*" endeavor to get me released.

[Which is the opposite of his Excellency's statement, that "the Judge considers the sentence *not* excessive;" so one or the other evidently *lies*; or else the Judge *is* "strange," indeed.]

"*Calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it.*"

But I have a few friends left through all such reports of "the lying gang," and some of them urge the "*good Judge*" to recommend my release direct to the Governor, and to establish who it is that is such a cold-blooded, villainous, brutal, cowardly, unmitigated liar, and he replies as follows:

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., June 1st, 1883.

His Excellency [Bill Links], Governor.

SIR:—*George W. France, now in the Ter. penitentiary under sentence for murder in the second degree, has served imprisonment as long as I would have sentenced him to undergo, had the law allowed a less sentence than I imposed. Very respectfully,*

S. C. WINGARD, Judge."

The foregoing document is considered by other Governors to be alone recommendation enough to release prisoners, with nothing else done in their behalf. One Governor (Knott) declared in his inaugural address that he would grant pardons or commute sentences "only when the court is satisfied that the sentence is unjust."

And to hold me longer with this staring him in the face was to rob and torture me on the flimsy pretext of *a mere technical sentence that had been thus abrogated* by the "good Judge." The Governor was so guilty that he would not face me any more to talk, or make any reply to this recommendation; he heeded it no more than he had the other. He would not even criticise or make objection to it. The question now was "what excuse would he invent next to spit at my stand by friends, to injure me, and yet not aggravate them so they would get mad and howl out his brutal and *mysterious* conduct to the public?" So they and I were always being *advised to "keep still."*

But *I* could get mad and still be damned; for could they not squelch my letters, etc., and thus keep me in the dark, and the truth hid from the people who "clamor?" *This censorship over a prisoner's correspondence should be killed!*

July 8th.—"R. F... and J... jumped again."
July 10th.—"T... and F... jumped."

And who could honestly blame them to jump from such a hell and such a Governor? Why should they be in prison and the lying gang in clover? They had a right—by the higher law of Heaven—to wade over the carcasses of such as would hold them there.

July 13th.—S... came here from Dayton; brought word from B... that "he was going to work to get me out," etc.

July 23rd.—Get note ["underground"] from a friend, as follows: "Copy of Judge W.'s recommendation received; all right. Be patient. Your release will *surely* come ere long from the Governor."

We had to smuggle, when we could, such vital papers, letters and life-or-death business—out and in the bastile—so they would not be squelched by the lackeys of the gang.

July 29th.—I get the following: "We have just returned from Trenton again; *now make your calculations to be released very soon.*"..........

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
Whene'er we practise to deceive!"

Aug. 5th.—Received letter from Mr. W... [It was registered, so I got it; but, though he wrote several others, I did not get any of them.] He says, that "Judge B... is working for my release; had written to the Governor and to Judge Wingard; that he was personally acquainted with them both, and that he would go and see the Governor and urge my release; and they were '*very confident of success.*' Also, that my wife was working for my release and thought it so *very strange, I did not get her letters.*"—[I had written a dozen letters to her without receiving any reply.]

It afterwards transpired that his Excellency next invented for an excuse to still hold on to me; *not* that he "was considering my case," nor "that it was not yet time to consider it," nor that "the people would clamor," nor that "I had had a fair trial by an unprejudiced jury and a "*good* Judge," nor that "my case was such an aggravated one," nor yet that "the *good Judge* did not consider the sentence excessive," because all of these excuses were now worn out and known to my friends to be *false pretexts*, and he knew that they knew them thus to be. But as his conduct had not made my friends desperate or dangerous to him, but only disgusted and sick, and as he was keeping me choked down (I "*must keep quiet!*") he could therefore feed *them* most anything *to keep them sick and still*, while I *was dying in the agony of suspense and of despair.* So he spit this rot into the face of Judge B.. and others, that *my "conduct was very,* VERY *bad.*"

Great God! Is a man supposed to have *any* "conduct" after so many years of cruel torture, and ravage, and betrayal, and *lying* deceit? Deluded, deceived, oppressed, trifled with, and murdered in a living tomb?

> "*Oh judgement thou art fled to brutish beasts,*
> *And men have lost their reason.*"

And if he still lives and has *some* kind of "conduct" left is he to blame?

And yet, during this very time the chief prison officials were promising to recommend my pardon to the Governor "if he would but request it of them." And neither they or the Governor had any charge against my conduct to make *to my face.*

About this time a friend told them that "it was a G—d d—-d brutal outrage for them to hold on to me as they did." Nor did they dispute or discuss the matter with him either, though he put it to them in their own language.

Aug. 15th.—Received the following from the States: "Judge R... is hourly expecting an answer by telegraph from the Governor."

> "Not so your friend—with grief oppressed I see
> That peace, which smiles on many, frown on me."

Sept. 13th.—"So far we can hear nothing from the Governor. We are doing everything that *can be done*, to get him to *act* at once."

Sept. 25th.—"We are still in suspense. Judge R... and ..... are doing *all in their power*"..

(It takes a lot of *killing, expensive experience* and a long time for outsiders to learn the mystic, traitorous ways of a secret gang.)

Then the Governor's son wrote to a sister as follows:

"TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 2nd, 1883.

..................My father wrote me in reference to your brother, and I do not think, from the tenor of his letter, that he is very favorable towards his pardon.

I anticipate going to Washington Territory about November 1st. Please write to me and give me your brother's full name, I have forgotten it. Yours very truly, [Bill Links], Jr."

[And so, *even he* had to judge by the *mere* "*tenor*" of the Governor's letter, as to what he would do.]

October 1st.—Legislature met, and reports come that some of the members and others are determined to secure my release; whereupon the "doctor-Governor-and-the-law" exclaimed to a number of men: "Well, by G–o–a–d, France is a man that always behaves himself and attends to his own business, and he has been here long enough, by G–o–a–d," which did not correspond with his Excellency's rot to distant friends "that my conduct was exceedingly bad," and some of such distant friends blamed and *lectured* and *charged me severely over and over again* to "*behave myself* and KEEP QUIET!" "*Oh, they could not help me unless I would quit being so bad,* and *was very quiet.*" "Yes! 'in *some* way' (but *what* way they *could not discover*, except that I did not *keep still* enough.) I had *offended the Governor!*" [*Horrible,* HORRIBLE thought, to "offend" his Excellency (?)]

That *such slimy cattle* as these blackleg governors could in any way get my friends to doubt *me, known* as I was to them, made my flesh creep and me feel that:

"With friends and falsehood I have done:
I've fifty had and yet not one,
They are only adders in the breast:
That nestling in, devour their nest;
That pleasing dream forever o'er
My bosom I unlock no more,
Yet though all hope of *friends* is fled,
I'll place *acquaintance* in their stead,
I weep the sad exchange I own,
(For my poor heart's not callous grown.")

But the governor *never* DARED to tell, outside of the gang, *wherein* I "offended" or my "conduct was so exceedingly bad."

Those who heard the superintendent and others talk about it at this time, thought I would be released *sure.*

A member of the Legislature from my section said, "France did wrong, but if he had not killed the man, *he would have killed France!*"

Copy. "SEATCO, WASH. TERRITORY, October 14th, 1883.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

DEAR SIR:—Your certificate, etc., of June 1st, 1883, was gratefully received and sent to the Governor, but has afforded me no relief. Have not the wishes of those who so criminally conspired to murder, plunder, and outrage me and my family been sufficiently gratified and *sanctioned?* You must certainly know—if you have taken any pains to find out the truth—that there was not the shadow of any true case of crime against me. But if you think there was, then *why don't you name* to me the point or points, or phase in which you may think me guilty, and give me a respectful hearing as to the same, inasmuch as I was not accorded this at the more proper time? I was thus shanghaied in your court and sentenced to this prison by yourself; but you have certified to the effect that you did not quite mean it to be my destruction, and for which I am certainly duly grateful. But how near it has destroyed me and mine you must be aware; and *as the Governor is as he is,* will you not therefore please concede to *urge* my case yet more strongly and effectively after all these years of suffering and abuse, and of cheating hopes?

Most respectfully, GEO. W. FRANCE."

The efforts of those who were to get me out having availed nothing, I made the following appeal to the Legislature:

"SEATCO PRISON, WASH. TERRITORY, November 17th, 1883.

To the President of the council and the Speaker of the House—the honorable Legislature at Olympia, Wash. Territory.

I hereby earnestly request that your body investigate my case; there never being any true case of crime against me, as is shown beyond dispute or refutation to his Excellency, the Governor. My case being in truth—as can be seen—the strongest case of self-defense ever brought to trial in this Territory with an abundance of proof to establish it.

And I have the strongest petitions, vouchers, recommendations, etc., ever filed at Olympia in a similar case, including a goodly portion of the jury, the Judge and all of my neighbors (except one) for my release. And his Excellency promised to "let me go on the recommendation or *favorable report* of the Judge." Yet I am being thus held to the destruction of my health, and the ravage of my family and home I carved in the wilderness, and where three of my children were born. I beg for an investigation in which I am accorded a respectful hearing, which my established character should entitle me to receive; or that I be allowed to make my case known to the Christian associations of the country, and to attend to my business. GEO. W. FRANCE."

"WALLA WALLA, WASH. TERRITORY, June 1st, 1883.

His Excellency [Bill Links] Governor:

SIR:—*George W. France, now in the Ter. penitentiary under sentence for murder in the second degree, has served imprisonment as long as I would have sentenced him to undergo had the law allowed a less sentence than I imposed.* Very respectfully,

S. C. WINGARD, Judge."

G. W. F."

In the published report of the legislative proceedings o November 27th, 1883, was the following, and *all* the papers publishing the legislative proceedings contained substantially the same paragraph:

"A petition was read from a prisoner now confined in the penitentiary at Seatco named Geo. W. France, certified to by Judge Wingard, relative to his confinement, and asking for an investigation of his case. A committee was appointed to examine into the matter and report."

"*December 13th, 1883*:—Governor [Links] and son here the latter sought an interview with me and informed me tha he "had promised my people in the States to do all he could with his father for my release but had not as yet presented m case to him," [which made me acquainted with *him*, for he had arrived at Olympia nearly a month previously, and now he had *no information for me* and *did not want any from me*. The Governor was polite enough, asked me how long I had served thought I looked better in health, etc., and inquired abou some of my folks in the States, but had *never a word* to sa about my "bad conduct" that he had been and was reportin to others. I could not get any information from him as to m release. They returned to Olympia when Dr. [Links], jr. sen the following letter to the States:

"TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
OLYMPIA, December 13th, 1883.

....

I went to see your brother Geo. W. France to-day. I have not hac an opportunity prior to this. Your brother seemed to be quite cheerful My father has not been able to do anything for him as yet. I do not knov exactly what course he means to pursue.

Yours very truly, [BILL LINKS], jr."

[Those who wilfully tolerate secret "*mystery*" in office, should be made to suffer its practical workings direct.]

"*January 7th, 1884.*—Dr. Links, jr., in reply to a letter wrote: "I had a free conversation with your brother concerning his case, and understand it thoroughly. The legislature *did not* appoint any committee to investigate his case. Judge Wingard *has not* recommended his pardon.

Yours, etc., [BILL LINKS], jr."

We had *no conversation about my case* AT ALL. He did not want any. As to the other matters *they are on record, as I have shown.* A committee of three *was* appointed by the legislature, but one of my shyster lawyers and one of my jury (both masons and wicked enemies) managed to get on to it in the deadly guise of friendship, and thus was the investigation and report squelched. I wrote several letters to the committee but could never get any reply or any hearing.

A member of that legislature told me that "Judge Wingard joined in urging him and other members to work for my release, but that '*they had no influence whatever with the Governor in my behalf.*'" [He evidently owed first allegiance to his secret *sworn brethren* and their government.]

"*January 9th, 1884.*—Dr. Links, jr., came here as prison physician.

"*January 23rd.*—Governor [Links] here. I asked him if he would let me go? He replied that he "would see about it;" so he has quit "considering" it and is going to "see about it." Sincerity never thus equivocates.

Who is it that is an unmitigated liar? From Judge Wingard:

"WALLA WALLA, WASH. TERRITORY, January 26th, 1884.

....

Your favor of the *16th* inst. is received. I sentenced Mr. France to the minimum term of ten years. If I could have done so I would have sentenced him to five years imprisonment, because in my opinion that would have been all he deserved. I have written to the Governor saying that five years imprisonment would atone for his crime. Why the Governor does not pardon him I do not know. I have heard, but could not prove it, that Mr. France has offended the Governor in some way. The relations of the Governor and myself in regard to pardoning have not been harmonious. The Judge has no power to pardon.

Respectfully yours, etc., S. C. WINGARD."

In what way did I offend (?) his Excellency? *Was it be-*

cause I did not surrender the wreck of my home, or what? Why did he not *dare* to state *wherein* I "offended" him? And again:

"WALLA WALLA, WASH. TERRITORY, February 13, 1884.

....

Yours of the 5th inst. enclosing the letter of [Bill Links], jr., is at hand. I herewith return said letter as you request.

The letter which I wrote to the Governor—the substance of which I stated in my last letter to you—I sent to Geo. W. France, and I know he received it. What he did with it I do *not* know. It is to be supposed he sent it to the Governor [of course, I did]. I know nothing of Mr. France's family since I refused to entertain her (Mrs. F) application for a divorce.

Respectfully yours, S. C. WINGARD."

The Governor and Co. seemed to think that their efforts to make this a secret prison were entirely successful, so that people must *take their words for the truth,* while the facts would be squelched when the victims were made to "*keep still.*" And according to the following from the son and "executive clerk" I was getting along *splendidly,* so why was the rush and clamor about me getting out into the cold, cruel world! Nor does it appear that I was "offensive" to anybody here or to the governor. It is the cruel, unjust "people" again who are so hostile," and would "clamor" against my liberty. But why did they not *tell this to the people, or their true representatives? To them* the pretext was, that "*my conduct was bad,*" or I had in some *mysterious* way "offended the Governor," and why did he hold me through all those *previous* years of unjust suffering and destruction, *during which time* it was conceded that my conduct was good?

But what need he care about my "offensive" conduct as an unwilling victim to depravity, when the *people* with whom I had and was to live were so well satisfied with my conduct *as a citizen among them that they clamored for my restoration?*

"TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OLYMPIA, January 24th, 1884.

....

Your letter received. In regard to your brother's pardon I will say that no committee was appointed by the Legislature to investigate his case.

I saw Mr. France yesterday; he is in good health and spirits. It is impossible for you, without practical knowledge of frontier life, to understand how *hostile* the people are to pardon persons who have committed capital offenses, and how difficult it is for the Executive to carry out his personal inclinations, especially in cases where prisoners are well connected, and interest manifested in their release. The Governor would gladly accede to your request, but there is at this time so much of violent crimes committed that the public visit their extremest indignation at any liberality exercised in this direction.

Just so soon as he can consistently do so, he will give favorable consideration to your application in behalf of your brother.

Yours respectfully,
[BILL LINKS] jr., Executive Clerk."

At the very time the doctor and executive clerk says I was "in good health and spirits," he was dosing me with digitalis, opium, bromide and iron—standard medicine for heart disease, with which they had afflicted me. And he repeatedly stated that he was "giving me stronger medicine, and more of it, than he gave out to any other patient that he had, as my condition required it."

And the governor, who, when bounced as Governor, succeeded his son as prison doctor, frequently censured and forbid me giving any of my medicine to others similarly afflicted, as "it was too strong for their condition." Sometimes it seemed that they were determined that I should die here, and were I not endowed with exceedingly strong vitality they would have succeeded, so that I would never have a hearing! And how "good [?] my spirits" were in such a dying condition, can never be told.

Not satisfied to defame me as to my case, my family, my conduct and my standing with the people! they must lie about my condition, when vainly struggling for even a hearing in my own behalf, and suffering in their hell of a living and dying tomb all the tortures that devils could inflict and their victims endure!

But I always hoped and prayed for something of a hereafter, wherein I would be accorded as much as a respectful and honest hearing that would be beneficial to others if not to myself; and I managed to get the following certificate from the ex-Governor:

"SEATCO, W. T., August 30th, 1886.

George W. France has been confined for many years, his heart action

is very weak and impaires his health generally. He has been under medical treatment for four years. [BILL LINKS] M.D.
Physician to the Territorial Penitentiary."

As to the "people [?] of the frontier," even the tenderfeet of Boston and New York knew and have always known that the "*people* of the frontier" are never "hostile" to a home-builder for killing a robber and assassin in the act, even if he did belong to the same secret sworn brotherhood as the governor, who is his accessory! "The *people* of the frontier" are never hostile to a man for killing even a mere burglar, or incendiary, or horse thief, or "member of the bar," or any other blackleg thief, no matter what his title may be, or whether he parades the Bible through the streets and wears for a blind emblems of honest toil.

And the more such "violent crimes" are meted out to such vampires, the better do the *people* like it; because the courts being so prostituted, this is often their only recourse to hold what they have honestly earned, and they would rather kill vampires than for them to picnic in their ruins. It is only members of the gang that are hostile to their *entire extinction.*

And by the laws of Moses, a man is justified in killing them even when they are only "*breaking in at the gate,*" unarmed, and only to steal!

By considering the courts as gateways to the homes and property, and even the liberty and justice of the people: how many midnight blacklegs are there on the frontiers, who "are breaking in through *these gates,*" (whose guards are prostituted and drunk with plunder) to rob and pillage, to ravage, murder, torture, deceive and defame! that they may picnic in the ruins and gloat over the misery of their victims?

Not by the laws of Moses only, but by the spirit of all criminal laws from Mount Sinai to the Seatco hell, honestly meted out, and by the rights of man to hold and enjoy his own, such vampires *should die.*

By the Egyptian law: "To see a man struggling for his life with an assassin *and to fail to assist him, was a capital crime.*"

There are thousands of men in secret prisons *struggling with assassins and their accessories as you are reading this; and will you, my fellow-man, do nothing to assist them?*

It is when these vampires and gallinippers—reeking with crime and desolation—are set free, protected, or sanctioned by their secret brethren, in office and out, that the *people* do and *should* "visit their extremest indignation."

For example:—When the ex-Governor applied for office by the votes of the people, he got only *one* vote in the four counties wherein my case was best known. And later, when he was nominated by another ring governor as one of the trustees of the insane asylum, he was rejected by *all but two* votes, while the other nominees were confirmed by the Legislature.

"*January 2nd, 1884.*—J. H.. pardoned; had served twenty months on four years for grand larceny and forgery, had no petition whatever, as far as any of us can learn—*secret influence.* P. S.—He steals $20 from a trunk, and is next heard of in a hospital at Portland, down with snakes in his boots.

"*February 13th.*—Governor [Links] here; I complained to him of the refusal of the warden to mail my epitome to be published, as I had complained before, "and that I was prevented from attending to my most vital business;" he replied, that "he (himself) had not killed a man," and that "I did not manifest any sympathy for the man I killed." I replied, that "were I killed in the act of *murdering a man to rob him*, I would not be entitled to any sympathy and would not get any." But he manifestly holds, that it is no crime for one of his gang to murder, rob and ravish, for he has never had a word to say against his conduct, *not a word.* Nor has the warden (another secret brother) who has likewise insinuated that I should join in hiding the crime, and revere the name of his brother villain. No wonder that the worst characters that come here mean to join the gang on their release."

"*February 14th.*—H.. gets a windfall of $20,000. There was no foolishness about his getting *his* short time, which was almost due. He had killed a man in a saloon and got one year."

I thought I would discover whether the Government at Washington, which the people so blindly elect, cared as much for a distressed and ravaged home-builder in his own country, as it does for some blackleg free-mason or odd-fellow in trouble in a foreign land.

"SEATCO PRISON, WASH. TERRITORY, February 25th, 1884.

His Excellency, President Arthur, and the Congress of the United States:—

Is there any recourse for a victim falsely and cruelly imprisoned here, and when it has and can be shown beyond dispute or refutation that there never was the shadow of any true case of crime against me? It being in truth as strong a case of self-defense as ever went to trial—that of defending my life on my own hard-earned home against a most damnable and furious assault to murder for plunder and ravage; hunting me while peacefully at work, with a cocked carbine in both hands, and firing the first shot, with an *abundance of indisputable proof*—both personal and circumstantial to verify the same, with verified statements, petitions, vouchers, etc., etc., constituting the strongest claim for justice and clemency ever filed in the Territory—including that of my neighbors almost unanimously, four judges on the bench, and a goodly portion of the jury that aided in shanghaiing me, and all in vain.

That to despoil me of my fortune and work my destruction, I have been thus imprisoned five and a half years, wrecking my health, ravaging my home, sucking my heart's blood.

That by honorable toil and conduct I helped to build this country, and therefore have a right to protection against the sharks and cut-throats—who are so powerful here—and my children to their rightful heritage on which they were born.

That the Legislature here appointed a committee to investigate my case, but it failed to report the crime done against me, or to accord me a hearing. Therefore, I hereby appeal to your Excellency and to Congress for such relief as is found to be just.

I can be found as an old settler on the records of the land department for the Walla Walla district; and our delegate knows enough of my case to vouch for me if he is so minded, as well as others there."

[I concluded with Judge Wingard's recommendation.]

I had to send this out "underground," and I never learned whether it was lost before it was mailed, or was squelched at Washington. However, little or nothing was to be expected to be done against the gang by an administration that appoints only members of the same to office, as will, further on, more plainly appear. A foreign subject in distress might get some attention; but a full-fledged, native-born, homebuilding citizen is—like the Savior—without friends or protection in his own country.

Know ye, therefore, that if ever you have occasion to become acquainted with our Government, you will find to your sorrow and dismay, that it is rotten with practical masonry, reeking with corruption, and is against the people, and will conclude, that unless members of secret-sworn brotherhoods are excluded from office, this boasted government "of the people" will sink in its own iniquity and perish from the earth.

"*March 12th, 1884.*—Governor [Links] here; I pressed him for a reason for holding me in spite of the Judge's recommendation, etc.; he replied, that that document "amounted to nothing with him, but that *five words* from the Judge—that he had omitted—would have released me long ago, *and would now.*" I asked him "to name the necessary five words," and he replied, the form should be, "I hereby recommend France's pardon."

I thought it very singular that the Judge had not sense enough to properly commend one man to another's favor, and when so many experienced and competent men had declared it to be a "very strong recommendation," and that it should take the governor only nine (9) months to hatch out the only "proper" form for a Judge to express his opinion, and discover another false pretext for his own conduct.

Nevertheless I sent the following telegram to the Judge:

"SEATCO, THURSTON CO., WASH. TERRITORY, March 13th, 1884.
HON. S. C. WINGARD, Walla Walla, W. T.:

The Governor takes exception to the form of your recommendation, and says the following five words would be effective: "I hereby recommend France's pardon." Will your Honor kindly comply?

GEO. W. FRANCE."

"*March 26th.*—Doctor here; says "the Governor had received a letter from the Judge in my behalf, but knew nothing more as to the matter."

"*April 5th, 1884.*—The Governor with the other prison commissioners here; the Governor said he "had received a letter from Judge Wingard in my behalf, about the same as the other," and that *he "would see me privately!* before he left." *But he did not do so at all.*

I waited nearly two months, and not getting even a pretext, I sent the following note by the Doctor to his father—the Governor.

"SEATCO, May 9th, 1884.
HIS EXCELLENCY, WM. A. [LINKS]:

DEAR SIR:—My most vital affairs are in a very sad and critical condition, and if you hold me longer in prison, ruin and destruction will be, as it has been, the result, and which will be on your head; as you well know this to be all unjust, cruel and wicked against me. I would never be as cruel and inhuman to even a brute. You should also consider that had you made known to me at the outset your determination to hold me, right or wrong, and *against all the indisputable truth that has been shown and done in my behalf*, that I could and would have been free to do right, and happy with my family at home, *years ago, by other courts.* But you promised otherwise, and I trusted to your honor.

As I have never lied to you or any one else concerning my case, which during all these years of trial and torture you must know to be the truth, therefore, will you please concede to believe me now and act, when I promise and swear *it to be better* to permit me to save and care for the remaining wreck of my home and family, which demands my immediate presence, than to cause such ruin and destruction as your Excellency even would regret and recall. I earnestly request an early and definite reply.

Very respectfully, GEO. W. FRANCE."

"*May 20th.*—Governor Links here, but he avoided seeing me."

"*June 9th, 1884.*—K.. pardoned; served one year on his two year's sentence, and by his word was an old and most constant criminal and would be again, had been arrested many times, and the people *were* "clamorous" against him—more masonry."

June 12th.—Doctor and Governor Links here—and I interviewed the gentleman. I asked him if he had heard from the Judge in reply to my telegram, and he said he had; but that he had written to him "*blunt, crabbid and* INSULTING!"—so he did! "*Had not recommended me,*" and that he [the Judge] "*did not want to be bothered anymore about it.*"

The Governor did not question the truth of my telegram at all; but asked if I "would do the same deed again?" I replied that "I did not see how I could avoid it under the same circumstances, and save my own life, as my pistol *did this surely.*" Yet, he said that I "did wrong to ever carry arms at all."

[*Mark*, that he had never a word, and *never had*, against Jumper's hunting to kill me with a carbine, which he held was WRONG TO REPEL!

How is that for equal rights and even *the right to live*, when in the way of the gang!

They want to drive the people into as defenceless a condition as the following victim; so they can pluck and murder them *without any danger to themselves.*

"Dr. Bories, of Missoula, was decoyed by a fellow into the confession that he didn't carry a shooting iron, and then the [odd] fellow poked a revolver under his nose and made him hold up his hands while he went through him to the tune of $60.]

Then I asked his Excellency, "what more he now required?" When he (passed the Judge, so I would not "bother" him anymore, and thus get his Excellency "insulted" again, as the Judge was getting more "offensive" to him than I was!) and said, that I "should have some of the Jury." Why! I said: "you have already got that." And as he could not think of any other excuse, he ended the interview. Then the Doctor came to me and declared that "*he was doing all he could* *for me.*" "*Will* he let me go?" I asked: "*Yes!*" he said, and then he "didn't know."

On the same day R.. was pardoned; had served eighteen months and ten days on a sentence of two and a half years for robbery. He had been on bread and water several times for bad conduct, had several fights and was shot and wounded in an attempt to run away; whereupon a prisoner who could not get even his short time *due him by law*, became "hostile" indeed, and threatened, *with quivering lips, to vivisect his Excellency.* Another who had been led to expect a pardon, was given a siege of bread and water for telling him he was a "damned liar," [and so he was].

It is reported that governor Links is to be removed soon, and the prisoners are earnestly praying that the report is true; it is conceded, that he is even worse than the other, and that a change *must be* for the better."

While the governor did not want me to bother the Judge anymore about such a trifling matter to him as my liberty and life, and desired me to "*keep very still and serene*," while he tormented and prodded me to death, *I* was inclined to bother the Judge *just as long as I could get him to bother the Governor*, or his successor, if he did "offend and insult them."

Begging and praying to God and man (or devil) as ardently as a just cause could inspire, had been a sorry, agonizing failure, so I was *not* serene, and as I was to suffer on, I would also *struggle* on, with at least protests on my lips and curses in my heart.

"SEATCO, June 29th, 1884.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

DEAR SIR:—The Governor asserts that you have not and will not recommend my pardon, and that "you do not want to be *bothered* about it."

But this is a serious and vital matter and not a mere question of "bother" or of etiquette, but of *right and justice.* And I am still so cruelly and fraudulently held, and even the "*five years*" *assurance* violated.

I was hunted and found, when attacked, possessed of a $25,000 plant and fortune honestly earned, with my family I idolized, and a character unblemished; was peacefully at work on my own hard-earned home, and so cautious of doing wrong that I was acting under the instructions of a peace officer.

No one has ever pretended in my hearing, that I was hunted and attacked for any other purpose than to murder me for the fruits of my toil. Nor can any one truthfully deny that I was prosecuted, sold, shanghaied, and am yet held for this same criminal purpose, and to sanction the crimes done against me. For this is a fact well nigh accomplished, and declaring itself. With my course of life and associations, how could I know the character and purpose of the *blackleg monsters whom you had licensed to practice in your own court,* and in whom you REQUIRE *their victims to trust* for justice without any recourse. And with your knowledge and experience, how could you fail to see that my case was not *presented, plead or argued,* nor half of my proof used ; but managed away or against me, or squelched ? Yet I was entitled to both a speedy and a fair trial, even if it would be some "*bother,*" better that, than murder and ravage.

I did nothing but defend my life and home, and with big odds against me, as you must know ; and unless it can be shown that I deserved *to die there,* it cannot be justly held that I should die a more horrible death here. And I respectfully submit whether it would not be in a right sense of *justice* and *humanity* for you to "*bother*" yourself *enough* to stay this foul and murderous oppression ? and more certainly so as it is done in *your name;* and I will ever be grateful, and also to hear from you direct. Is there any way for me to have a trial or a respectful hearing, or anything but hell ? Why am I discriminated against ? Was the life and motive of the assassin with his carbine so much better than mine ? Did you receive a telegram from me ? Very respectfully, GEO. W. FRANCE."

A few days after this W. C. [Mason] was appointed Governor.

From the Press:

"W. C. [MASON] SUCCEEDS THE GALLINIPPER."

"The wires bring us the welcome intelligence that the President has at last appointed a successor to the man from New Jersey, who has disgraced the executive chair of Washington Territory........ .... We freely and thankfully bid adieu to the New Jersey Gallinipper. Bill, Ta-ta."

"General T... returned home on Friday from a visit to the East..... He did not come back with a commission in his pocket, but we would infinitely prefer seeing him appointed to a good office, than some of the scalawags who have lately and in the past been foisted upon our unfortunate Territory, for no other purpose than to get rid of them at home."

"Governor [Links], the carpet-bag executive that presides over the destinies of Washington Territory, is the most unpopular officer that has ever been appointed to govern that most afflicted part of the North-west. Every useless and designing politician, who can no longer benefit his party in his own State, is exiled by the administration to poor, oppressed Washington.

Of all the irresponsibles [Links] is the weakest and worst...........

Where he is best known [Links] is regarded as a fraud, and is charged with incurring debts which he cannot liquidate. From a gentleman at Tacoma he borrowed $500, but failed to settle at the appointed time and for a long time thereafter, and it was only by a threat of arrest that the debtor compromised by a payment of $300. The people of Washington do not want [Links] for any position, and the sooner he is removed and his successor appointed the greater will be their rejoicement."

"*An alleged forgery.*—A bill of equity has been filed in the clerk's office of the Second Judicial District at Olympia by the prosecuting attorney, against the territorial auditor and treasurer. The bill sets forth that the last Legislature passed an act, appropriating $30,000 a year, for two years, to defray expenses of the Territorial Insane Asylum, and that the said act was in some measure and by some person unknown altered and forged, before reaching the Governor, so as to appropriate the sum of $33,500,............and that the Governor signed the forged bill, being wholly unaware of the change and increase of the amount appropriated.. ....Of course, our dear, innocent, old Governor would not be guilty of forgery—any quicker than he would drink a glass of whiskey, while preaching on temperance."

"For twenty-five years the parties have made political hospitals of the territories for broken down hacks, schemers and bummers. It is doubtful which have given us more trouble —these or hostile Indians. We desire that further marauding of our interests should cease."

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., July 7th, 1884.

MR. GEO. W. FRANCK.

SIR:—I have just received your letter of the 29th of June, *postmarked July 4th.* [It is a wonder they sent it *at all*, in spite of its being stamped and marked to register.] I did get your dispatch and enclosed it to the Governor with a letter. He replied, in substance, that you do not state the whole truth—that 'he has had more trouble with you, than all the men in the penitentiary,' and much more, which I shall not write.

I shall probably see the new Governor next week, and, if I do, I shall represent your case to him, as I have already done to Governor [Links].

I would like you to understand, that *I have done more for you, than I have ever done*, or am likely to do again for any one in prison.

Yet, you are continually complaining, as if *I* had caused your misfortune, or had been your attorney, or the Grand and Petit Juries that indicted and convicted you.

Because of the facts in your case I think five years imprisonment sufficient and have *repeatedly said so.* But I can't pardon you, and you know it, and it is not my business to solicit pardons.

Respectfully yours, etc., S. C. WINGARD."

[I answered this *under date of November 23rd, 1884.*]

Aug. 14th, 1884.—"Governor [Mason] arrived in Olympia."

The inmates of the insane asylum and of this prison were vitally interested as to the kind of a man the new Governor would be, as the management and control of both prisons needed to be exposed to the light of day and of heaven, by a rigid and public investigation, and justice meted out to the midnight gentlemen in control.

In discussing the new Governor's character, some held that as he had an ample fortune (which he had never earned) he would be *really* the Governor, above bribery and just to all. And that as he had lived in the country a few months—off and on—and owned some land, he might have some little practical knowledge of common affairs and some sense and feeling of justice as to the common people; and delared that "anyway we had all to gain and nothing desirable to lose by the change."

While others maintained that he was a Free-Mason – and a haughty one—and cared nothing for outsiders, or the common people, except as beasts of burden to ride on and give him power and glory, and that he would be as much in the gang and a tool of it, as though he was as poor as his predecessor.

The brethren of the masonic press got right down and worshipped him as a true and living God; as they had generally done to his predecessor while *he* was the rising sun of the midnight rings.

"*August 24th, 1884.*—I wrote to Governor [Mason] giving him a synopsis of the papers he should find on file in my behalf, and requested that he would carefully examine them, and if anything was lacking to justify my release, to inform me accordingly.

"*September 28th.*—Received the following letter from Judge Wingard:

"OLYMPIA, W. T., September 26th, 1884.

GEO. W. FRANCE.

DEAR SIR:—I have been here attending a session of the Supreme Court.

I have laid your case before Governor [Mason], and while I do not know what action he may be disposed to take in the matter, I think he may look favorably upon the question of your release.

Respectfully yours, S. C. WINGARD."

October 3rd, 1884.—Governor [Mason] called the first time; said that "the papers of his office were only turned over to him three days before and he had not looked at them yet; but would do so on his return and investigate and act on my case "the *first one*;" that he "had a *very strong* letter from Judge Wingard in my behalf—that he said, "*he should have given me a new trial*,"—here another prisoner spoke up saying, that "he had three petitions," etc., to which the new Governor replied, that "what the Judge has done for Mr. France is better than a *thousand* petitions, and I will attend to his case the *first one*."

But he said "we have a *good* judiciary!" Then I asked him to promise that "if anyone opposed my release he would inform me who they were and give me a fair chance to meet any objection," to which he agreed, and "would tell me as a *secret* that no one was opposing it but *Governor* [*Links*]: that "*he was afraid of me should I be released, and therefore opposed it*." "Does he say that I ever threatened him in any way?" I asked. *No, no!* he says you have *not*, but thinks that you *naturally would* be revengeful and dangerous if released." "Would you be influenced against me by such characters and interested enemies as *you know* Links and these contractors to be?" "*No, no!* certainly not!" said he, "and I will write to the Judge for further information and will act on your case the *first one*." "I believe your conduct has always been good here?" "Yes sir," said I, "but these devils of contractors and Links will stab men in the back any way they can to keep them here, so just *have them face me* in the matter and we will settle that *right now;* if they deny it, I will establish it beyond dispute in spite of them!" "Never mind that," said he, "for I am *satisfied* that your conduct has always been good." He shook hands in a manner to emphasize his earnestness and sincere feelings and departed, saying, he would "be back again very soon."

So now they had held on to me, and tormented and ravaged me, till they virtually confessed that they deserved to die at my hands; and it was *their conduct and guilt that told them so.* They knew that I never harmed the innocent and would kill nothing but a midnight devil of a robber-assassin, and such only in self-defence. But with the misery and ravage and destruction they had wrought, staring them in the face, and haunting them in their dreams, no wonder *they cowered to meet their victims on a common level.*

"For whence, dull reas'ner, can a fear arise,
Lest peace and plenty gild the path of vice;
Think'st thou that he whom conscience racks within
Can escape the vengeance that awaits on sin?
Whilst shuddering memory, by guilt oppress'd,
Plants her blood-thirsty daggers in his breast;
Shakes her dread arrows with vindictive ire
And damns the trembler to eternal fire.
Fire, where infernal furies fan the flame,
Which hopes ne'er soften, and which years ne'er tame;
Not all the tortures of afflictive steel,
Which law can sanction, or which sense can feel,
Thrill thro' the tortured frame with half the smart,
As crimes unpardoned through the guilty heart.
His sickening conscience loaths *the odious light,*
Each fear returning with returning night;
Whilst terror wears his tedious hours away,
Himself the accuser, and himself the prey.
This is the guilty wretch, whose conscious soul
Shrinks back with terror, e'er the thunders roll,
And turns pale and trembles at the electric light.

....

Say, if such woes on luckless guilt attend,
What grief shall rack that wretch the fates befriend;
Eternal terrors—while the loathsome food
Cloys his pall'd taste, and taints his meagre blood;
No more rich wines allay his tort'ring pain,
Cool his parched lip or calm his whirling brain.
Not all the sweets prolific gaul can yield,
Nor all the products of the Iberian field
Can bribe his soul to quaff the luscious draught,
Or drown in wine the racking pang of thought.
Eternal clouds hang low'ring on his brow,
And mighty horrors aim the vengeful blow;
Should balmy sleep allay his tortured breast,
For one short moment in oblivious rest,

Swift to his thought, the fane where late he trod,
The insulted altar of his injured God,
And thy dread form gigantic meet his view,
Guilt swells the form his frenzied memory drew;
Till tortur'd nature triumphs over pride,
His fears confessing what his tongue denied.

For quick and restless is each sinful breast,
By hopes transported, or by fears opprest;
Tho' bold in acting, yet they find in time,
That guilt strikes home, and punishes the crime.
Again to sin and sorrow they recur,
The path of vice still widening as they err;
For who that once has lost his heavenly guide,
Ere stopped the torrent of overwhelming pride!
Or sense of shame once banished by disgrace,
Relum'd the blush of virtue in his face?
Guilt leads to guilt, possession wakes desire,
And treach'rous fortune fans the rising fire;
Each crime unpunished prompts a thousand more,
Till habit leads, where passion swayed before.
The wretch who late his sacred trust betrayed,
With blood e'er long shall stain his murderous blade,
Overturn his country, or with trait'rous art
Aim the dark dagger at the patriot's heart;
Till injured justice lift her iron rod
And vengeance thund'ring from the throne of God,
Give to Hell's op'ning jaws their destined prey,
And *sweep the monster from the face of day;*
Unpitied shall he fall, without a friend,
His life detested, and accurs'd his end,
And thou, proud mortal, whose imperious soul
Would teach eternal thunders where to roll,
Shalt see that God, who marks each latent ill,
Can spare alike, or punish where he will;
And trembling own, whilst humbled in the dust,
That man is impious, but that God is just.'

W— S—"

And their knowing that to increase the oppession, likewise increased their guilt, and would consequently, in the end, but increase their danger; they therefore evidently intended *for me to die in prison*, so that I could neither expose or kill them for their torturing crimes. And I considered it to be necessary to guard against being poisoned by such guilty-minded cowards. *No linked member of secret intrigue should ever be suffered to deal out doses to victims of their gang.*

Mark and reflect, how this linked prince would still be Governor—*and he was—how the secret clans affiliate in prostituting the Government* against the people.

"SEATCO, THURSTON CO., W. T., November 23rd, 1884.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

DEAR SIR:—I gratefully received your letter from Olympia, as well as the one previously; as to which I will say, that I told you the truth as I have always done.

I did neither misconstrue Governor Link's words nor his meaning—that is supposing him to mean what he said—that "the five words" as given you "from you would release me."

As to your letter to him in reply, he gave me as his reason for not honoring it—not such as he did you—but that it was "*short, crabbid and insulting*" and "no recommendation." Nor did he question its truth as to my part—*not at all.*

It, however, gave me some consolation to know that it was not only his defenseless, suffering victims—honestly struggling as does the lamb with the wolf, the fly with the spider and the bird with the snake!—who "insults," "offends" or troubles his Excellency as he gloats over the mangled remains of his victims.

And he gave as his reason for holding me, to my people in the States, that "my case was an aggravated one and you was satisfied with my sentence."

I give you this as a mere sample, or glimpse of the stabbing in the back and in the dark I have to endure, and the character of the influence practised against me. The same that tried to murder me at home, and succeeded in shanghaiing and selling me to accomplish their hellish ravages. Of course, so long as such blacklegs have influence at court, and honorable men and modes are spurned, there is no assurance for me. And it was a sorry day for me when I trusted in the merits and justice of my cause—though it was never excelled—for justice and vindication at such courts.

Governor [Mason] was here about seven weeks ago; said he had a letter from you in my behalf, and would write to you for further information. I had hoped that you would conclude the matter while at Olympia, but I suppose I must suffer and not complain.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., December 7th, 1884.

GEORGE W. FRANCE:

DEAR SIR:—Your registered letter of 23rd ult. received on my return home. In reply I will say, that after I wrote to you from Olympia last September, I received a letter from Governor [Mason] saying, in substance, that *ex*-Governor [Links] opposed your pardon on the ground that you had offended him in some way, and had not behaved well, etc. Governor Mason said he would look into the matter further, and hoped he could comply with my opinion that you had been in prison long enough. I have heard nothing from him since. If I *could let you out I would.*

Yours, etc., S. C. WINGARD."

"*December 10th, 1884.*—It is reported that during a recent visit to Olympia Judge Wingard had a quarrel with Links about his conduct towards me, and that during which the Judge declared he "*would never send another man to this prison that he could possibly avoid,*" etc. Some are discussing the matter and will watch the court proceedings closely, and see whether he does or not.

"*December 17th, 1884.*—Governor [Mason] started to the States, and without coming here. This is how 'he looked into my case further.'"

"*January 12th, 1885.*—Dr. Links, jr., here; he denies *positively* that his father has opposed or is opposed to my release, declaring that "he *knows*" and will *swear to it*, and that "Governor Mason only says so for an excuse." Also, that "my *conduct has not* been bad and that I HAVE NOT OFFENDED HIS FATHER."

If the common people knew the real characters of those they are led to support for office, and knew the main spring of their official actions, when they get there, instead of thus being enslaved by the prostitution of their own government, they would *raze to the ground every den of the lying robber clans* in the country.

"*January 16th, 1885.*—G.. and W.. came here from Dayton; and say that "the people think it is an outrage that I was sent or held here at all, when it was so plain that I only defended my life," and that Judge Wingard had said on the streets that "had he known I would be held more than a year or two he would not have sent me at all."

"I see in the papers that Governor Mason will visit Washington and also New Orleans before his return—he thus picnics while his victims languish."

"*March 14th.*—See that the Secretary, as acting Governor, has pardoned a man out of jail. And also that the Governor will soon return."

"*January 26th, 1885.*—Been very sick for the last two weeks and over."

"*But he who fails and yet still fights on,*
Lo, he is the twin born brother of mine."

So I wrote the following letter:

"SEATCO, WASH. TERRITORY, March 28th, 1885.

His Excellency, Governor [Mason]:

SIR:—I am impelled by my distress to remind your Excellency of the cruel wrong you are doing me and mine by prolonging my imprisonment. Although you are in the enjoyment of good fortune, luxury and power, I implore you not to thus despise all that is honorable, just and humane, because it be unfortunate and hunted down. You have showings, references and proofs conclusive to unprejudiced men, of my innocence of any crime, and of my character where I worked so hard and prospered so well, till attacked by the blood-thirsty assassin and robbers—to which you have failed to even question, as invited to do. Therefore, you are presumed to *know* the cruel injustice you are inflicting, and that I am not a liar. I hope you are not so heartless as to enjoy the pay and the misery there is in it; but *why* do you allow it to continue till all my well-earned fortune and good health and most sacred, devoted ties—all that is worth living for—is ravaged and consumed in the flames of violence, avarice, and a damnable revenge, and all for *what?* Because I would face and defend my life against the flaming fire and lead of the robber-assassin on my own devoted altar.

'Woe be unto him who calls good evil and evil good,' and who, while *extoling assassination and rapine*, spurns and stamps homely, friendless virtue in the dust.

Judge Wingard says, that 'had he known I would not be presently restored, he would not have sent me here, and that if he could let me go he would do so.' Are you not, therefore, taking undue advantage of the court's *mere technical sentence, which itself rejects*, and its ignorance as to the executive character, to complete my ruin?

If your Excellency will not let me go, will you please grant me the favor to so answer and inform me, to answer the questions and points in my argument and plea (epitome) heretofore submitted, and to deliver to me *all the papers and letters received by the Governor in my behalf?*

Respectfully yours, GEO. W. FRANCE."

"*June 21st, 1885.*—Received letter from I. J. T.; he, in conjunction with H. A. and others, propose to get up monster petitions for my release; says 'about everybody in my three counties would gladly sign them;' he will write to the Governor to find out what more is necessary to be shown or done to secure my release."

"*July 4th.*—Received the following letter from I. J. T.:

"POMEROY, W. T., July 1st, 1885.

MR. GEORGE W. FRANCE:

DEAR SIR:—I saw Mr. H. A.. and had a talk with him on petitions, etc.; he will attend to the business in that county; he is a strong friend of yours and a fine man too, and will work with us to get you out to again breathe the free air of Heaven.....................You will please get a certificate of the prison warden showing your good behavior since you were there. It will have weight with the Governor. I wrote to the Governor but have not heard from him yet. We will give the matter a *thorough* effort, and use all the means in our power for your release for the reason that you *ought to be out.* I always maintained that you were unjustly incarcerated, and that it was done by *chicanery*, and hope we will soon see you here again. I heard a disinterested party say that he was *positive* that McK.. swore to a lie which went far towards putting you in prison.

We will work this matter with a determination not to fail, though perhaps if *I* were in prison no one would try to get *me* out, but they might. But I want justice done, and justice demands your release loudly. ....The M.. gang will, of course, work against the matter, but Judge Wingard knows and has called them *perjured* publicly, and they will get no quarter at his hands.................. I. J. T.."

I pointed out to the warden the paragraph of the letter requesting a certificate of my good behavior and requested him to fill the bill, to which he replied, that "it would do no good for *him* to do so, as that was S..'s place (S.. was superintendent then) and that *he should* do so." To which I replied, "you *know* that S.. will not help *anyone* out by certifying to his good conduct." "But," the warden replied, "it is his place to do it, and he *ought to do so for you*, I can't." Therefore I determined to establish the fact in spite of them, and a fellow-prisoner wrote out the following certificate, and was more or less joined by all the rest, as follows:

"SEATCO PRISON, WASH. TERRITORY, July 6th, A.D., 1885.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that to our personal knowledge during our acquaintance as fellow-prisoners, and on information and belief as to the remainder of the time of George W. France's incarceration, that said France's conduct as a prisoner has been unexceptionally good, or equal to the best of the prisoners, and will bear a most rigid examination, *which he solicits.*

F. E. STRONG,
ex-Sheriff and Assessor of Wah Kiacum Co., W. T.

....
....
....
....
....

"*The Signatures attached to the foregoing certificate constitute all of the prisoners, except one Chinaman, two Indians, one woman, and* (8) *others, who acquiesce in its truthfulness, and if summoned, will testify to the same.*"

OATH.

"*We do solemnly swear that the foregoing certificate and statement is true, as we verily believe. So help us God.*

FRED. E. STRONG,
A. J. VINCENT,
GEO. W. FRANCE."

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF THURSTON.

Personally appeared before me this 14th day of July, A. D. 1885, Fred. E. Strong, A. J. Vincent and Geo. W France, who are personally known to me, and subscribed and swore to the foregoing oath.

Given under my hand and seal this 14th day of July, A. D. 1885.

(Seal.) G. S. PRINCE, Notary Public."

The eight (8) prisoners who did not sign felt it to be imprudent—as their cases stood—for them to thus enrage the gang against them; although they would *be glad to be put under oath and thus compelled* (?) to testify in the matter. Of course, *my position as warden of the big hall, etc.*, would of itself been proof enough *for any honest Governor.*

The only way I could get a notary to attend to this matter was by a strategy, or we, nearly all, would have sworn to it. It happened that I had at this time a power of attorney to be acknowledged; so under the shadow of doing this, and using my friends Strong and Vincent as my witnesses to the same, we pushed the other matter through right in the shadow of the elevated ears, and in the snapping teeth of the superintendent, who, with others, was playing cards at a table close by. And when I blandly invited the gentleman to join my friends in the certificate, he brayed out in reply, "*No, I won't!*" To which I replied, "that is what I had understood, and had, therefore, appealed to my *friends* to establish the fact *beyond dispute or question.*"

Now this notary manifested an earnest and kindly feeling, such as is *very rarely* enjoyed in such a circumstance, saying that I "had established the fact in spite of them," and was so pleased with my sand, that he refused to accept any pay for his services, another having charged me $6 for but a single acknowledgement.

The next thing was to prevent the matter from being *squelched*, and the warden was so anxious to get it in his fingers that he said I might send the papers without their counting as letters, which were only allowed to be sent *once a month.*

So I wrote a brief of the certificate *on the power of attorney* and registered it, also stating on it that I would forward the other to I. J. T.. with whom he was in correspondence, and so he got it.

"POMEROY, W. T., July 26th, 1885.

MR. GEO. W. FRANCE:

DEAR SIR:—I have not heard from you for a long time [*as though it was my fault*]..................I am in receipt of a letter from the Governor. He wants to have a talk with you before we get up more petitions and will then let us know whether this is necessary.

I think the chances are favorable for your release, as it is left entirely to yourself, as your talk with the Governor will decide whether you get out or not. [*What deceitful, lying rot on one side, and stupid ignorance on the other.*]

I have written to him very fully and referred him to several responsible men knowing you and your case, and I will write to him again.

Hoping to hear from you *at once*, I am, Yours truly, I. J. T."

It was difficult to convince any one of the people that a victim was denied the right to attend to such *vital business* whenever necessary, and one would frequently have several different business matters with as many different persons living and being in different sections of the country, each requiring him to write "*at once*," when he could only write one letter a month, and there was *no security or assurance that it would go*, except to send them out "*underground*," and then it was difficult to make one's friends understand that they must acknowledge its receipt by a simple mark or expression, and refer to it *in no other way*. For when detected it was used as a club or knife against the victim.

This, that follows, is his Excellency's *rot*:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE.—OLYMPIA, W. T., July 22d, 1885.

I. J. TOMLINSON, Esq., Pomeroy, W. T.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter of June 15th, 1885, I desire to say that I have tried to see Judge Wingard, when I visited the city of Walla Walla, so as to converse with him concerning the case of Geo. W. France, but he was then absent from that city.

However, I have conversed with him here within the last few days, and, upon his advice, have concluded to have a talk with Mr. France as soon as I can visit the penitentiary.

I do not think it would be my duty to pardon him, if he is likely to become a troublesome and dangerous man.

[About all of the "troublesome and dangerous" men on the roads of the border were peaceable citizens, till *thus persistently* looted, goaded and *driven* to avenge themselves, by ring blacklegs in office who are a thousand times more "*troublesome* and *dangerous*" to good society;—they not only rob and murder men, but they rob and murder *their government also*. Had he (the Governor) been honest, he would have joined, or rather taken the *lead* in being "*troublesome and dangerous*" *to the traitorous gang*.] After seeing him I may write to you again, in case a petition be contemplated by you. I do not wish you to go to the trouble of circulating a petition, until I can see Mr. France and ascertain whether he is contrite or revengeful.

Respectfully, W. C. [Mason.]"

"Contrite or revengeful," he says; "Contrite" for what? For defending *my own life against one of the gang?* Which showed that he belonged to the gang, and would justify and sanction their crimes at the expense of innocent blood, and ravage and dance on the graves of his victims. *Look here!*

From the Press.—"The *Signal* declared that Governor [Mason] at the G. A. R. Encampment proved himself a nimble figure in the dance. He out-lasted the most enduring of our Yakima damsels and came up for the last Waltz, at three o'clock in the morning, fresh as a daisy, although he had not missed a single opportunity to agitate his foot during the night.. ....He was a great seeker after partners, and for courtly grace and *continuity* it would be difficult to find his equal."

[Do such, as he, have any conscience? To dance while his victims languish!]

"But *now* my sword's my own, smile on my lords:

"I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, strong provocations, bitter burning wrongs, I have within my heart's hot cells shut up. To leave you in your lazy dignities.

"But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling hatred and full defiance in your face." *Curse you!*

"*July 21st, 1885.*—Doctor and ex-Governor [Links] here; the Doctor declares that he and his father "have *praised* me to Governor [Mason] and favored my release, and that the Governor is favorable to it."

"SEATCO, THURSTON CO., WASH. TER., August 16th, 1885.
Mr. I. J. T..:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of July 26th and 30th received, and I embraced *the* opportunity to reply. Governor [Mason] has not come around. But he could know my sentiments by examining them as set forth in my argument and plea (epitome) - on file at the executive office and addressed to the "Governor and the people at large."

And if such sentiments, or the exercise thereof, is in violation of any standard of law, or of good morals, or good citizenship, no one has claimed or pointed it out to me, in any particular. Although I have begged them to do so, or to controvert its truth as to any point if they could, (and let me prove it again) and to "prescribe a bitter course and rule of life and conduct than I have exercised, when I would embrace it accordingly." But *no point has been questioned or denied, or any other standard of conduct offered.*

So you see, *don't you!* that the matter *does* NOT "rest with me" *at all?* I have my part as well done as opportunity accorded me, and my distress would permit. Hence it rests on you, if you please, to proceed to the consummation of your work there, and the pushing of the same to the end.

And you and other friends can, with safety and propriety, guarantee my future conduct to be in accordance with the golden rule. And thus shatter the false reports and idle fancies hatched in the dark, to add to my misery, and which, if persisted in without rebuke, would drive even an angel to desperation or the grave. When they cannot point to any word, act, or circumstance of my own, wherein they can justify any of their accusations, and *do not pretend to to me*.........

Yours very truly, GEO. W. FRANCE."

As to a man's rights, even in a Kingdom. "*British Court.*" British Law and Subjects. English Gold Commissioner, at Kootenia, (Fisherville Camp).

"*If you had shot him down (an* UNARMED *trespasser) you could not have been hurt for it; for any English subject has a right to protect his own castle, and a miner's claim is his castle.*"

He fined the trespasser (who had had the other arrested for *assault*) £25 for trespassing upon and molesting a subject on his own premises." —Col. Hunter's *Reminiscences of an Old Timer.*

And yet this latter day Mason and Governor holds, that a full-fledged American citizen should be "*contrite*" for even defending *his life* on his hard-earned home against one of the secret gang shooting at him with a carbine! That he was a tyrant, etc., will hereafter appear by the testimony of others also.

"*August 18th, 1885.*—Court in my county (Judge Wingard) had seventeen (17) criminal cases; there being many men here for *long terms* with weaker cases against them than the *least* of these seventeen; yet, "the Judge strikes the criminal docket with a cyclone the first day," as a local paper expresses it, and they are *all cleared.*" But *I* will do for an example (?) for them all.

"*September 11th, 1885.*—Governor [Mason] is at Walla Walla picnicing at the fair.

"*September 19th.*—Governor [Mason] and the other prison directors are here; the Governor introduced one of them (an *odd-fellow*) to me, asking me to show to him the papers I had from Judge Wingard, which I did; he (the odd-fellow) "thought they were *very strong*," and said he would also examine my papers at the Governor's office, but he wanted no further information from me. The Governor then gave me to understand that he would let me go "when the Legislature met in December," and that he would have done so before but for objection being made that I "might be dangerous or troublesome." But he refused to say *to whom*, or give me the ground of such objection, or by whom made, or what would refute or placate it. He did not want any information either, *or to "have a talk" as he had written was so important.* On leaving, he shook hands with me cordially (yet so falsely) saying and repeating it, that "he would be here again *before the Legislature met*," and intimated that he would let me go *then*.

"SEATCO, WASH. TER., September 20th, 1885.

Mr. I. J. T..........Governor [Mason] made a brief call here yesterday; but as I intimated to you would be the case, it had little significance. He is not a frank man by any means, but reflects dark and hidden influences, which fears the scrutiny of light.

He would give me to understand that he will let me go when the Legislature meets in December..................

....

Very Truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

I. J. T.. wrote as here to follow:

"October 27th, 1885.

................We have waited patiently to hear from the Governor, but have not. And he advised me *not* to get up more petitions till I heard from him; and in him alone lays our hope of your release, so I deem it presumptuous to go contrary to his advice in the matter, but I will write to him again and lay the case in all its bearings before him. I. J. T."

And afterwards wrote: "I had several letters from the Governor, but he just *put me off*, and I do not think that our efforts were of any use.

I. J. T."

"*November 20th.*—No Governor here yet.

"A cunning man is never a firm man; but an honest man is; a double-minded man is always unstable; a man of truth is firm as a rock. Be true. Don't be a sneak. Never undertake anything you are ashamed of, or ought to be ashamed of. When your cause is good, advocate it openly and manfully. Never burrow in the dark. If you do, rest assured your deeds will come to light and to your own confusion. Don't talk one way and act another. That is deception; and a deceiver when he is found out is always despised, as he should be. There is nothing more worthy of approval and esteem than a sincere, frank, honest and true man, whose words are the real representatives of his feelings, and who despises in his heart low, selfish cunning. Be a true man. Be frank, honest and sincere. Don't become a low, cunning trickster. Don't. It never pays in the outcome.

EDWARD IRVING."

"*November 29th.* — See the following item in several papers:

> "*Petition for a pardon.*—A petition is being circulated in Columbia County, W. T., asking Gov. [Mason] to pardon George W. France, who, it will be remembered, killed [Links Jumper] a number of years ago near Peola over some land dispute. France has already served six years and is in very poor health."

One of the lawyer traitors, who done me up, had a close friend in the gang who published a paper that continually puffed the little shyster into notice, so that immigrants might fall within his grasp. Indeed, sometimes he edited the sheet himself; and this to follow, is what it said:

> "Another effort is being made in Columbia County to secure a pardon for George W. France, the slayer of [Links Jumper]. He has been in the penitentiary six years and ought to remain there six years longer."

[He evidently expected that I "would be troublesome" to him when I got out, as he had been to me in getting me in. And he left that section, going to one that was just filling with immigrants, to waylay them.]

Such gentry are the *power behind the throne*; against the people, against truth and good faith, against all that is equal, just and fair and humane. Could anarchy be a worse condition?

"The Walla Walla *Journal* in full recognition of all legal consequences, says that [the editor of the aforesaid sheet] *is a perjured scoundrel*," etc., etc.

December 7th, 1885.—"Legislature convened, and no Governor here since September 19th, or any information from him."

In his message to the Legislature, the Governor says he "has granted no pardons, except as rebate for good conduct."

Has not a word to say about the injustice, corruptions and brutality of the contract bastile; or of the asylum; or the stealing by the gang of the University lands. Is pleased that "the Territory is an *attractive field* for the "legal profession" and favors their being encouraged and even turned out at the *expense of the people*, instead of showing how easy this swarm of vermin could be done away with by reforming the Judiciary, and how much better this would be. Gives the excuse of the territorial treasurer for paying out money without any warrant, on the ground that he "had conformed to the practice of former years." Favors a strong and "loyal" militia who will blindly obey their [masonic] commanders to protect the Chinese; while American citizens are afforded no protection against the robber clans, and when stripped of their property are in large numbers stigmatized as tramps and vagrants and driven out, with no "strong and loyal" militia to protect *them*, or Governor to plead *their* cause.

A General of this militia was afterwards indicted eight (8) times for forgery and robbing a county treasury of over $60,000; then the "charitable brethren" interfered with the "good Judiciary" which *put off* his case, while they railroaded through to prison a lot of outsiders, to be held there for 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 14 years, for stealing a little grub, a few dollars, or a horse! And the *General* of the loyal (?) militia has never been punished at all, but is picnicing with the plunder, and was billed to *marshal a Fourth of July parade!*

From the ring Press.—"*Doesn't affect the parade.*"—"There has been not a little gossip in this city, since the indictments have been found against General [Mason], as to the propriety of that gentleman leading the column in the great parade here on the Fourth of July. So frequent had the question been asked on the street, that the *P. I.* correspondent called upon the chairman of the [ring] committee on programme and asked him, if there had been any change in the arrangements with regard to General [Mason]. "Certainly not," said he, "while there have been some ugly charges entered against General [Mason], he has not been tried upon them or adjudged guilty, and it is not for us to do one or the other in advance of the court." [Oh, how considerate with one of the gang.] "He is the Adjutant General of the militia of the Territory, and as such was invited to marshal the parade. He has accepted, and no other arrangement will be made, of course, so long as he signifies his willingness to serve by not resigning."

[So the subjects of the secret governments desecrate and trail our flag in the dirt. Indeed, the time will come when such gentlemen will *need* a "strong and loyal" militia to guard their lives and plunder from the wrath and justice of the people whom they spurn, loot and shoot down. Think of a gang of such "loyal" (?) men shooting down unarmed citizens in the streets, as they did at Seattle, and talking about the "equal rights of men." He was made General and "billed to marshal the Fourth of July parade!" Why then *should* other criminals reform! when the courts and government are thus prostituted and virtue made a cringing slave to depravity or shot down in the streets and field? And when this Governor, in violation of law, to protect masonic Chinamen, and his "loyal" militia who were being arrested *for murder*, and when good citizens could get no protection; he formed a military commission "the most powerful court under military government" and detained *this very General as Judge Advocate and Recorder* of this extra "good Judiciary," to try and punish offenders against white and yellow Chinamen!

Jan, 5th, 1886.—"Rev. Parker here. Brought message to Mr. S... from members of the Legislature, that they 'would shake the swindle up and end the prison contract.'"

Jan. 7th.—"No Legislature or Governor here yet."

I sent the following petition to the Legislature:

"SEATCO PRISON, W. T., January 8th, 1886.

I hereby respectfully and earnestly petition the Legislature to rigidly investigate my case and duress—according me a full and respectful hearing as to the same.

I earnestly certify, that I have been unjustly, cruelly and corruptly held in prison for over seven (7) years, when it has and can be shown beyond dispute or refutation, that there never was even the shadow of any true case of crime against me, and having all the time an abundance of proof to so establish my case; that I was shanghaied and not convicted, and every effort to make the fact known to the people has been squelched. That I have as worthy petitions and other showings as was ever filed at Olympia. That Judge Wingard, learning the injustice of my "conviction" (?) joined in urging my case repeatedly to the Governor—so that he declares he "has done more for my release than he ever before did for any man in prison," and that I "should have had a new trial." Please investigate, give me a hearing as to any point held against me, and take such action as is found to be just.

GEO. W. FRANCE."

Jan. 19th.—M... and K... here from Dayton. Bring word that the county officials and "everybody" will sign my petition.

Jan. 25th.—"Priest here. Took petition of the prisoners to the Legislature to appoint the Chaplains, or other outsiders, as a commission to investigate and report to the Governor as to any prisoner's conduct; also to pass a one-third rebate law, like that of other States, for good conduct. The priest and the other visiting minister will favor the same." [N. B.—But they were ignored, because it would interfere with the gang.]

February 1st.—"Rev. Parker here from Olympia. Thinks the prisoners will be removed to Walla Walla in July, to utilize their labor in the building of a Territorial Prison that is provided for, to be built there. And also thinks and prays that Governor [Mason] will soon be removed."

During the session of the Legislature, in discussing the Local Option Bill, the Governor is reported as saying as to his approving or vetoing it:

> "I must say that I feel a great deal of embarrassment from the situation in which I am placed with such piles of remonstrances and petitions, on the one hand and on the other, constantly coming in. There was a telegram from Tacoma with thirteen pages of signatures, and others from other places.........Telegrams have come from Seattle, signed by prominent business men, and last night a message came from eleven business men, four of them liquor dealers, asking for the approval of the Local Option Bill.
>
> *This matter of petitions is one that is of very uncertain quantity.* I have had petitions come in here, for the pardon of prisoners, signed by almost everybody in the county, and, yet, neither the Judge nor the Prosecuting Attorney had signed them. It may seem presumptuous to open this matter, but I deem it due to myself to respect a request to be heard on a question of this kind."

Whenever the people suffer one or two members of a secret sworn brotherhood, *who belong first to their gang,* to exercise more influence and power than *all the people combined,* then whiskey and vice are sure to get a hearing, while liberty, virtue, right and justice are spurned to languish.

When the "judge and prosecuting attorney" are mere tools of the gang, as is so often the case, where then! is there any recourse for their victims?

If the earnest will and voice of the people is thus to be spurned at the crook of the finger of perhaps the vilest villain in the gang! (as has been seen) what is there then in the most *sacred right of petition?*

Is a masonic railroad company a friend to justice or the people? Can one of the people get any justice against such a gang in the "good judiciary?"

And, moreover, will not the "good judiciary" bankrupt him if he appeals to it for a final decision?

Is the masonic gang, called the "members of the bar," a friend to justice or the people?

Do they not cause all the laws to be flawed, so that it is simply a matter of fancy or of interest or corruption as to what they are to be held to be one thing to-day and another thing next month for a price?

Do they not, as secret middlemen, make the courts sink of prostitution and cold-blooded robbery?

Are they not as a *cancer* to the people? Are not judges and prosecuting attorneys *of* this gang and secret sworn brethren?

Do not the masonic railroad companies really make the selections for office, and are supported by a petition of the brother members of the "bar"—the cancer of the people?

Could a prince of virtue and ability get a judgeship against both or either of these masonic "charitable societies," THE *cancer of the people?*

Where then is a victim's recourse when the people even *en masse* are considered as a "*very uncertain quantity,*" as against *one* of these tools of the gang, whose stay in office depends on the amount of innocent blood and plunder he sucks from the victims! when the *most sacred right of petition* is nullified, spurned and spit upon?

That the cancer may suck the homes and heart's blood of its victims. No law should be made or unmade against the expressed will of two-thirds of the people. *Nor should any bill become a law until sanctioned by the people,* and when thus endorsed *no court should be allowed to abrogate or nullify it.* If *the people* do not know their constitution, and whether a law would violate it, then it is time for them to build one that they *can* understand.

If the courts were honest they would not wait till laws have been in force for eleven or seventeen years, and then annul them to enrich the gang. But they would confirm or abrogate them *forthwith on their enactment*, if at all.

But a mere sprig of a cancer need not be expected to favor such reforms. He would sooner build with the people's money a *hatchery* to breed little cancers, for such an "attractive field."

"*February 4th, 1886.*—Legislature adjourned without visiting this place. It is left discretionary with the Governor whether the prisoners are taken away the first of July or held here to enrich the gang, till the prison is built."

"SEATCO PRISON, WASH. TER., February 16th, 1886.

HON. R. O. D....

DEAR SIR :—Will you please inform me as to the action taken on my petition to the late Legislature for an investigation of my case and duress, and whether it was squelched and the reason therefore, and greatly oblige,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

More rot.

"GOLDENDALE, WASH. TER., March 4th, 1886.

GEO. W. FRANCE:

DEAR SIR:—The Legislature concluded that it was not proper for it to take criminal matters out of the hands of the courts. The only party to appeal to after conviction is the Governor. If the Legislature should go into the subject of investigation there would be little use for courts. If yours is a meritorious case, and the Governor is apprised of the facts, that would go to show the error of your conviction, I have no doubt that he will extend the executive clemency. Yours Respectfully, R. O. D..."

Then, when the Governor belongs to the gang, there is no recourse for one of their victims. And if the Legislature will not investigate and correct such corrupt abuses, then there is "little use" for legislatures. One who writes or talks like R. O. D.. on being informed of such distress, is either a fool or a thief.

The kind of an outfit this Legislature was and how it was run by masonic gangs.

From the Press :—"It is impossible to conceive of a more corrupt, worthless and faithless body than the wretched Legislature of 1885. Upon the members of that body the railroad strikers of Oregon and Washington set to work as they had never set to work before. A lobby [mason] was established at Olympia, which practiced methods of such shameless corruption as has seldom been seen in the United States. The real story of the last Legislature, of the lobby established by two great corporations who combined in the nefarious work of defeating the will of the people, of the open and notorious corruption which was employed to bind a majority as with hooks of steel to their [masonic] masters, of the means by which *any* legislation in the interest of the people was prevented: that story has never been told, and if it ever is told and told truly, the people will listen with amazement to a story of corruption such as has seldom blotted the annals of free government.....

.....All good citizens should hope that the next Legislature will be a vast improvement on the last. It it is not, the people of Washington Territory had better give up the idea of attempting to govern themselves, and throw themselves upon the protection of some kind-hearted Czar."

[But the gangs prevent by *law* and a corrupt judiciary the telling of the "true stories" of corruption and crime of their members. Here following is what one of the gang says as to such law.]

"Below is given the text of the libel law. It makes the publisher of a libel responsible in civil damages or criminally, and we believe it to be a good law that no fair, honest man need fear, but which will have a salutary effect upon all evil-minded persons."

[*And here follows the truth* :]

"An attorney in this city assures us that the lately enacted libel law is operative only against decent people, and is null and void against persons destitute of good character." [None of the laws are operative against members of the gang, and a Judge has lately openly declared *substantially*, that "the laws against stealing do not apply to members of the gang." One who had robbed a county treasury was discharged by the court "because the law did not apply to him" (or his case), "that it is so, he is *positive*. It is a delightful law, indeed, that will tolerate and foster a social condition of this nature.....It was perhaps an understanding of this character that induced notoriously bad men, scandal-mongers, and professional libelers, to urge the passage of this libel law, that they might go on in their wickedness, and flourish at the expense of the better portion of the community."

AGAIN.—"One of the last acts of the Legislature was to pass a law, exempting from taxation charitable institutions and church edifices and grounds to the extent of $5000 in value.

The people of Washington Territory at the last general election decided by an *overwhelming* majority in favor of taxing church property. The Legislature did very wrong in passing such a law." [But they consider the people a "*very uncertain quantity.*"]

This bill was enacted so as to exempt from taxation *the dens and other property of the midnight gangs*, which are considered by the *brethren in office* as "*charitable* institutions."

Again from the Press.—"It will take two years and an outlay of thousands of dollars in legal expenses, to decide what is law. About the first thing that a lawyer now undertakes in the interest of his client [if he belongs to the gang] is to get the laws "busted," if thereby he can gain an advantage."

And again.—"It is asserted that every corrupt practice is brought into play, that money is freely used, that men recommended by their duplicity and their ability as fixers have been imported from beyond the borders of the Territory to perform the filthy work of the lobby, and that the wishes of the people have been deliberately overridden by lobbyist and legislator alike.......

They can and do exert a supervision over all legislation, and *defeat any that is conceived in the interest of the people.* The managers of the lobby at Olympia, among whom are a well known Oregon politician, and an equally well known Territorial Official [both masons, of course], it is asserted, receive daily instructions from headquarters—instructions it is safe to say they carry out to the letter. Never has our Territory been so shamefully, outrageously disgraced....never have a people been bound hand and foot and handed over to their enemies by their faithless servants in a more shameful manner. If there is a citizen of the Territory who does not blush at the thought of this corruption, he is unworthy of his citizenship. These facts are coming to the ears of the people slowly. This is to be accounted for in several ways. The devotion of both of the Olympia newspapers to the cause of monopoly [masonry], their connection with all that is evil in our politics, and their hostility to every popular movement is well known. They, of course, could be relied upon not to tell anything of the operations of the lobby. The correspondents at Olympia have, with one exception, been purchased or cajoled, and have become pliant tools of the corruptionists. With such a condition of affairs it has been an easy matter to carry on the nefarious work as if in the dark—to persuade legislators that their actions would never be known by their constituents."

"*March 19th, 1886.*—I wrote to the prison director who was to assist the Governor in the investigation of my case:

"When you were here with the Governor you appeared to be interested in my case, and said you would, at the Governor's request, investigate the matter, including all the papers on file, and would also write to the references as to the same. But I have failed to hear anything further from you or the Governor. And I am still here, suffering the cruel ravages of the black conspiracy.....Now I earnestly request you to frankly and definitely answer me the following questions. Will you, please, do so?

First.—What papers, letters, etc., did you find on file as to my case at Olympia?

Second.—Will you, please, answer the questions and points as given and numbered in my argument and plea?

Third.—Is not my case and innocence fully shown and demonstrated? If not, *on what point?*

Fourth.—Are not my references for proof very complete and knowing, and as worthy of belief and influence as any against me?

Fifth.—Is there any stronger case, in justice and right, or any urged by better or more competent witnesses and proof than given in my favor? If so, please name any such case!

Sixth.—Is it fair play to be influenced and controlled in such matters by secret influences that fear the scrutiny of light?

Seventh.—*Why is a respectful hearing and an open daylight investigation of my case always squelched?*

Eighth.—Does not Judge Wingard declare virtually, that I am unjustly held in prison?

Now, Mr....., please be so good as to answer my questions honestly, frankly and specifically—*manly*. And greatly oblige

Yours very respectfully,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

"P. S.—If you will not answer these questions, which are of such vital concern to me, please transmit the same to the Governor, with my request that he will do so. G. W. F."

To which he replied (?), ignoring my questions—fearing to face the truth, as they always did—and gave this rot as a "reply":

"In reply I will say:—I had not forgotten your case, but it stands in the way. The case is before the Governor for *his* action and investigation, and is entirely out of my reach. I have had a number of talks with the Governor and have tendered him my services whenever he requires them. That is all I could do. The Governor has his own ideas of these matters, and your only way is to address him direct. His conversation with me was confidential. I will, therefore, not repeat it."

So the matter was conceded to be a ring secret, that they were bound *to keep in the dark.*

As to me "addressing the Governor direct," I had already done so, but with no more effect, than if *he was pledged to the gang* to keep the matter in the dark, so it would not be "troublesome" to them.

A man had been elected as Delegate to Congress, as a champion of the people against the gang known as the N. P. R. R. But whether he was a mason himself and thus betrayed the people I did not know, but thought I would find out whether he would really defend one of the people against the gang. So I addressed him as here to follow:

SEATCO PRISON, Thurston Co., W. T., April 7th, 1886.

HON. C. S. VOORHEES, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—Over seven years ago, by the aid of C...'s treachery, I was shanghaied from my home in Columbia County and incarcerated in this prison.

It was a conspiracy to murder and rob me, I being possessed of a $25,000 plant and fortune I had honestly earned, as the land records will, in a degree, show. In repelling a murderous attack with a carbine, while peaceably at work on my own home, I *returned* the fire with a pocket pistol, killing one of the gang who was thus shooting at me, killing a horse by my side. And he having sworn to kill me at such time, place and circumstance. Then by the treachery of C... and another blackleg shyster (B...) a large amount of money was, under *base, false pretensions, extorted* from me, without affording me any real trial—which I have always failed to get—and the facts of the damnable outrage are sought to be buried with me in this prison, while my family would be destroyed. Every effort to procure an open, honest investigation has been squelched; the Governors putting me off with false promises and turning a deaf ear to all of my appeals as well as from Judge Wingard (to whom I refer), my neighbors and that of others usually successful in releasing prisoners from other prisons. There was never the shadow of any true case against me; so evident is this, that no *open* opposition has appeared against my release, and the Governors *know* that I am innocent of any crime.

I have been informed that I could get out for more money; but I earnestly appeal to you to present my case to the President, to the Secretary of the Interior and to Congress, and establish whether there is any recourse in such a case of cruel, brutal, inhuman outrage and ravage, or not.

I have appealed in vain to the Governors to put a finger on any point or phase charged against me, that has not been completely refuted, and that it *would be*, beyond question. But they could not do it and will not attempt it. Yours very truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

(Written after my release.)

"PEOLA, GARFIELD CO., W. T., July 28th, *1888*.

HON. C. S. VOORHEES, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR:—I wrote to you by registered letter, April 7th, 1886, informing you that I had been shanghaied, and was then incarcerated in the Seatco contract-bastile. That I was innocent of any crime, and had never had and could never get any real trial, or find any recourse in the territory, etc., etc. And appealed to you to present my case to the President, Secretary of the Interior, and to Congress.

But I never received even a reply. I desire, if you please, to know your reason for thus ignoring such an appeal for justice and humanity in behalf of a pioneer homebuilder, cruelly languishing in prison to be plundered and ravaged by the gang.

Very truly, GEO. W. FRANCE."

{ "HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
Washington, D. C., August 9th, 1888.

GEO. W. FRANCE, ESQ., Peola, Wash.:

SIR:—I have no recollection whatever as to the circumstance to which you refer in your letter of the 28th ult. I will be glad to serve you in any way I can, if you will make the case known to me.

Yours truly, C. S. VOORHEES."

"PEOLA, GARFIELD CO., W. T., August 23rd, 1888.

HON. C. S. VOORHEES:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 9th inst. at hand. I enclose

Post Office receipt of the letter I wrote to you while falsely confined in the Seatco bastile.

You can serve me and a just cause by having the department investigate the matter and find out to a certainty *who stole that letter?* Other functions of the Government were prostituted against me, and the post-master, being one of the prison contractors, may be the thief.

The letter was of the greatest vital importance—beyond that of dollars and cents—*and now let it be known whether such brutal crimes can be done with impunity or not.* Many of my letters were never received, and I wish you to inform me *whether you will push and stay with this matter to a definite conclusion.*

Yours truly, GEO. W. FRANCE."

"COLFAX, W. T., September 7th, 1888.

GEO. W. FRANCE, Peola, W. T.:

DEAR SIR:—If you will, upon my return to Washington next fall, again direct my attention to the subject matter of your letter of the 23d ult., which was forwarded me here, I will very gladly institute such investigations as you suggest. I return the registry receipt with the suggestion that you will send it to me when you write in the latter part of November. Very truly yours, C. S. VOORHEES."

......"December 10th, 1888.

....In accordance with your promise to investigate, etc., the matter of the loss or theft of the letter I registered to you for investigation of my case while falsely imprisoned, on your return to Washington from Colfax, I herewith return the receipt and urgently "direct your attention to the subject" as you suggested in your letter of September 7th, 1888.

Please let me know if you receive this, also the result of investigation, as I desire to push the matter to some definite conclusion. Please have the receipt preserved, and in case of failure return it to me and greatly oblige,

Yours truly, GEO. W. FRANCE."

This investigation was squelched also, and the receipt stolen too, as I never heard anything more about it. It should interest and spur the American people to action to know that *every branch of the government* is rotten with *linked masonry*, so that only outside criminals can be punished for crime.

"*June 14th, 1886.*—Contract let at Walla Walla to build a penitentiary."

"*July 1st.*—Prison contract is expired; so the Governor can keep the prisoners wherever he pleases, and can utilize their labor in the building of the pen at Walla Walla, there being suitable temporary quarters that could be had, or a cheap building could be built on the ground and afterwards used for shops."

But the Governor chose to leave the prisoners to enrich the gang at the expense of the people, and continue the contract-bastile-brutality as long as possible.

"*July 9th, 1886.*—Ex-Governor [Links] tells me voluntarily, that "if he was Governor he would let me go," *that* "*my conduct has always been good*," and he "will recommend my pardon to Governor [Mason]." I reply that "I thought you was opposing my release?"

"No," he said; "*I have not done that.* All I have got against you is, you made Judge Wingard and me enemies." "Will you give me a copy of your recommendation to the Governor?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "I will bring it the next time I come." [He is now the prison doctor. It will be remembered how *I* made Links and Wingard enemies.]

"*July 27th.*—Ex-Governor (Doctor) [Links] here; said "he would write the recommendation to the Governor to-night, as soon as he got home, and also a copy of it for me."

"*August 29th, 1886.*—Doctor (ex-Governor) here; says he 'has written and sent to the Governor his recommendation for my release,' that '*your conduct has always been good*, and you have been here long enough.' Will bring copy of it next time he comes." So he says, with his mouth—more NOT.

"*August 30th.*—J. P.. pardoned from Oregon penitentiary—had a life sentence and served about five (5) years; was first sentenced to hang."

"*September 18th.*—Governor [Mason] goes to the States without coming here at all."

"*Must rampant vice still triumph over laws,*
And will not pitying heaven avenge our cause?"

"Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

"SEATCO PRISON, W. T., October 20th, 1886.

HON. N. H. [MASON]:

SIR:—As you are acting Governor, I most respectfully and earnestly appeal to you for my restoration.

I have been cruelly and malignantly imprisoned for over eight years. Yet, if you will examine all the papers on file in my behalf, or heretofore addressed to the Governors, and *never answered*, you will be compelled to see that I was never guilty of any crime. And which fact, if not apparent as to any point, I have always begged to *establish beyond dispute*, if such point or phase be pointed out that is held against me.

If, after all this suffering, and abuse, and ill-health, and ravage, you have the hardihood to reject my petition, at least please answer this letter, and the points made in my argument and plea on file—each to each, as pointed out and numbered from "one to four," which will be doing that much more than your vindictive, unrelenting predecessors have done, and *knowing all the time* that I was shanghaied and betrayed for plunder and ravage, and that I only defended my life.

Yours very truly GEO. W. FRANCE."

This official was also a secret-sworn-brotherhood-man, as his evasive and contemptible *rot* shows for itself, for neither would *he* face my case at all, and he holds that the "people and justice be damned," and that the masonic prostituted courts are *infallible*.

"TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.—SECRETARY'S OFFICE.
OLYMPIA, October 28th, 1886.

GEO. W. FRANCE, Seatco, W. T.:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 20th inst. I will say that I find nothing on file in this office that would justify the executive in taking action in your case that would set at naught the action of the judiciary.

My own idea in regard to pardons is that in no case should the executive interfere with the courts, unless evidence is produced that was not before the court and jury, that would have cleared him on h: trial. Very respectfully yours,

N. H. [MASON], Acting Governor."

The executive is *sworn* to virtually "interfere with the courts" whenever they are prostituted, or through error do an injustice in such cases. If the courts were infallible, there would be no need of a higher power, and a fool ought to know that a *secret ring court and a fixed jury care nothing whatever for the kind or amount of evidence in the case of the gang against a good citizen, or a good citizen against one of the gang*, except its bearing on the public mind in making them odious. Yet this ring official holds and acts, that in such cases of court prostitution there should be *no recourse* for justice and truth.

History gives no account of any more hellish tyranny than this.

The pardoning power should be in *the hands of the people* of each county or judicial district. Only members of the gang would oppose this, because they could not prostitute the people as easy as they do an office.

Nearly all good citizens *do* declare that the courts *are prostituted* against them, and that they "*cannot get justice against a member of any midnight brotherhood.*"

"*February 14th, 1887.*—The new penitentiary at Walla Walla was turned over to the Governor as 'ready for occupancy.' The plain law requires the Governor to cause the prisoners to be *removed there forthwith*, and appropriated the necessary means to do so."

"*March 15th, 1887.*—Ninety-eight prisoners here now; the Walla Walla Board of Trade declares that,

> "*Whereas*, if there is a legal doubt as to the maintaining of the prisoners at the Territorial penitentiary (at Walla Walla), there is manifestly a graver doubt of power for their maintenance elsewhere."

"But the Governor contends, that it is more 'lawful' to continue the contract-bastile till the Legislature meets again, paying the gang hotel rates besides the labor of the prisoners, than to comply with the plain letter and spirit of the law, which was considered as ample and all right when it was made and signed, until now, when it is to the interest of the gang to '*discover*' the flaw with which they had fixed it. The most of the ring press are howling for the gang, and to rob the people. They, too, have '*just discovered*' the hole or flaw in the law. Of course, *the Governor didn't see it when he signed it.*"

"*March 24th, 1887.*—Governor [Mason] here; he had nothing to say to me nor I to him. S.. asked him about his case; said he 'had never seen his petitions, though he was satisfied they were there, as S..'s friends had told him of them, and he would see the Judge about his case.' S.. is given to understand that if he 'would leave the country he can get out.' Yet he knows of no opposition to his release except these prison contractors and the ex-Governor; he having exposed their conduct to the Legislature, and has been persecuted accordingly. Soon after Governor Links had been removed, S.. as well as myself asked him, if he had left our petitions, etc., on file in the executive office, and he replied that he had; and subsequently I asked him *again* as to mine, and he said that he had left all of my papers, letters, '*everything*' on file with the new Governor. Yet, now Governor Mason says that he has never even seen S..'s petitions, notwithstanding S.. told him of them, and asked him to examine them at his first visit here, when he said that he would 'act on France's case the first one,' etc."

This is how such officials attend to the *most vital business (an oath-bound trust)* of their office, and ignore and spit upon the people, as an "uncertain quantity."

"*March 26th.*—It is reported that the daylight thrown on the Governor's conduct in keeping the prisoners here (even after the completion of the Territorial penitentiary) by the people of Walla Walla, will cause the prisoners to be removed after some more parleying.

It is also reported that Governor Mason will soon be removed, and the prisoners rejoice, declaring him to be "even worse than Links, and that if this lane through hell is to ever have any turn, it must be at the next change of the devils in charge."

The democrats here have been contending all the time that "if a democrat was appointed Governor, he would make a break in the ring, expose its corruptions to the people, and having some regard for the people's welfare, would be influenced by them, instead of being a tool of the gang, and would reform the office."

The republicans here have replied that "while the republican officials were dog-fish aristocrats, caring nothing for the good of the people, the democratic officials were slave drivers by instinct," and pointed to the prison contract system in the democratic States. That "while in such cases the contractors always *paid the State* so much per day, instead of *being paid* seventy cents for each prisoner per day, besides their labor, as this gang was doing, yet, it was a brutality and outrage on men mostly *better than themselves*, if not such a bare-faced swindle in money on the people as in this Territory."

Those who had critically studied the conduct of the officials of both parties, maintained that there was no more difference between the democratic and republican parties than there is between one masonic railroad company that has got a railroad from the people, and another masonic railroad company that is trying to get the people to give them a railroad, or the means to get one without earning or buying it. And that there is no more difference in the principles and feelings of the officials, or more influential members of these parties, than there is between one free-mason or odd-fellow chief and another free-mason and odd-fellow chief, they being linked together in a secret sworn robber clan, as the Chinese highbinders (free-masons) ignoring and spurning our Government and courts, except to prostitute them, so as to enrich themselves and picnic at the expense and distress of the people. That their prostituting secrets are so diabolical that it is *death to reveal them to the people.*

"*April 9th.*—Governor [Mason] orders the prisoners to be removed to Walla Walla, May 1st."

"*April 10th, 1887.*—Governor [Mason] bounced and a '*Democrat*' is appointed Governor."

"*April 23d.*—Governor ['Democrat'] assumed his office."

"*April 29th.*—Governor ['Democrat'] has suspended the order to remove the prisoners, and the contractors smile, the prisoners shudder and remark, 'how other men violate the law with impunity.'"

"*May 5th.*—Governor 'Democrat' here; he doesn't want to talk to any prisoners, which is just as well, unless he is more truthful than his predecessors. It is reported that he has weakened and that the prisoners will leave here the 10th inst."

If these Governors were in irons as prisoners, *how their physiognomies would be remarked!*

"*May 10th, 1887.*—We boarded the train for the new prison at Walla Walla; occupy two passenger and one baggage car. Nothing very strange on the road; about half of the prisoners were heavily ironed in pairs, two of whom cut loose and jumped out of a window—one escaping, the other was stopped with pistol shots. The most of the other men were ironed single; the balance of us not at all. A lame one 'with pride in his port,' against whom the ex-Governor and Co. had a grudge on account of his frank morals, though scarcely guarding him before—sometimes not at all—and had never attempted to escape, was now heavily riveted to an ugly Indian—(even the day before starting)—to reduce his moral standard.

Herod to his sons:—"But do you, oh, my good children, reflect upon the holiness of nature itself, by whose means natural affection is preserved even among wild beasts; let this oppression raise the fire of vengeance in your hearts—determined to be avenged."

"Far off through the lone night watch I had yearned for my home,
When dreams and thoughts of happiness across my soul had come;
Yet, now my heart was fainting and I gazed with anxious fear
Upon the well-known mountains, though so beautiful and near."

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., May 17th, 1887.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

DEAR SIR:—I am still in prison, (or what is left of me) and no man has yet dared to charge that it is so by any fault of mine, and accord me a fair chance to refute it. Neither Governor could, or would thus mark a single point against me; they *knew* there was never any true case against me; they *knew* that I was attacked on my own home, and failing by a scratch to murder me there, that they shanghaied me to carry out their hellish designs of murder, robbery and ravage by degrees, by prostituting the courts and executive office.

And yet they held me down for my heart's blood to be wrung out, as though I had not the right to defend my life against a robber assassin firing at me with a carbine, and the magazine filled for the very purpose.

Recall what I told you at the out-set; and now that so many of my assertions are proven true by a succession of terrible events, that I begged of you to help prevent and thus save me from ruin, you must know that I always spoke the truth.

Although there is comparatively little left for me to struggle or live for now, and so many honest, earnest efforts for my restoration have been spurned and spit upon, or squelched, yet, I wish to revive *those true* and *worthy efforts* and showings to the attention of Governor ['Democrat'] and see whether he, too, will spurn and spit upon them, or will do me what justice he can. Will you, therefore, kindly renew your efforts in my behalf to the new Governor?

Yours Truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

"*May 20th.*—Judge Wingard sent recommendation (to Governor) to me, to see it before mailing; also sent excuse for not coming to see me personally—that he "did'nt like to show discrimination." [A Judge could learn more knowledge that would fit him for a Judge by visiting all of his subjects, than he ever can from law books.]

He says to the Governor: "I especially recommend for pardon George W. France, as he has fully expiated the crime for which he was convicted and sentenced."

To which he received the following reply:

"WASHINGTON TERRITORY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.
OLYMPIA, W. T., May 23rd, 1887.

HON. S. C. WINGARD, Walla Walla, W. T.

DEAR SIR:—Your note of May 20th, recommending pardon of George W. France, is received and placed on file. *There is no application for the release of this prisoner in this office.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E... [Democrat], Governor."

Judge W.. sent me the Governor's letter to answer; which I did by giving the Governor a list and synopsis of what *should* be on file in my behalf and closed as here to follow:

"I submit that the fact alone that a prisoner's honest, earnest efforts, and that of his friends, are stolen or squelched, ought to be proof to an honest man, that official functions have been prostituted against him.

Yours very truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

"*June 10th, 1887.*—One of the guards—an old time acquaintance—tells me that "it is the talk" and "seems to be understood that you will be released in a few days." I ask him to be my substitute for those "few days," and he swears that he "really would if he could, though it were many months," etc.

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., June 15th, 1887.

HON. S. C. WINGARD:

DEAR SIR:—I forthwith wrote Governor [Democrat] in regard to the absence of petitions, etc., etc., for my release; citing the greater part of what should be on file and that Governor [Links] had repeatedly declared that he had left *all—'everything'* in my behalf on file; and later that he had written to Governor [Mason] *his recommendation for my pardon;* and that Governor [Mason] *never disputed the same* to me;—but I get no reply.

I am, therefore, constrained to request you to answer him (Governor Democrat) also, and in as urgent a manner as the case demands.

I have but four months from the 21st inst. to my short time, which would not justify the duplicating of all the work done for my justice, by friends worn out in the cause, only to be lied to and spit at by blackleg Governors, at the secret beck of their kind.

I told Governor [Democrat] that it was "but a technical sentence," done with the understanding that I would be presently restored."

Yours very truly,

GEO. W. FRANCE."

To which Judge W— replied as follows:

"WALLA WALLA, WASH. TERRITORY, June 20th, 1887.

MR. GEO. W. FRANCE.

DEAR SIR:—I have written to Governor [Democrat] as you requested.

Yours, etc., S. C. WINGARD."

[He got some kind of a reply; to which he replied June 25th.]

"*June 25th.*—The warden tells me 'the Governor has sent for my commitment' which is supposed to mean that my case is settled, that I go forthwith—the commitment being used to make out a pardon."

"*June 27th.*—Judge Wingard and others called; he said, 'the Governor has sent for your commitment and we expect to see you out very soon,' etc. He told another prisoner that he 'had recommended my pardon to *three Governors, and he is still held.*'"

July 4th.—E. V... and family called. Say, that "the most of those who were active against me, have themselves been wrecked and their true characters exposed in trying to wreck others, etc.; and that they (my neighbors) want me back."

The gang evidently sends in another secret veto, and the Governor writes the following contemptible, rotten quibble. *It is either one false excuse or another* (and, of course, such can *always* be had) and means that there is *no recourse for a victim of the gang, and that* IT STILL RULES.

"OLYMPIA, W. T., July 9th, 1887.

HON. S. C. WINGARD, Walla Walla, W. T.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of June 25th was duly received and contents noted. Answer has been delayed, pending examination into the case of Geo. W. France, and, as before stated, I do not think it proper to grant a pardon upon the mere request of any number of persons, or upon arguments or theories other than those based upon well-established facts. A showing in the nature of the showing required upon a motion for a new trial should be made. And upon notice to the District Attorney. In the case under consideration I do not think there is sufficient cause shown for executive interference, and, therefore, the prayer of the petition must be denied. Very respectfully,

E... [Democrat], Governor."

So Judge W.. was still incompetent to properly present my case. One would think that after all of his experience in the matter with the other Governors, they would have taught him the way to do such business. But *he knew* that the rotten, quibbling excuse was a mere handfull of soft dirt thrown in the face for a blind, and that, *do what we might*, he would always be found full of dirt to spit out, and so he gives up the job as follows:

"WALLA WALLA, W. T., July 11th, 1887.

MR. GEO. W. FRANCE:

DEAR SIR:—I send you the reply of the Governor, which, I regret, is not favorable to your release.

I do not know the reason, but all of the Governors seem to take an adverse view of your application. Now I have done all I can for you, and without fee or reward or the expectation of any. Nor would I accept anything for what I have done, if offered. If I could pardon you, I would do so, because I think you have been punished enough for your offense.

But I am powerless to aid you further, except to sympathize with you which I know is poor comfort. Respectfully yours,

S. C. WINGARD."

The Governor wanted to go through the motions of doing something and *do* nothing.

The "arguments and theories" of my case *were* "based upon well established facts," and the Governor *knew it*, if he cared to know it, and he could not put his finger on a single weak point.

And the showing was ten times stronger and more complete than is generally required upon "a motion for a new trial," and this *he knew also*, if he cared to know; and the district attorney *was* notified in various ways.

But it must be an effort of one of the gang, for a price, to be attractive to such ring lackeys. This is the fellow that nominated ex-Governor Links for a trustee of the insane asylum! which shows how he would murder suffering humanity to affiliate with his

"Should pale disease their trembling limbs invade,
They would call not, they would expect not human aid."

"*July 28th.*—B.. called; says, 'the people felt very sorry for me, etc., but had found that *they had no influence* to redress the wrong, and could do nothing.'"

"*August 4th.*—Prison directors here; said, they 'would forthwith recommend my release,' and afterwards one of them told me that 'they had done so.' I believe this had *never before been done in the Territory.*

"*August 8th.*—I asked the warden whether 'there is going to be any foolishness about me getting all of my short time,' he replied, 'I don't see *how there can* be, for there is *not a single scratch against your conduct, neither here nor at Seatco.*'"

*"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
Whene'er we practice to deceive."*

"*August 9th.*—Received letter from M.. saying, 'We would gladly assist you in any way we could to get you your freedom, for you should not have been imprisoned *at all*, and we have written several times to the Governor in regard to your case, but he would not *even reply*,' etc.".........

"*August 20th.*—I have been shown a letter from the Governor, and in spitting on the petition for the release of one of the innocent prisoners, he virtually declares that the people should not be permitted to interfere with the work of the gang, or courts, when they are prostituted or err. He regards petitions of the people as '*worthless,*' and continues saying, 'a petition no matter from *how many people*, is not ordinarily ground for granting a pardon.'"

Thus he admits that the government is not '*by the people —for* the people,' and he continues: 'The people have established courts to deal with such cases.' [*But they reserved to themselves the* RIGHT OF PETITION to correct their abuses, and any man who would spit upon or nullify this right, is a tool of the gang and a traitor to his country.]

"And," he continues, "Executive officers should not interfere to disturb the course of justice except upon the very strongest showings."

[But it is the course of INjustice and *iniquity* and *robbery*, that the people frequently have occasion to "disturb" and correct. And what stronger showing *could* there be than that a victim was *positively* and *beyond dispute* innocent of any crime, as was done in my case, and yet even this was spurned.

It is false to assert that the *people* established these courts as they are in practice—*robbing machines run in the interest of the gang.* Tools of the gang talk that way, but *nine of the people out of ten* declare the courts to be "a rotten fraud."

If a person will sign a petition ignorantly or wrongly, *so will he vote*, and to petition should be *as effective as to vote.*

Thieves and traitors can get votes, nominations and appointments to office, by conspiracy, corruption and deceit, who naturally deny the people the right *to effectually retort, censure and correct these false, corrupt agents,* who are supposed to be the people's *servants*, not their tyrants and vampires.

The foregoing case was this: A very peaceable man had, in the defense of his life and household, killed a man who was armed with a razor and gun, and in the act of "cleaning out the ranch," as he had said he would come and do. This was so plain and evident that there was not an effort made to arrest him, or try the case for several years afterwards, when the main witnesses had died, *then his enemies* (against the will and judgment of the people, who knew the case as can be imagined better than the courts could know it *by their mode of practice*) secured his conviction and sentence of thirteen years in prison. And even now, when the victim has suffered near half of this age of time, the outcry of the people for his justice is spurned as "*worthless*," and he is cruelly told that he *must so horribly languish and die!*

The heads of tyrants have been paraded through the streets, stuck on poles, for less tyranny than this.

NOW FOR A LITTLE DIFFERENT EXAMPLE: Afterwards S.. pleads guilty to burglary, and gets one year *in this pen*, but says "he will not stay long, for *the Governor is almost obliged* to pardon him." When pressed for a reason why the Governor would favor him more than others, said: his "*father was a mason.*" The pardon came in *two months*, nor *did they* bother with any "worthless" public petition.

Oh, *try* to think of the feelings of the *innocent* who must languish! and *see to it*, my fellow-men, that the sober second thought of the people SHALL *be law.*

The following are some of the reasons given for granting pardons by the Governor of Oregon:

"Grave doubts as to guilt."

Youth of the prisoner and promise to leave the State.

Evidence that the offense committed was entirely unpremeditated.

Severity of sentence.

Good conduct of prisoner.

Failing health.

Petition of persons and judicial officers.

Previous good conduct and good character.

Offense was committed in the heat of passion, and under very trying, provoking and aggravating circumstances.

Because conviction was made on purely circumstantial evidence.

Advanced age.

The Governor (Hill) of New York "requested the *friends of the prisoners* to furnish him information on six points—whether the prisoners were not properly defended, or their trials were conducted improperly or unfairly; whether it is now claimed that the prisoners were innocent of the offense for which they were convicted; whether, if they were guilty, they are now penitent and are willing to cease the commission of such offenses; what mitigating circumstances are claimed to exist which call for or warrant executive clemency; whether the sentences are held to have been too severe for the offenses charged; and whether anything has occurred since their trials to change the circumstances of their cases."

[They were pardoned.]

None of the four blackleg secret ring Governors of Washington would honestly and openly *give out a single point*, and they ignored and spurned EVERY POINT AND ALL THE REASONS deemed good enough for Oregon and New York.

And I *proved* that the courts were closed against the prisoners, to be opened only on the delivery to the court gang of various *big sums of gold*, that they have not! These facts should awaken the most careless understanding.

"Strike if you will but hear!"

"*September 17th.*—Several preachers visited the prison; one of them 'hoped that I had repented and reformed.'

'No, Sir! I have done nothing for which I should repent or reform according to the golden rule—which is my creed—nor of the laws of Moses, or that of our own or any other country on the face of the earth!'

"But," said he, "I suppose you were *convicted*, and must therefore be guilty of crime?"

'Now, this shows your child-like ignorance of men, and the criminal jugglery of the courts, which you should learn, and then work to reform the *real* criminals instead of their victims. I was SHANGHAIED, *never convicted at all*, and I could find no recourse. Because men have been howled down by the gang and railroaded through the courts in charge and control of blackleg shysters—in whom victims are *required* to trust—and are thus thrown into prison, is really not reliable proof that they are criminals; twenty per cent. of these prisoners are really no more guilty of crime than you are—supposing you to be innocent; and take them all together, they are no more criminal at heart or brain than the first 100 men you see on the outside. The worst criminals of all belong to the gang, and thus get *into office* instead of into prison.'

"But," said he, "it is a *horrible* thing to take human life!"

'Yes, indeed, said I, 'but I *prevented that*, in my case, by *killing* the *robber assassin*—even one of the gang—thus saving my life! only, however, to be murdered and ravaged by the devil's brethren in office and out, who prostitute the courts and government for the purpose; but I expect no sympathy or help from *you*, sir, or you would have been preaching against such crimes and criminals, and if you have no concern as to my welfare *in this world*, certainly you have none as to the *next*; *there!* is Father B.., who was my next neighbor, he knows me and my trouble well, and the fight; see what *he* says about it? *Mr. B..*, was I to blame for anything I did as to my trouble or the fight?'

"*Yes! you are to blame* for *one thing*, but for one thing only."

'Well? What is *that*?'

"Because you did not kill the man *before you did;* for you to let him follow you around the field—the way he did—and wait to look into the muzzle of his gun before you defended your life *was foolhardy;* that is all you are to blame for, for if L.. had not struck the gun down the *instant* he did, *you* would have been killed." [Two or three preachers in unison.]

"Of course, under such circumstances one is very justifiable to kill another."

But they should have sought out the truth before, and seized upon every opportunity to proclaim it to the people, it being a good but persecuted cause that would bear the scrutiny of light; it should not have been allowed to be hidden while even one victim was languishing for the right.

"Show that thou hast not lived in vain,
With life and genius cursed."

I recently said to a phrenologist that "if he would visit a prison and examine the heads of the prisoners, he would find them to be an average lot of men mentally and morally." He replied that "he had done so, and *found this to be true*."

"*I write not these things to cause you to hate mankind, but as my sons to warn you.*"—*St. Paul*

"*October 4th.*—Received a note and a bundle of papers from a Mrs. Rev. M...., saying that my children had once attended her school and were her friends, and she thus manifests to me a thoughtful and kindly feeling."

May she and *all others*, who have kindly remembered and befriended me while in prison, *know*, that they are held very dear to me, and ever cherished in my mind and heart of hearts, and that they did not do so in vain.

"Oh! could the muse some lasting wreath entwine,
In stronger colors bid their virtues shine!"

"Bleak are our shores with the blasts of December,

Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;
Throbbing and *warm* are the hearts that remember
Who was our friend, when the world was our foe."

DR. HOLMES.

"*August 10th, 1887.*—Released from prison; getting ten days more than my full short time 'for *uniformly good behavior.*'"

"*The hopes that round my heart had clung, ere those I loved were gone,*
Had vanished as the sparkling frost beneath the noon-tide sun
Melts from some branching tree, with its feathery gems of light,
And leaves it dark and desolate, to tell of winter's blight.

I feared the morn—I feared to seek my long, long-wished-for home,
As with a sad foreboding dread of misery to come."

……………………………………………………

……………………………………………………

A severed and a sorrowing thing, I had come back alone,
One wandering bird unto the nest, from which a brood had flown."

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the slaves,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for them
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim.
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish, while they sip,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
Their country's curse, their children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May they, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die.—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading oft, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes they blasted!
And, when from earth their spirits fly,
Just God, let the damn'd ones dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell!"—*Moore.*

CHAPTER XX.

Tragedies.—Land jumping, etc.—Experiences of other men.—More of real life and death in the North-west.—Examples of what was transpiring with other people while and since I was languishing in prison for defending my life and home against the gang.—ALL OF THESE WERE EITHER ACQUITTED OF ANY CRIME, OR NOT EVEN INDICTED OR TROUBLED—THE GLARING CONTRAST!—"Uneasy settlers."—"A protective association."—"Land Jumping."—"Put-up jobs."—"Homes imperiled."—"Shooting affair."—"Vigilantes."—"Murderous assault by a band of midnight assassins."—"High handed."—"Lynching." "People arming."—"Dangerous man."—"Land troubles."—"A tramp boom."—Killed for robbing sluice boxes.—Laying in wait to kill.—Filled with shot.—Killing three men for a few dollars, etc.—From the Press.

"UNEASY SETTLERS.—Pursuant to a call, the citizens of the Western part of Garfield County, W. T., and some from Columbia County, met at Dry Hollow school house for the purpose of organizing a protective association. There was much interest taken in the matter. It was agreed that the long continued manipulation through [Masonic] rings and the influence of money by corporated monopolies, to secure legislation for their own special benefit and to the detriment of the people at large, had become a power which threatened the destruction of the best interests of the country, and that, unless substantial reform was instituted, absolute servitude must be endured. The settlers show a determination to stand firm to their cause [against the gang to rob them of their homes], that they settled in good faith and had always tried to be law-abiding citizens; that, so far as they knew, they were entitled to all the rights of citizens; that the settlers propose to remain settled. Temporary officers were elected, the necessary committees were appointed to arrange constitution and by-laws, and report the names of charter members."

"LAND JUMPING.—A man jumped Mr. H...'s claim near Mayview last week. He pitched his tent in the center of the waving grain and told the owner, if he did not kick up a fuss, he might have his grain and the ground on which the house stood. At last accounts the Jumper was dumped, tent and all, into the road by the indignant neighbors, and a specific time given him, in which to make himself scarce." [The court gang would have charged all the place was worth to settle it, and, if the Jumper was a Mason or Odd Fellow, given him the place besides.]

"Considerable feeling is manifested by many of our farmers, who have settled upon [*forfeited*] railroad land in this vicinity, regarding the extremely high figure at which such lands are held and the short time given to settlers by the company [*that had forfeited it*] in which to make their first payments. A number of petitions have been sent to Washington, and several meetings have been held in Whitman and Columbia counties, to devise means for self-protection. Several solid farmers were overheard on the streets, expressing their views regarding "Jumpers" who intended to take advantage of the scarcity of money, and jump such land as the claimant could not pay up on, reaping the benefit of the claimant's years of hard labor in improving the places. From the expressive way in which their lips came together, and the gleam of fire which flashed from their eyes, knowing them to be some of our most respectable and law-abiding citizens, we came to the conclusion that it would be extremely unhealthy for any land shark to make such an attempt. God help the man or men who try to rob them of their homes."

[*How about blackleg Governors and the gang that stand in with and endorse the robbers?*]

"*Mr. Editor.*—I came into your midst to make my home for the remainder of the few years Providence may have alloted to me, and settled on a pre-emption claim. Shortly after one J. L. settled on railroad land adjoining and put his house only a few yards from my line, and took particular care to find out how I held the land, how long I had been on the land, and if I had any family or relatives living in this country. Afterwards T. E. asked me, if I had hauled a quantity of wheat out of his barn. Denying the same, he told me that a man in J. L.'s employ had told him he had *seen me going in* with a two-horse wagon and coming out loaded with wheat sacks.......If J. L. and Co. had succeeded, by such means, to send me to States prison, J. L. would have moved his house over the line and taken my pre-emption. Not succeeding in this, he abandoned the land. Subsequently he told me, that he wanted my timber culture claim, and that I could go into his pasture and select any two horses out of his band for the same. Upon my refusing to make any such trade, he told me that if he could not get the land from me by fair means, that he would get it anyway, for it was necessary for him to have it. And, I believe, he would have taken it, if he had not some respect for shooting irons........

A few words about Lynch law.—Congress has enacted laws by which individuals may get homes, provided they locate on and cultivate the land. Shall we be bound to conform to and respect those laws, or shall we go at the dark of night and take out a person who has availed himself of the law, and hang him up to a tree until life is extinct?

[If you belong to a "charitable" (?) brotherhood, you may with impunity hang him up.]

In charity to those fifteen men who, in the dead hours of night, called that man out, I will say, I hope by this time they have abandoned their unlawful intentions. F. E. L."

"Great indignation and uneasiness is everywhere manifest. Settlers who feel that their homes are imperiled, are flocking to town and discussing various means of protecting their rights, and some swear, they will hang or shoot the first man or land shark who tries to jump their lands."

[No home-builder has any confidence in the secret, ring-ridden courts.]

"*Shooting affair.*—S... met H... and shot him in the head, which so paralyzed him that he could scarcely speak. The skull was broken in fragments to the extent of over one inch square. Several fragments of bone and the bullet—in two pieces—were extracted; persons injured to that extent very rarely recover. [But he did.] H... had been waited upon and ordered to leave the vicinity, because he simply desired to contest the rights of a piece of land."

[S... was acquitted (in Garfield County.]

"*Vigilantes.*—Friday night about twenty masked men gathered on the road leading towards H...'s house (the victim of the H... S... tragedy), and, meeting with the doctors in attendance upon the wounded man, gave them a paper for H...'s brother to sign. Said document was in effect, that H... would leave the country within forty-eight hours, or suffer the consequences. [He left.] While the action is not to be excused, there is a lesson which may well be taken home. It has become too common for trials to be a travesty on justice and little better than a farce, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that an indignant community should lose patience and take the law into its own hands. It is to be hoped that the affair will serve as a lesson to law-makers [the gang], so that they will so frame statutes that there will be more promptness and surety in punishing land grabbers." [Their brethren.]

"*Should cease.*—We mean the unlawful acts of threatening men to leave the community before they have been found guilty of crime, for which they cannot be made to pay the penalty according to law, on account of wincing the breaking of law by the constituted authorities...... Let such matters go before the proper tribunal [the court gang] for settlement [at their price of a big mortgage]. If the land in dispute was not vacant according to law, H... could not hold it as against the claim of a *bona fide* settler."

[That would depend on his influence at court, and it might take nine years and a big mortgage to find out. And the midnight "charitable" (?) gangs are running men (who are objectionable to them), out of the country nearly every day, and do so with impunity!]

"Trouble is being experienced between mill owners and settlers along M. G. and Y. creeks. The millers placed two armed men at the forks with instructions to allow no one to interfere with the flow of the water."

* * *

"M... is figuring in the courts as a much abused and injured man.

He claims that last Sunday night, between the hours of one and two, twelve or fifteen armed and masked men appeared at his residence and placed a rope around his son's neck and dragged him out doors, choking him considerably. M... and his wife were sleeping on their pre-emption claim, about 300 yards distant, and Mrs. M..., alarmed at the cries of her boy, hastened to the house. Upon arriving there, she was seized and thrown down, dragged around, etc., as was her husband also, as soon as he arrived upon the scene.

M... claims that the outrage was perpetrated by a neighbor, whose land he jumped, aided by friends.

There are many who doubt the entire story; and the wounds are such as might have been caused by a little friendly discussion "wid fists," all among themselves."

[It transpired that the chief of the mob was a Mason and that it was intended to kill M... (who was unknown to the chief as a brother in his gang), but *on the verge of his death* he (M...) made his relation known with a sign to the Grand Worthy Chief, who forthwith gave orders to quit, and they did. M... got the land also. It being just so in the courts, too.

The following is how the Masonic press howled, when they found it was a brother.]

"MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—Last Sunday morning at about one o'clock, a band of midnight assassins assaulted the J. M.. family in this [Garfield] county. We will not give the names of the parties this week, as they are not all caught yet. They knocked Mrs. M.. down and bruised her, choked the old man and hit him a blow with the butt of a gun. The bloody parties also stole a gun and pistol from the house. The assassins were partly disguised when they did their bloody deed. Mr. M..'s sons were also assaulted about the same time and place as that made on their father and mother. Whoever would be guilty of such work is meaner than a highwayman. There is law in this country for such men as M.., if any have a grievance against him and his family. [Yes, indeed, there is law *for* such men, but none that will work against them.] We hope the parties will get the full extent of the law in this case. The proof is too overwhelming to fight the case in any court with hope of success."

[When *outsiders were the victims* then the ring press only "hoped that the affair [?] would serve as a lesson to lawmakers," and *no attempts were made to arrest the mob.*

Therefore, this mob demanded the same immunity as accorded to the other brethren, as follows:]

"HIGH HANDED.—We have heard from good authority that some of the parties who were engaged in the M.. attack joined with others, held a meeting and passed resolutions of condemnation upon several persons who were officially engaged in the prosecution. That there were some forty persons present, and that one county officer was voted to be put out of the way by a vote of 34 to 6, and that each one of the band was sworn to secrecy."

"The excitement consequent upon the commiting of the M.. crime having mostly subsided, the people of this community were again startled by the report that plans were being made for the assassination of Justice O.. and the principal witnesses for the prosecution."

"Those [masonic] fellows who hold secret meetings and take votes to put O.., F.., H.. and S.. to death, had better cease such work; they are too cowardly to execute their plans unless they have greatly the advantage. If an attempt should be made to injure either of these parties threatened, there would be a general uprising, and blot the whole lot out of existence at once. There is a move on foot to set fire to the house in which they meet and shoot every one dead that might make an attempt to leap from the flames, which would only inflict a modicum of the pain that awaits them in the flames in the regions of those whose deeds consign them to the hissing flames of eternal perdition in the fiery regions of the damned."

[Just so, as far as it goes; but why howl against, burn and shoot down the little loose side show-sprig of the devil, while the old-midnight-lurking, intriguing devil himself, with his army of Danites, arrayed for mutual slaughter and havoc and cruelty, are secure.

"With pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
We see the secret lurking lords of human kind pass by."

Though the court machinery is worked in "mystery," it appeared that this sprig of its father made its relationship felt so effectively that the trials (?) were a notorious farce at the *expense of the people* and profit to the gang, enlarged by *secret* fines of some of the accused.]

"*Don't do it.*—We heard strong hints of lynching Mr. J. B.. for the manner he is conducting himself as an employee of the railroad company in the sale of lieu lands."

"There seems to be an epidemic wave of madness moving over the country. Murder and theft, with other crimes and vices, are walking abroad at noonday. All this boldness in crime grows out of the loose manner in which the penalties of law are ministered by our courts, [and the endorsing of the blackest crime by blackleg Governors]. We beseech the courts and officers of this district to do their duty, regardless of who the violators of law may be that shall suffer the just penalty of their crimes."

"It has come to a pretty pass that the honest men of the country have to arm themselves against the big, ugly, mean, sneaking thieves [of the gang] that are found here and there," [because the courts and Governors are their friends, dead or alive].

"It has gone abroad that Garfield county has the most criminals of any county in the Territory. The crime calendar shows this to be the case."

[But the convictions did not show it, as *the gang was in control*, and declared good evil, and evil good.]

"*A just rebuke.*—I have noticed an article in the *Journal* entitled "A dangerous man to have around," directed at me. As I am to be tried on a serious charge, and as I believe the article directed at me was written with malicious intent, I hope you will allow me space to contradict the statements made." [As a general thing, in the northwest a victim of the gang *cannot get a hearing in the press*, which is generally collared and linked together to howl at and strike those that cannot strike back, and are suffering in the darkness of pain and sorrow.]...."I have no objections to being examined as to my lunacy, provided the *Journal* editor is put through the same ordeal, the insane man to be committed to the asylum, and the other to be given his freedom. County jail, F. L.."

"Mr. L.. has certainly cause to complain at having his case tried in a newspaper [not so, if he is given an equal show to be heard, and which should be *compelled by law*.] No true and honorable journalist will attempt to create unfavorable opinion against a prisoner previous even to a preliminary examination." [But this is the *general rule* as against *an outsider*]. "The reason for such a course is that L..'s incarceration in the asylum or penitentiary, or execution, would end a long protracted attempt at stealing an honest settler's home."

"It is said that there is a determination among certain persons to do L.. great bodily harm should he be released on bail, or acquitted."

"After driving L.. crazy by attempting to jump his ranch, the land sharks are now trying to prejudice public opinion against him in their malicious sheet."

"It appears that L.. claims some land which the gang wish to get hold of, hence their anxiety to hang him or send him to the lunatic asylum."

"*Land Trouble.*—Mrs. M.. swore to a complaint charging W., H., E., M. and R. with an assault with deadly weapons. It seems that the M..s have located on some land over which there is a dispute before the land office. The R..s have been endeavoring to get control of this land, and last evening repaired to M..'s house accompanied by two or three others, and attempted to remove some fence posts, when a son of M..'s, aged about sixteen, ordered them to stop. Upon this one of the R..s pulled a pistol, and presented it to the head of the boy. His mother now appeared and grabbed R.. by the whiskers to stop him from shooting, when the other brother drew his pistol and presented it to the woman's head."

* * *

"Rev. W.. jumped a land claim some time since, and started a man to work plowing it up, but the neighbors congregated one night this week, fenced the claim for the original claimant and placed the jumper's plow outside the fence."

"The jury found K.. guilty of murder in the first degree. Hanging is too easy a death for a fellow who would kill a man for his homestead." [Yet when he is linked to the gang, the courts and Governors endorse his conduct and stab the homesteader.]

"The *W. T. Press* keeps the following notice printed in big, black letters at the head of its local column: 'Owing to the presence of burglars in our midst, our citizens are warned to have their firearms ready to give these midnight marauders a warm reception when they come around.' [But why not include other secret midnight thieves, the *more refined and expert robbers.* 'Whether they had emerged from the mire of indigence, or crept from the bed of debauchery.'

"You take my house when you take the prop that doth sustain my house; you take my life when you take the means whereby I live."]

"*A Tramp Boom.*"—[The refined and expert gentry had been "booming the country" to renew their flock of immigrants from the States, to fleece, and this is the kind of a go-by the victims get when shorn.] "

"Eastern Washington is having a tramp boom, and it requires, in houses along the main roads, at least one person to attend to the calls of tramps, and an extra baking of bread, etc., to furnish these vagabonds 'something to eat.' They should be remorselessly shut off, one and all, and serve all alike, adding the presentation of a shot-gun to emphasize the order to 'git,' and give them five minutes to travel beyond your farm."

[Provided they cannot give a pagan mystic sign, that is known to you.

The editor of the foregoing belongs to a "mystic" charitable (?) order, and therein is the measure of his charity !]

* * *

"The lime quarries there have mostly been covered by settlers under the homestead, pre-emption and other land laws, and have been worked for years. Recently several of the quarries have been jumped by those who claim a right to acquire them under the mineral laws. Of course, this has caused bitter feeling among the original holders, who have banded themselves together for forcible resistance against any attempt to oust them. They openly threaten to shoot the first man who attempts to take possession of any quarry, and *public sentiment will sustain them, should they thus take the law into their own hands.*"

[And so would the courts and Governors, if the Jumper was an outsider. But even if the Jumper had no shadow of any legal or just claim, and was shooting his way through, to rob and ravage, and was *thus killed* by one *outside of the gang*, and you, sir, discovered in the rank, festered remains a pagan "mystic" brother, *oh*, how you would intrigue and transform and howl the killing through the land and courts, with curses loud and deep—"*A holy horror, cold-blooded murder, terrible as hell!*"]

* * *

[When one of the gang commits an unprovoked, cold-blooded murder, it comes out about like this, as per example :]

"G. I..., Esq., came in on Tuesday's train. The trial for the shooting of C... by Mr. I... resulted in his being acquitted by the Jury. We understand that the Jury stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction.

It appeared from the evidence that C... was "a bad man from Bodie" and had threatened to kill I... We are glad to see Mr. I... in our city, a free man in person, and his reputation cleared." [He belonged to the court Masonic gang.]

The *Masonic Press* came out in an extra, stating that "the verdict gives general satisfaction," etc. "This aroused the indignation of the citizens, and without delay a mass meeting was held and the following resolutions passed :"

"*Resolved*, that in the opinion of this meeting, the shooting of our late fellow-citizen C... was unjustifiable.

Resolved, that the statement made in the [Masonic] press, that the verdict rendered in the case *versus* I... and T..., 'that the same gave general satisfaction' to this community, is untrue in fact and a libel upon the law-abiding citizens.

Resolved, that the indecent manifestations of those [midnight gentry], who had been turned loose by a [packed] Jury, but *not acquitted*, in holding a saturnalia over their victim's dead body, and crowning their crime in unlimited champagne, merits the direst condemnation of all law-abiding citizens.

Resolved, that we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, to stand by each other in every honest endeavor to enforce the laws of our country, and to this end we will retain our organization and perfect the same from this day on until the criminal classes of this county are punished to the extent of the law.

On motion a committee of twenty-five, to be known as a 'Committee of Public Safety,' was selected by the President, and notice of their appointment will be given them by the Secretary."

[And then innocent outsiders are made dire "examples" of, without recourse, "because the people clamor!" while the real criminals of the gang, through mystic intrigue, are not even indicted!

Any one who asserts that "we have a good judiciary," is a liar and a thief.]

"If anything further were needed to bring contempt upon the judicial system, it is afforded in the recent acquittal after a dastardly assassination."

"A deliberate and cold-blooded murder, and a jury has [been packed to] pronounce him not guilty. Better abolish the system [of control by the gang], and let every man defend himself."

".... was acquitted, which shows that the court is a place wherein injustice is done."

* * *

"The only safeguard our citizens have against burglars is, to dig up the old smooth-bore, load her with powder and shot, and lay for Mr. burglar."

[But when you recognize in the remains of Mr. burglar a *linked brother*, you declare what a "horrible, frightful thing it is to take human life!" *Howl bloody murder!* Endorse the robber; declare the courts to be a place of justice; and then complete the robber's job against "our citizen,"—picnicing in the spoils and sucking his heart's blood!]

* * *

"We learn that one C...'s house was blown up with powder one day last week. It seems that C... has jumped a widow woman's farm, and was ordered by some of the settlers to leave, which he refused to do."

[To settle such a case in the courts would take many years. (It is a familiar and sadly true expression with those having ring influence at court: "If he follows me in the courts, it will break him up.") And the court gang would charge the widow from one to $20,000, or more, as she was able and inclined to "follow him up." And then, if the Jumper belongs to the gang, he would get the place, right or wrong.

So, *why* should not the courts be either reformed from the mystic gang, or else abolished?]

...."The war of words brought forth a shooting iron in the hands of Mr. T.. who fired at B.., meaning business; and had not Mr. S.. grasped the barrel, the ball would, no doubt, have pierced B...'s heart. Here ended the first chapter." [And he was not even indicted.]

"While leaning on the bar, with his back to the door, Mr. B.. entered with a pick-handle and immediately dealt S... a terrific blow on the back of the head. S.. staggered and turned towards him, remarking "you have killed me." B.. immediately dealt him another blow on the forehead, when S... fell unconscious to the floor and was removed to another room. When B... heard that S... was not dead, he tried to get into the room to shoot him."

[Nor was *he* (being a mason) even indicted.

Why should the secret ring brethren be allowed to hold office in the Government "of the people, for the people," and thus make it a horrible farce and swindle?]

"A week ago a watchman detected two men robbing the sluice box of the mine. He fired several shots at them. The other day the decomposed body of a man was found near the mine. The hands and feet were eaten off by some animal."

[No sympathy is expressed or acted for the simple robber, and nobody is arrested or condemned for the act. But I know a reputed (and I never heard the charge denied) sluice-box-robber, who had more influence with the Governor for evil, than any whole community of citizens had for good, he being a linked brother. And should any of his plundered and tortured victims shoot him down for far greater and cruel crime than robbing sluice-boxes, his Excellency (?) would call out the militia and there would be big rewards, but what the murderer (?) would suffer once again. And wouldn't the ring press howl, when not engaged in "*laying in wait* for Mr. burglar."]

"A burglar entered the house of W... last night about 10 o'clock and commenced to search the house, when W... came home and scared him off. W... saw the burglar leap the fence; and, suspecting that something was wrong, pulled out his revolver and fired four shots at the burglar's retreating form. A careful search revealed that nothing had been taken."

[To kill an outsider, *even on suspicion* of stealing, in the dark, is held to be no crime; but the more refined and expert linked midnight conspirator and thief must be protected against their victims by the State. Is this equal, just and fair?]

"Mrs. G... called her husband's attention to the fact, that a burglar was around, and was requested to 'listen.' [As though he could not see plenty of more dangerous ones in the day time.] But refusing to 'do anything of the sort,' she arose, and the burglar, not wishing an interview with her, took his leave. It is to be hoped that this burglar may soon run across some one who does not sleep like a log, and who keeps a loaded shotgun by his bedside."

[But why don't you advocate the killing of shyster, court and other more expert and fatal burglars, and give their victims as much space for a hearing as you devote to the killing of petty, humble thieves?]

"*Filled with shot.*—A boy, named A..., and three companions were discovered by Mr. S... at four o'clock this afternoon in the act of stealing chickens from his premises. Mr. S. . fired on them with a shotgun, the charge lodging in the right arm and back of A... All of the boys were caught and placed in jail."

[But the refined and expert confidence thief who should steal the whole ranch, chickens and all, would be a "prosperous business attorney," with a mystic handle to his name; and it would be murder (?) to kill him for his crime.]

As to the shooting of a man by his employee, a ring editor says:

> "While, as a rule, we do not justify the use of fire-arms in the settlement of grievances, yet, the man who would not defend his wife's honor, is not the kind of a man we employ in any capacity."

[Yet, they *hang, or reduce to poverty, outsiders* who do so against your pagan brethren, and you call it murder!]

* * *

> "He was awakened by the noise the thief made, and got up and went after him with a shotgun. The thief was too quick, however, and made his exit just as the boy entered the room. Young G... then rushed out at the door *in hopes of getting a shot.* The little fellow displayed a *good deal of pluck* for one so young. The thief got nothing whatever."

* * *

> "A man, named R..., having some money on his person, was attacked by four men. A son of R...'s came to his father's assistance, and with a pistol, shot and killed two of the men, and fatally wounded a third. '*He was a dutiful son.*'"

[And all to save a few dollars! And then howl "wnat a horrible thing it is, to take human life," when the robbers are your pagan brethren.]

CHAPTER XXI.

Land troubles, etc., *continued.*—"The Riparian fight."—On Puget Sound.—Shooting for the tide lands.—A woman defending her claim.—Dynamite.—Vigilantes by the thousand.—Big money for the Court gang.—Lawyers instigating a fight.—Land jumping.—Coroner's inquests.—"Defective" land titles.—A trick of the Court gang.—"I tell you again to stop plowing—crack! *bang?*"—Why Government lands are classified when they are all good for homes if good for anything.—The Court "bar" [gang] organizes trouble.—"Be ready."—"Parasites."—"Citizens arming."—*Who gets ninety per cent. of all plunder?*—HOW TO READ NEWSPAPERS "BETWEEN THE LINES."

"THE people who attempted to jump the San Juan lime quarries have found it unhealthy business and have abandoned their plan."

* * *

"*The Riparian Fight.*—This paper gave a full account of the land jumping, or rather water-front grabbing in the south end of the city [on Puget Sound]. 'At about 2:30 yesterday morning the agents of the company here obtained the tugs Celilo and Edna, and going up to the debatable land began snaking the piles up. The parties who had the piling done appeared on the scene, boarded a pile-driver, and Mr. B.. took a Winchester repeating rifle and began shooting at the company's representatives. Some of the bullets struck the boat, and one went through the Celilo's cabin, and cut eight holes through the engineer's coat, which was hanging on the wall. Mr. M.. narrowly escaped being shot as he was standing on the bow holding a lantern for the lines to be made fast to the piles to pull them out. There were some ten or fifteen shots fired. What the ultimate result will be cannot be predicted." [Thus they "debated."]

* * *

"The crew of a pile-driver was held at bay to-day by a woman with a six-shooter. Her husband has built a cabin on his claim, and his wife guards the place in the daytime while he goes off to work. A pile-driver working for another claimant came to the enclosure and began tearing down the piles and stringers, when the woman drew a revolver and drove them from the scene. Many other similar cases are liable to be developed in the near future on the Sound."

* * *

"The new residence of Mr. S.., president of W.. colony, was blown to atoms with dynamite. The building was valued at $2,000. This result is supposed to be the outcome of a quarrel between other settlers and the colony." [The owner of the house, if an outsider, might be thankful that his enemies used dynamite instead of the court gang.]

"The settlers in Harney Valley have organized a vigilance committee to protect themselves from land jumpers. Around here those who encourage such rascals are rewarded with office, [made Governors by the gang] and our settlers have themselves only to thank for it." [By not treating them as other burglars are treated.]

"A gentleman from Harney Valley informs us that there is now an organized body of vigilantes in that section, and that they propose to make it very lively for unlawful land jumpers, horse thieves, and [secret ring men] in general. He further informed us that he was a member of the association, and that he joined it because it was a public necessity to protect the poor man and his family from being robbed and driven from the land to which he is justly entitled." [By the ring Governor's "good judiciary."]

"While P.. was moving a section of fence made by H.., the latter armed himself with a gun, and shot P.. dead, the ball taking effect in the left breast, and passing through the heart." [Which means big money in the pockets of the gang.]

"Last Sabbath, W.. shot and killed G.. while the latter was attempting to go through a field belonging to W... Both parties owned ranches, and had taken legal advice. W..'s lawyer told him that he had a right to fence up the road; and G..'s lawyer told him that he had a right to cut the wires and go through and over W..'s land; and when they met, only a few words passed when W.. fired a revolver at G.., but missed him; then G . fired at W.. hitting him on his arm; then W.. fired again, hitting G.. in the forehead, killing him instantly. They were both steady, industrious and respectable men." [Which means more plunder for the gang, the two lawyer-"members-of-the-bar," being *secret partners*. Are burglars any worse?]

"The difficulty occurred over a piece of land, when a fight ensued in which A.. stabbed one of the F..'s severely. The one who was stabbed was not able to travel, nor in condition to be moved." [Another picnic for the court gang.]

"The jumping of land is the cause of considerable trouble [and plunder to the gang]. A man named C.. was killed by three men whom he endeavored to dispossess. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide in the killing of C..."

"M.. has been frightfully beaten while attempting to locate a ranch, by parties hired by a [masonic] ring of land-grabbers for the purpose of keeping settlers from locating on public lands adjacent to their ranges. Serious trouble is anticipated there in this connection."

"At the place of the shooting he found the body of the slain man lying on the ground and his rifle by his side. He had been shot in the neck and heart. D.. and the H..'s have been on ill terms for a long time, based on the ownership of a quarter section of land, upon which the H..'s settled years ago. The papers being 'defective.' [*A very common trick* by the court gang, and they call them 'errors !]" D.. jumped the land, and after a great deal of litigation his claim was confirmed by the court. Of course, there was a great deal of bad blood between D.. and the H..'s growing out of these proceedings.

D.. said, "I tell you again to stop plowing," and raised his gun as if to put it to his shoulder, when H.. at once threw up his gun and fired with fatal effect. This is regarded as the first of many similar affairs that may occur on the same ranch."

[Such is the curse of prostituted courts and their mystic "bar." Are they less dangerous and fatal than the less refined and expert burglar? then *why* not "lay in wait" for them also?

How many unhappy families are grieving in secret to-day at this *lurking, expert tyranny* that oppresses them, and the complicated and long protracted ruin that it has brought upon them?]

"E.. offered to file on a quarter section of C..'s land C.. bought from the State as swamp and overflowed land, but the State never had a patent from the Government. E.. erected a cabin on the land, and last night about fifteen men came there, and circling about the building, commenced a fusilade with rifles. E.. came out, and standing in the open field, kept up his end of the firing, aided by two or three friends. More trouble is feared, as there are many cases of similar disputed tracts."

[This classification of Government land (*at all*) was always (and intended so to be by the gang) a mysterious swindle to *flaw land titles* and thus make business that *would not be called burg-*

lary to be shot at for the court gangs, and to allow their pagan members to steal large tracts in the way of business. Government lands should not be classified *at all, as it is all good for homes*, or it will be *in time, if it is good for anything.*]

D.. with two other men went to the house on the place, presumably to drive A.. away and take possession. A.. told him to go away; D.. refused; whereupon A.. took his Winchester and stood in the door and shot D.. dead." [More whiskey for the gang.]

"The appeal to lawful authority in cases [against the gang] has been in vain, and the pistol is therefore resorted to. One man has been able to disperse an entire meeting of the gang, to rout a newspaper office, and to get clear as yet with a simple fine of $50 for contempt of court." [What *could* be more contemptible than *a prostituted court itself?*]

"A present feature of mining in this great mineral belt is the occurrence of law suits. The T.. mine has been in litigation the greater part of the year, and a great many others have also been troubled in the same way. The trouble has *been* ORGANIZED *by a horde* [*Lodge*] *of pestiferous* [*masonic*] *lawyers* ["THE BAR."] whom it were well for the country to be rid of. The troubles at W.. have lately culminated in the killing of one man and the severe wounding of another, which may be construed as a lesson to jumpers and their legal [linked] abettors."

"*Be Ready.*—We mean for our citizens to keep their firearms at hand *to shoot the* [mystic ring] *thieves*, now spying out the land, [and secretly organizing with the courts and Governor, trouble and ruin to the people, wherein they live and lie] on the first *attempt* of them to rob."

"*Parasites.*—What we say in another place about the [more refined and expert masonic] light-fingered gentry spying out this land, is to arouse our people to a sense of the danger there is in their being allowed to remain among us. We know we will incur their displeasure, but it is our duty to warn the people of danger from such venomous parasites of human society. This class of men are liable to burn us out [or drag us into the prostituted courts] for purposes of plunder and spite against the people who refuse to be robbed. Remember these "professionals" [these refined, expert, "charitable" (?) thieves] rope in the unwary of town and country [prostitute the courts] and rob them. The matter is one into which every honest man should look with alarming interest. As you regard your happiness and prosperity, arouse yourselves to vigilance, and see that our town is not infested with the characters named. We know some of the citizens are already arming themselves, and have even gone so far as to discuss the sight for a gallows from which to dangle these men. [The wreck of] our home is here, and we would be a cowardly accomplice not to raise the alarm in this perilous hour. The interest of our town [and country] must be protected by ridding ourselves of a dangerous class. *Act at once, and now.*"

[For *over ninety per cent.* of all the property that has ever been stolen, and of homes that have been plundered and wrecked and ruined in the northwest, has been done—not by the plain, humble burglars, for whom we "lay in wait" to shoot down—but the more refined and haughty, expert, linked and mysterious masons, that flaw the laws and prostitute the courts and Governors. OVER NINETY! (90) PER CENT!]

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

"Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sample tragedy cases in the North-west, in brief, *concluded.*—What members of the gang can do to others with impunity.—Victims that were *not* venerated or sanctified by the gang.—About land.—"Shot him dead."—Stabbed him to the heart.—Stabbed him in the head.—Shot down in cold blood.—The court burnt in effigy and why.—"A dark scheme."—"This is not the first time I have had to face lead to protect my rights."—"Served the fiend right."—Shooting a man down in cold blood for a few dollars.—Killing a man for alleged threats to burn his house.—"The hero of the hour," etc., etc.—From the press, and *how to read it "between the lines."*

"O.... killed M... over a land claim. O... seen M... coming towards him with a gun, when he shot him dead."

"T... and S... had some trouble in a saloon, when T... went out, armed himself with a big knife, returned and stabbed S... to the heart."

"Capt. B... shot W... down in cold blood. The people burnt the court in effigy for turning him loose."

"E... killed T... by stabbing him in the head. T... having struck him with his fist."

"D... drew his pistol and commanded H... to leave the yard. H... (who was unarmed and drunk) continued to advance, and D.., fired, shooting him through the body, and he died. D... will go free."

"McC.. shot B.. '*There was a dark scheme on foot to get B... out of the way.*'"

"S... killed D... who was threatening to assault him or drive him out of town; shot him twice, though D... was unarmed."

"D... shot and killed L... The justice told him 'to shoot,' and he did shoot. The Judge discharged him on the ground that '*he had been threatened, and, therefore, acted in self-defence.*'"

"M... shot (hitting him three times) and killed F... Both parties met. M... said he was ready, both fired at once. M... said, 'this is not the first time I have had to face lead, to protect my rights.'"

"F... shot and killed McD..., while attempting to crawl through a window into his (F...'s) house. The verdict here is that it served the fiend right."

"P... shot and killed W... who was following P... with a shotgun."

"G... concealed himself with a shotgun behind the door of a blacksmith shop and shot P... dead across the street."

"A man under the influence of opium became enraged at Mrs. F... and daughters, and chased them through the house with a knife. A gentleman came to their rescue and shot the man."

"H... called K... over the fence and shot him five times."

"P... stabbed B... to death over a mining claim."

"L... shot and killed D... for raising a singletree against him."

"A one-legged man (S...), having been thus crippled while in railroad employ, being broke, was put off a train; and, as he was leaving, was shot and killed by a train man. *Without warning, or cause of provocation, pulled out a pistol and deliberately shot the retreating tramps.*"

"P... shot and killed C... who was unarmed and retreating."

"H... went to M...'s house with a shotgun to settle their difficulties, when M... wrenched the gun from him and clubbed him to death with it. The verdict [of acquittal] meets with general approbation."

"A... shot P... so he died, because A..'s wife told him that P.. had abused her in dunning her for a debt."

"S... shot and killed C... over money matters."

"A most heinous, dastardly and cowardly murder has been committed by a number of thieving ['mysterious'] vagabonds, and better known as [Masons] stranglers. S..., my brother, while under the pretended protection of the [linked] constable and an assistant of his own choosing [another], conducting him, under the order of the said stranglers, to town, so that he could leave the country, in obedience to their orders, was, by a band of those [mystic] cut-throats, fired upon and cruelly murdered by them. And, not being satisfied with their dirty, cowardly work, after he was lying upon the ground, his face downward, and, no doubt, dead, as he already had received at their hands six mortal wounds, some one of the heartless [Masons], more steeped in crime than the rest, (if such a thing were possible), placed a gun to the back of his head and shot him through, the ball passing through the head and carrying his whiskers into the ground. Then they departed and left the corpse from that time till ten o'clock the next day, to be rooted around by hogs, or a prey for coyotes or carion birds. [Such is their '*charity*.'] No effort was made, or has been made, to ascertain who committed this diabolical murder. Of course, the officers who had him in charge could not distinguish the murderers, though no masks were worn. No efforts were made by the [Masonic] officers to save my brother. It is supposed that the murderers are well-known, but no one has the temerity to 'blow' as yet, for fear their fate may be the same as S...'s. Nearly all good people unite in denouncing this murder as a most wanton, cruel, uncalled-for, dastardly, mean, contemptible, cowardly and damnable murder, that would cause the blush of shame to cover the brow of the most wanton savage. And when these [linked Masons] are called upon to give their final account, if there is one place more dreadful than another in the abode of the damned, it will certainly be assigned to them, and they will be doubly damned for countless ages of eternity. L. S..."

"W... took a shotgun and, Sunday, followed a man up who had stolen his horse and, though unarmed, shot him down, and he expired in about an hour in great agony."

"Y... took Sherriff B...'s pistol from its holster and robbed him of a few dollars in a saloon. B... then got another pistol of the bartender, followed Y... and opened fire, shooting him down." [Thus shooting a man down in cold blood for a few dollars.]

"B... was discharged for killing a man on the ground that he had threatened to burn his house."

"A Grand Juror gave R... to understand that he could get no redress at the hands of the court, and, therefore, advised him to take the law in his own hands. So he went forthwith and shot the trespasser dead in his own house. He is the hero of the hour, and the whole community think the shooting was justifiable."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COURTS AND LAWS OF WASHINGTON AND ALASKA, *condensed from the Press with explanations, etc.*—Women as jurors, etc.—"The infamous decision," etc.—"Complaints of court."—"A novel ruling," etc.

"THE time has come when no one feels safe from the attack of the assassin, and the frequent inquiry is, what good man will be next to yield up his life for the reason that he possesses a little property, or has incurred the displeasure of some [masonic] wretch who has no fear of the law. Scarcely a man dares to leave his own door without firearms in his possession, and women and children are in constant terror lest the murderer may select them for his next victim.

The graveyards are filling up, and horrible crimes are forgotten almost as soon as committed. A person who willfully murders another for gain is entitled to no sympathy, and deserves to be treated more like a wild beast than a human being."

HOW IT IS DONE.—"Be it remembered that the battle is generally won or lost when the twelfth juror is sworn." These words are remarkable in that they are so fearfully true; remarkable, too, that they should be spoken by an attorney at such a time. It is equivalent to saying that jurors do not decide according to law and evidence. It is coming to be a recognized fact that the man who summons the jury has more to do in the decision of a cause than any other one connected with it. Let all who fail to comprehend a verdict remember and ponder these words, "The battle is generally won or lost when the last juror is sworn."

[Yet people often support candidates of a midnight brotherhood for sheriff and commissioners.]

* *

"The case of W. K. *vs.* J. K., to try the rights of property in relation to a certain colt, came up before Justice J. B. L. last Saturday. The jury gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The costs of the suit amount to over $500. Rather an expensive suit over a $50 horse. The case will be taken up on a writ of certiorari."

[Such is the price of justice in a masonic court.]

N. B.—"Captain 'J. B. L.,' formerly State librarian of ——, recently a justice of the peace and auditor of Pomeroy, was placed in jail last night, in default of $500 bonds, to await the action of the grand jury, on a charge of embezzlement. Several charges of a like character are hanging over him."

[Though the parties were robbed of large sums of money, the brother, being a licensed criminal, was dismissed by the good to him judiciary. And of such are the "courts of justice."]

"Judge G.. has decided that titles to legislative acts may not specifically express the object of the law, and still be valid. This was to have been expected, as Judge L.. held to precisely a different opinion some time ago."

* * *

"Demurrer to the petition was overruled. In this Judge G.. decided that the insolvent law of the Territory is valid, holding contrary to a decision of Judge W.. some time since."

[The profession of law is a vicious, expensive humbug, and should be abolished.]

* * *

"Judge L.. has decided the local option law unconstitutional on the ground that it is an attempt to confer legislative power upon the people at the polls. This is precisely what might be expected from such a source. His decision will carry no weight outside of his own district. It is well known that the local option law, and especially the local option principle of voting by the people on the question, was carefully considered by three ex-Judges, by Chief Justice G.. and by other lawyers far superior in ability to Judge L.., and they unhesitatingly pronounce the law constitutional in every respect. It is a pity that judicial ignorance and stupidity of the L.. kind should be a stumbling block in the progress of moral reform. His appointment was a very bad one from the beginning, and the question as to who is responsible for it is pertinent at this particular time." [The masonic ring.]

"Judge T.. has decided in a Yakima case that the local option law of the last legislature is valid. His decision is a strong document, and is supported by a formidable array of judicial decisions.

The turning point in the decision is, that the local option law is not a delegation of legislative power, but merely the delegation of the power to determine upon what contingency the law shall be operative."

[And the Supreme court decided *both ways*, so as to make business for the brotherhood and "members of the bar," at the expense of the people, and making the legislature *a useless body or branch* of government.]

"There is intense excitement all over Washington over the decision of the supreme court, declaring unconstitutional the act of the legislature, granting suffrage to women.

Last Friday the people of this coast were astonished by a despatch from Olympia, stating the supreme court had declared the women's suffrage law void, and that hereafter women could not lawfully vote or sit on juries in this Territory.

Judge L.. in his opinion says, that the present code of Washington does not contain any authenticated act of the legislative assembly. It purports to have been edited and compiled by a private party. It contains no titles to acts, no enacting clause, no signature of the president, speaker, or Governor. The chapter, divisions and sections all purport to be the act of a private party. He says it is clear that this book does not contain an act or copy of an act passed by the legislative assembly, and it cannot be known officially *what it does or does not contain.*" [*Yet it was effective as against outsiders.*]

"In this way all the acts granting women the right to vote are void, and if unable to vote they are incapable of acting as jurors."

"Chief Justice G.. says: 'From all that is decisive, and from much that is not decisive, in the very able opinions just read, I totally dissent.'"

"Following is the opinion of Judge D.. with some facts cited by him: 'The opinion announced by Justices T.. and L.. holding the woman suffrage law unconstitutional, does not have that effect.'"

"The same questions have been differently decided by *three* of the judges of the supreme court while hearing cases in that court......If the opinions in these four cases are not decisive of the question, how can the opinion of L.. and T.. be decisive? But if the woman suffrage act amending section 3,050 of the code is void for the reasons assigned in the opinion, then the act amending section 2,118 of the code, and fixing the time of holding the present term of the supreme court is void for the same reasons, namely, a *defective title.*"

"The *title* of the two acts is in substance and effect the same, and if one act is void, the other is void, and the supreme court is now in session without the authority of law, and all its decisions and doings have no validity.

I am not attempting to show the fallacy or unsoundness of the opinion in question, but only one of the results of such an opinion, that if 'all the acts granting women the right to vote are void,' the act under which the supreme court is in session is also void. [In other words, the *lawyer machine is a humbug and expensive swindle.*]

The editor says: "Our readers can take each their own views of the matter set forth above, and when they get through studying on them, if they know any more about the real statutes of the question than they did before they commenced, they know more than the writer does about it."

"The decision of the supreme court, declaring the woman suffrage act of 1883 unconstitutional, has been the absorbing topic of conversation along the streets to-day. In view of the special interest connected with the case, representatives of the *News* have taken pains to secure expressions of opinions from a number of our leading citizens."

One says: "Public sentiment in Washington Territory is largely in favor of woman suffrage. When I first came here I was prejudiced against woman suffrage, but my experience has shown to me that the good of society demands that women should exercise the same political rights as men. This decision is a real calamity. It is made on purely technical grounds and without reference to the merits of the question. The matter is still more to be regretted for the reason that it will impair public confidence in exposition and administration of law by our courts. It is feared by many that the supreme court of Washington Territory is inclined to keep in the old ruts and avoid the decision of questions upon their intrinsic merits."

Another.—"The court has stultified itself. The decision looks pettish. The supreme court having three times passed on the question, it should be recognized as settled. The legislature having been in session since the time of those decisions, it can be well considered that the people have acquiesced in these laws. Here is another consideration: If that decision goes to the extent that female juries, or juries in which there were women, are invalid, then all present indictments now pending, the Chinese cases included, and the conviction in the celebrated W.. murder case that is now before the supreme court, are invalidated."

Another.—"The decision knocks the stuffing out of things, and yet does not settle the question. It makes a muddle. If an offender is tried and convicted in the second or third judicial district by a jury composed in whole or part of women, an appeal to the supreme court would result in the annulment of the judgment; whereas, if an appeal should come up from the first or fourth judicial district, based on the present decision, the judgment would be affirmed, as it is known that Judge G.. and Judge H.. favor female suffrage and regard the law as constitutional, and Judge L.. and Judge T.. maintain the opposite views."

Another.—"I am sorry to see the woman's suffrage act declared unconstitutional. I was not at one time in favor of woman's suffrage, but since I have seen its workings in this territory, I am in favor of it."

Another.—"I have sat in the Jury box with women and always found them good 'jurors.'"

Another.—"I am opposed to woman suffrage and glad to know the Supreme Court has rendered the decision it has."

Another.—"I am in favor of woman suffrage, provided they vote the democratic ticket."

Another.—"I consider it a great public calamity. Woman suffrage has been a success in this territory."

Another.—"I invariably found that women made as good jurors as you find anywhere. They had keen perceptions and exercised most excellent judgment. The decision was wrong."

Another.—"I have always been opposed to woman suffrage and like the decision."

Another.—A legal gentleman said: "A quibble, yes, sir, a quibble."

Another legal gentleman:—"The decision is a splendid one. It will *benefit the judiciary system* of this territory. Women have not made good jurors." [They not being so safe to bribe or subject to mystic signs. And such decisions benefit the judiciary system by making the territory "*a very inviting field of clover for the legal fraternity*," THE CANCER OF THE PEOPLE.]

"A SEQUENCE.

The legitimate fruits of the Supreme Court are already making their appearance. The result is to create endless controversy, constant confusion and instability of judicial proceedings under our statutes, for the decision will reach and apply with equal force to half the enactments of the last two sessions of the Territorial Assembly, whenever the point is raised [*for a big price or ring influence*] with respect to any one of them.

Upon the convening of the District Court in Seattle, the United States Attorney raised the objection that no legal term of the District Court could then be held, since the act of 1885, changing the time of holding the terms of the District Courts, was likewise imperfect in its title, for the same reasons upon which the decision against the woman suffrage act was rendered, and, therefore, void. And further that, according to the principle involved in its own decision, no legal term of the Supreme Court had been held, since its authority to sit at that time was derived from an act with the same imperfect title. He believed, in a rehearing of the case, the decision would be reversed, for the same Judges, if they were consistent, must decide that they had no jurisdiction, since they were not legally in session.

Judge G..., after hearing arguments on both sides, determined to hold the session of the court, 'since it was clear in his own mind that both acts were valid, though he believed that the logic advanced by the judges who delivered the opinion in the suffrage case would render this act also void, because the title did not state the object of the act.'

In case of any conviction at this term of court, it is more than likely that an appeal will be taken [if the parties have plenty of money or belong to the gang] to the Supreme Court, on the ground of no jurisdiction, and it will be interesting to see, how these same Judges will accept the fruits of their former decision."—*Daily News.*

"The result of this decision, if adhered to by the District Courts and followed to its legitimate end, will occasion endless litigation [and enrich the gang, to which the Judges belong, at the expense of the people]. Titles to much property will be unsettled. The decision is disastrous. It will result in setting aside all the indictments against the Chinese conspirators and against those indicted for defrauding the Government of thousands of acres of timber land, and for perjury and like crimes. In some of these cases the statute of limitation has run, and no new indictments can be found."

"In this territory half-breed Indians und Kanakas can vote. The only class of persons excluded from such rights are Chinamen, full-blooded Indians and white, intelligent women. I say '*Shame!*' The plain, homely people of the practical Abraham Lincoln kind are almost without exception in favor of the law."

"THE INFAMOUS DECISION.

When territorial Judges bang their hair and again undertake to annul legislative enactments and overrule judicial decisions by frowns and sophistry, they will do well to act with more circumspection. They will do well to consult authorities, and not indulge in whims and vagaries.

The recent opinions delivered by two of the Associate Justices of Washington Territory [Free Masons] have received a scorching through the press, which, it is hoped, will serve as a warning to them and to others. The 'opinions' have been reviewed and have been shown to be nothing but spurious and effusive gush. It has been shown, that in preparing the opinions, plain and well-settled principles of law have been disregarded. It has been shown that *no constitutional question was involved in the case, or presented to the court for decision.*

The Judges travelled outside of the case and *dragged in* the constitutional question, and then decided it on purely technical grounds. They not only assailed the validity of the suffrage law, but the *wisdom and policy* of such a law. [As though the people have not as much wisdom and are not as competent to judge of a policy as a few *Masonic shysters.*] That in doing so, they labored to uphold the doctrine that it is not one of the rights and privileges of women to engage in such professions, occupations and employments, as they may choose for a livelihood, and went so far as to compliment some [masonic] Judges for refusing to admit a woman to practice as an attorney in their courts. [*Nor can anybody outside of the gang.*]

"It has been shown that the Judges have exercised powers expressly reserved by Congress in the organic act, and that they have overruled decisions of the supreme court of the United States and of other courts.

To prove this, decisions like the following have been cited:

"Acts of the Territorial legislative assemblies are valid until disapproved by Congress."

Minros bank *vs.* Iowa, 12 Hon. 1.

"Laws passed by the legislative assembly of a Territory, and approved by the Governor, are valid and operative until annulled by the disapproval of Congress." Territory of Wisconsin *vs.* Doty, 1 Pen. 396.

It has also been shown that, in order to give plausibility to the opinions, an attempt was made to wipe out of existence laws which were upon our statute books very long before."

[*Such flaws are made in laws purposely by the masonic gang* for an indirect tax on the people for their (the gang's) support. Of course, they *could be corrected forthwith,* but that would spoil the job and hurt their business. No JUDGE SHOULD BELONG TO A SECRET SWORN MIDNIGHT BROTHERHOOD.]

COMPLAINTS OF COURT.

"It becomes so grave a matter that we cannot refrain from mentioning the complaint we hear against the district court just closed for its inefficiency in behalf of justice and fair dealing between man and man. They come from all classes of people in this county. They do not come from defeated litigants, but from persons who have no ends but justice to serve in their animadversions, severe criticisms, and complaints of the manner in which most of the business was done. It is surmised that money [and masonry] was used unlawfully to defeat justice in its metes between men.

"Aside from such intimations and declarations as are referred to, we can truthfully say we have never heard so many complaints filed against one Judge and his [masonic] court during one term. All this complaint comes from the turn the matters of litigation took before the court and juries under instructions of the court. We call attention to these things so the matter may be studied. [It is practical masonry and money mixed together.] We have no doubt the people from their standpoint have just grounds of complaint, and we fear no good will come from these matters. Good men and women do not hesitate to declare the whole court was a farce, and another Cincinnati affair with the riot left out; and only the good sense of the people prevented the latter.

Just here let it be said, there is too lax an administration of justice all over this country. There is too much sympathy for criminals if they happen to have money [or belong to the gang] while a poor cuss [or outsider] is punished to the full extent of the law. The opinion prevails that if a man has money [and belongs to the gang] he can commit any crime and go unpunished almost altogether. It is a dangerous period in the history of a country when the people loose confidence in the courts. If there was a prompt execution of the law we would not witness or hear of people taking the law into their own hands to mete out justice. [Masonry] is too prone to evil to give it such unbridled license as it now has."

* * *

"Judge L.. in a case tried before him held the insolvent law good, reversing Judge W.. and giving good reason for so doing. [And this they call "being learned in the law."]

* * *

...."Judge J.. expressed himself as strongly opposed to the resolution, and stated that for years the district court had been run in the interest of a few [masonic] attorneys, and stated that he had knowledge of such facts, and he made the charge advisedly."

* * *

"It seems a hard matter for the court here to get a legal jury; the prosecuting attorney had the *Venire* quashed at present term of court as he did in February." [And so the brother and ex-J. P. was "acquitted," this is a common trick with the gang, to pack juries.]

* * *

"Great care was taken in selecting a Grand Jury, not to place anybody on the lists who is connected with the Knights of Labor." [Which is hardly a secret craft, and yet members of the sworn secret gangs of anti-working masons and odd-fellows are put onto juries, and even as Judges, to try and judge full-fledged American citizens.]

* * *

"The [masonic] defaulter has been arrested at Chicago. Now the question arises, who wants him? The county cannot afford to tax her people $700 or $800 to send after him and then pay the expenses of his trial, which if it follows the course of some of the trials at the last term of court would be only an expensive farce." [Had he not belonged to the gang how different would have been the cry ?]

* * *

"Our delegate expresses the fear that the forfeiture of Northern Pacific [masonic] railroad lands will involve citizens on its line in protracted and costly litigation, and that, therefore, it would be better to give the lands to the company. This is in effect to say that although the [gang] is not entitled to these lands, it should be permitted to hold them, because otherwise it will persecute settlers. It is a strange [masonic] doctrine, and in this day and generation rather a bold position to take. Because a [gang] wants a piece of the public domain, private citizens [or outsiders] must stand back, with bowed heads, and meekly give way. We have heard this sort of threat before. Mr. C. P. Huntington, the well-known letter writer, expressed the same when he declared that if Congress passed a bill forfeiting the Texas Pacific grant, his [secret gang] would 'litigate the question in the [masonic] courts for twenty years.' The doctrine then results in this: The people must surrender their rights on demand of [a secret gang], or be subject to ruthless persecution under the name of litigation." [And blacklegs say, "we have a good judiciary."]

* * *

...."Were severally indicted for the crime of perjury, committed in making final proof to a tract of land [for a masonic ring.] said defendants had severally appeared before probate Judge, and made oath to certain statements in relation to the occupancy, improvements, etc., of the said land, and which statements were willfully false. The defendants by their [masonic] counsel, filed a demurrer to the indictment on several grounds, amongst which they claimed that a probate Judge was, under the law, not a person to administer an oath in such cases, and that the crime of perjury could not be committed in taking an oath before such an officer. After argument by three of the [gang] the [masonic] court sustained the demurrer upon the above named ground, and the actions were dismissed and the defendants discharged from further persecution. This case has attracted a great deal of attention, and one of the defendants had been brought back from New York [at the people's expense and profit to the gang] upon a warrant issued upon the indictment," [which, however, was good enough to send *other* men to the penitentiary.]

* * *

"To the people of Lewis county we will say, your doom is sealed. Nearly one-half of the property of the county is now exempt from taxation. You have not even the right to apply to the courts for a redress of your grievances. [The masonic rings] will not pay taxes, neither can you compel them. You must work and keep the taxes on your property paid. If in the future the [masonic rings] demand of you to make a deed to it of your homes without consideration, you must do so, paying the scrivener's fees yourselves, for the [masons] are all-powerful, and you dare not fight them."

* * *

"It is proper, however, to say that at common law the courts have *always* had power to enforce reasonable charges for transportation, and that this interstate commission act therefore asserts no power that *did not previously exist.* Again, this law forbids discrimination, though the courts have *always had* power at common law to punish discrimination, and require the carrier to charge all persons who engage his services equally for the same service.

But individual efforts to enforce these principles against the [masonic] railroads have *long since been abandoned as hopeless.*" [Because the courts are prostituted with masonry.]

* * *

"Seattle [then a town of 8000 inhabitants] has a court docket embracing *404 cases*, and a delinquent tax list of *seven columns* in very small type. She may not consider it a matter of boast, however, as did the boy who felt elated because his father had a mortgage on the family mansion." [But the Governor *boasted that it was such a "good field for the legal fraternity"*—that it had such a big cancer.]

* * *

"We overheard one of our oldest hardware merchants say that he sold more guns the last day of court than he has during the entire time he has been in business, and he further added, that almost every purchaser coupled his purchase with some remark about the failure of the courts to protect life and property, thus compelling men to take measures to protect themselves."

* * *

[The following is a sample of how the masonic courts protect property.] "A resident of this county borrowed $25 from certain money-lenders in April, 1884, for one year at one per cent. per month. Not being able to meet the note, suit was brought against the party, and judgment obtained for the amount with interest amounting to $29 with attorney's fees at $50; costs of court, $64.90; to this must yet be added the sheriff's fees, which at the very least will bring the total to $150, or $125 more than the original debt; and yet they tell us [blacklegs do] there is justice in this free land. Shylock died too young."

* * *

"The two Indians in court pleaded guilty of attempting to rob [Blank] of fifty cents; [they not being odd-fellows] the Judge gave them respectively six and twelve months in the penitentiary."

[Though the Indians plead guilty] "two attorneys of this place will no doubt soon advertise a horse sale of the animals paid them for *defense* of the [above] Indians," [which was all right with the Judge. And Indians are blamed for not embracing such a system and civilization.]

"A Seattle lawyer owns about 10,000 acres of land in the Palouse country." [Which represents *that much* human misery and pillage. Yet he is puffed up by the masonic press for his "success and many acres," while an outsider and full-fledged citizen is howled down as a hog if he is even willing to honestly earn and desires more than 160 acres of land.]

* * *

"In the case of the United States *vs.* [J. Freemason] and others, for defrauding the Government of public lands, on trial this week, the court sustained the demurrer to the indictment, on the ground that the means employed in defrauding the Government were not sufficiently stated in the indictment." [I will inform those who do not know that such flaws, if they are flaws in reality, are done by prostituted officials of prostituted courts, by ring influence, or for a price, or both together.]

"A NOVEL RULING.

Three unimpeached witnesses swear that the defendant was present and committed the offense charged. The defendant swears he was not there, and is corroborated by his brother, a small boy. Held by the court, that there was no evidence to go to the jury upon which they could find a verdict of guilty."

* * *

"With the present [1886] prohibition agitation comes a desire to see the already Sunday law enforced. Attempts have been made, and how successful they have been, the following circular proves:

'Before Justice [Freemason], Territory of Washington *vs.* [one of the gang], for violation of Sunday Law.'

..........'The natural query would arise, how is such a verdict possible in the presence of such testimony, and under the law? It can only be accounted for by the existence of [masonry and crime] in the courts. The fact was established that the saloon was opened on Sunday; that a brisk business was carried on, viz.: twenty-eight drinks sold in the course of an hour. The bartender testified that he tended bar that day besides cleaning out the saloon. There was no evidence to contradict the testimony for the prosecution.

The conclusion that a candid mind must come to is, that the saloon [and masonry] is supreme in its influence over the courts, that, while other occupations [and men] must be obedient to law, here is an occupation [and brotherhood] that rides rough-shod over all law, whether of God or man."

* * *

"The jury in P..'s case agreed in about an hour, finding him guilty of grand larceny as charged. When P..'s case was called, there was a rumor in court that he had fallen heir to $6,000 since his jailing for grand larceny.

P.. was brought up for sentence. Judge [Mason] stated, that in order to give him a chance to reform, he would impose a nominal sentence: *one week in jail.*"

[Why are not those who do not have $6,000 likewise "given a chance to reform," if the courts are not prostituted?]

"Judge [Mason] sentenced J. L. to eleven years at hard labor for grand larceny." [He didn't have $6,000].

* * *

"The prosecuting attorney asked the grand jury to find a true bill against B.. 'for assault with intent to commit murder,' and they did so. Instead of making the same request as regards M.., who was the most guilty, and who drew his deadly weapon *first and shot B..*, he simply asked the jury to find a bill against M.. 'for exhibiting a pistol in a threatening manner.' Is this equality?"

[And yet men vote for ring men for office.]

* * *

"On crossing the track with his attention diverted, the engine started up without the usual warning, and ran over him. At the conclusion of the plaintiff's testimony the [ring's] attorney moved, that the case be nonsuited, which motion was granted by Judge [Mason] and the case terminated." [Where is such a victim's recourse?]

* * *

"It is not thought the commissioners will make any changes in the licenses, as they have been 'advised' that by pressing the matter hard, they would involve the county in a suit which would certainly result in having the license law declared unconstitutional, there being *a flaw somewhere.*" [To be pointed out and declared by the courts *for a price.*]

* * *

"But the action of our judiciary in the premises is only in keeping with innumerable instances of courts throughout the country in setting aside, upon the most trivial pretexts, the enactment of the law-making power, until it appears the most carefully devised statutes are not safe with the [masonic] bench and bar autocracy."

* * *

"We, as a people, are getting heartily tired of the legal loop holes by which red-handed murderers escape punishment, and as time goes on apace these methods of escape appear to grow larger and larger. The law has no terror for the [midnight ring] evil doer, and unless such murderers are summarily dealt with, we may expect to see that class go on unchecked."

* * *

"A correspondent at Sitka does not think the establishment of a court is of much benefit to Alaska. With courts come lawyers, and with lawyers suits." One of the first and most important suits impending before the newly appointed Judge at that point is one brought by some of the Russian residents to restrain the Home for Indian Boys and Girls from using certain lands appurtenant to its buildings, and which are essential to its future success. This correspondent thinks *the school is of more value than the court.*" [Certainly, masonic courts will be a curse to the country.]

"HOW THE LAWS ARE DEFIED.

If some future historian should chance to write a history of Alaska from its cession to the United States to the year 1885, the volume would not be read with any great degree of pride by Americans. Its sale would not be large. If a truthful history, it would be a story of lawlessness and defiance of law. It would show how impotent American law can be, and how worthless American officials can be. It would contain nothing to excite enthusiasm, nothing that could win approval. It would tell how a dominion, sparsely populated but an empire in extent, was transferred by Russia to the United States; how the white people who had settled within its borders were vastly outnumbered by the natives; how the latter were harmless and no danger was apprehended from them; how there were strict laws against selling liquor to them, and how thoroughly those laws were enforced. Then the historian might commence a new chapter with an account of how the Americans took possession of the country with a tremendous flourish of trumpets. He might go on with the account of how the seal fisheries were farmed out to a wealthy corporation of [free masons]; of how there were no courts, no peace officers.

Then he might tell of how after many years an unsatisfactory and incomplete government was granted the country; of how a number of federal officials, judicial and executive, arrived; of how, with their coming, law breaking increased rather than diminished; and of how they disregarded and connived at the breaking of the laws. He might tell how, instead of prosecuting those who brought liquor into the Territory, they encouraged such law breaking and themselves partook openly of the liquor which should not have been in the country. He might make a fearful arraignment of American law and American officials.

To one who knows the maddening effect of liquor upon the Northern Indian, there can be no question of the wisdom of Congress in forbidding absolutely the importation of intoxicating liquors into Alaska. In a country inhabited by about a thousand white men surrounded by forty or fifty times as many savage and semi-civilized Indians, there is danger at any time, and that danger is especially great when to other things which might at any time provoke hostilities, is added the power of intoxicants. A barrel of whiskey might at any time make raving maniacs of the entire tribe of Alaska Indians, and the massacre of all the white people, residing in that particular district, might easily follow. The wisdom of the prohibition, then, cannot be doubted. It is not a question of temperance, or anti-temperance, of prohibition or anti-prohibition. It is a question of whether or not to provide for the safety of a small white population in the midst of an Indian country. Yet it is a notorious fact that the late officials of Alaska, executive, judicial and revenue, allowed liquor to be brought into Alaska, and openly sold without making the slightest effort to restrain the traffic. Indeed, it is equally notorious that a number of these officials habitually bought liquors by the drink. When asked if the traffic were

City of Sitka, Alaska.

not illegal, their answer was usually a laugh. How can the Indians be expected to respect laws which are so openly violated by the men who are sent out to see that they are enforced?

The statement innocently made by a Juneau miner recently has a whole volume of meaning in it. He explained the state of affairs by saying: 'Formerly we had vigilance committees and compelled the storekeepers not to sell liquor, molasses and firearms to the Indians, but now that the judges, attorneys, and United States marshals have come, we are entirely without protection. What can we do?' That was said innocently enough, but had it been meant for sarcasm, nothing could have been keener. Truly, what can they do?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COURTS OF OREGON, MONTANA, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA, *condensed from the Press, with explanations, etc.*

"THE revenue of the county is absorbed by the expenses of the justices' courts, very few even of those most interested, and whose attention has been called to the matter, realize the enormous amount expended in payment of fees and expenses in these courts.

It is not an uncommon thing that a preliminary examination, resulting in the committal of a criminal for trial, cost the county several hundred dollars, [besides what is often bled from more or less innocent victims by court lawyers.]

An uninformed observer would naturally suppose that so simple a matter as preferring a charge, issuing a warrant, a brief inquiry into the facts, and holding the accused to answer, would be a comparatively inexpensive proceeding, but the fact is otherwise. When to the amount contributed by the county for the maintenance of these retail justice shops is added the cost of a vast amount of litigation directly encouraged, if not *instigated by them*, the aggregate is appalling.

It is the duty of taxpayers to make a diligent inquiry into the cause or causes of this state of affairs, and if possible, to devise a remedy. [The remedy is to keep the gang out of office.]

There is *great competition* for this ruinous business, for, while each precinct has its justice, the jurisdiction of the said justice extends over the whole county, and they consequently become so many competing shops. The plaintiff who, out of the entire list, selects a single justice [or is a brother in the gang] before whom to bring his action, is a customer entitled to consideration and is rewarded by a judgment in his favor.

Every shyster at the bar has his favorite justice, and expects success in proportion to the amount of grist he can bring to the mill.

Actions are brought on the theory that the plaintiff [if a mason] always wins, which never would stand the test of proof.

Every justice has his constable and two or three hangers-on [all masons] ready to be sworn as specials, all actually hunting up business for their shop.

The fee system contributes largely to the present state of affairs. If the justice and constable had each a salary sufficient to compensate them for their services, and fees were paid into the treasury, it is possible that there might be less diligence in creating business, but in all probability no one would be loser thereby, and matters in which justice and public interests are really involved would not suffer for want of attention."

"*November 25th, 1886.*

To the Editor:

In your paper you seem to lament that certain phases of the proceedings in regard to the Balch children have never been examined in court. Several years ago those points were presented to and urged upon the circuit and supreme courts as the principal points in the then pending Balch case. But each court declined to pass upon those points, though presented by proper pleadings, in a proper suit, and with voluminous testimony to support them. The circuit court went so far as to decide once on the case, that the acts complained of were fraudulent, but it afterwards went back of this decision in the same case, and threw the whole case out of court on some pretense of a defect in the pleading which had never been raised or suggested by the attorneys upon either side in the case, and had never been previously suggested by the court, though a second argument of the case was had in the same court by the court's order. On appeal to the supreme court, the pretense upon which the case had been thrown out by the lower court was deemed *so trivial, that it was never mentioned by the court or attorneys on either side.*"

* * *

"The bank thief has been sentenced to a term of one year in the penitentiary. Yesterday the wretched burglar, who entered a house at night in the hope of being able to extract some loose change from the pockets of the owner's pants, and got instead a well deserved charge of buckshot in the back from his gun, was sentenced to a period of nine years in the penitentiary, and every good citizen applauded the decision of the Judge. To-day, a man who has systemetically stolen for a period of months, until the sum stolen aggregated several thousand dollars, is given one year. What sort of pressure and how much of it to the square inch was brought to bear upon Judge [Mason]?

"Judge to [odd-fellow].—'You stand charged with appropriating money belonging to the depositors in your bank; are you guilty or not guilty.' Odd-fellow.—'Your honor, I did borrow $9,000, merely to spend on a pleasure trip.' Judge.—'Only borrowed it? I thought as much; but owing to our miserable laws, I will be compelled to ask you to change your residence to Salem for one short year. In the meantime, before your departure, I would be happy to have you call and take dinner.'"

"Judge [Midnight] to Workingman.—'Well, sir, you are charged with attempted burglary, what have you got to say?'"

Workingman.—"Nothing, your honor, but that I had been sick for a long time, not able to work, and my wife and babies were starving. I went to the baker shop and knocked at the door, intending to ask the baker for a loaf of bread. Not receiving any answer to my knock, I tried to open the door and was arrested."

Judge.—"You miserable whelp, you are guilty of the crime of attempted burglary. I sentence you to the penitentiary for nine years. We must make an example of such as you. The court stands adjourned."

"THIS QUESTION AWAITS AN ANSWER.

FEBRUARY 7th, 1887.

To the Editor:

Would any law the legislature can enact have any effect except to get up big suits, so long as the [masonic] ring *owns the supreme court*, and one of its judges is the ex-Governor under whose ruling the ring gets its title?"

* * *

"Some little time ago H.. was arrested and charged with entering the house of B.. with burglarious intent. He was held to answer before the Grand Jury, which body indicted him on a charge of 'invading the premises with the object of committing rape." H.. was allowed to plead guilty of simple assault, and was fined $50. The prevailing opinion of persons who claim *to know is, that there never was* ANYTHING in the case. [To simply *charge* an innocent person with such a crime as rape, blindly prejudices so many of the unthinking cattle against him that with a *prostituted court and press* he can easily be railroaded through to prison under a long sentence for pillage or revenge. I know of such victims—one personally, with a large family. His innocence was established beyond dispute; the witnesses against him recanted and fled the country; the people and jury petitioned for his release. His masonic Excellency (the Governor) was playing cards and drinking whiskey when the petition was offered to him; he replied, to 'bring it to his office the next day when he had time to spend on such business,' at which time he said, 'we have a good judiciary,' and without the [masonic] Judge the petition is worthless, with the [masonic] Judge I will 'consider' it; his honor (?) declined to 'interfere with the cause of justice,' and the victim is left to languish seven years in prison.]

"ANOTHER INVESTIGATION."

"Witness testified that Judge [Links] was under the influence of liquor so often that business suffered; had seen him go to sleep on the bench while important cases were being heard. The delay in appointing a successor to Judge Links cost the district from $75,000 to $100,000, and had also cost the Government a large sum.

Ex-Chief Justice Blank was also before the committee; he testified that Judge Links gambled while holding a term of court; that he played poker for money one Sunday afternoon, while during the morning of the same day he had delivered an address before a Sunday school. On other occasions he played 'stud' poker and faro for money, liquors and drinks, and had been at a dance given by a colored woman of bad repute, and was frequently drunk when on the bench."

[The following is a sample of the proceedings of a miners' court without any law-books, blackleg 'bar,' or other needless expense.]

"The court in his charge to the jury said that they must strip the case of technicalities, regarding no law but right and wrong, no test but common sense. They listened with approval, and at once proceeded to disagree on a vital point; some wanted to hang Sim, who had been proven guilty of bribery, while several wanted to hang Alcalde Rogers. This dangerous phase soon passed away; the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and left the sentence with the court, where it evidently belonged. Judge Hayden then, amid breathless silence, announced his decision—Sprenger was to be reinstated in all his former rights, as half owner of the cabin, tools, provisions and claim, and Sim was ordered to pay the costs of his partner's sickness. The court then adjourned.

But some of the evidence offered had revealed so much rascality and malfeasance on the part of Alcalde Rogers, that none of the miners were satisfied to let him longer hold the office he had so disgraced."

"THE WALKER-TEAL CASE.

James D. Walker, a citizen of San Francisco, loaned to B. Goldsmith $100,000 for which he gave his note, of which the following is a copy:

PORTLAND, Oreg., August 19th, 1874.

Two years after date, without grace, for value received, I promise to pay James D. Walker, or order, $100,000, with interest theron at the rate of 1 per cent. per month until paid. Interest to be paid monthly, and if there be default in payment of interest for the period of twenty days, then the whole sum, principal and interest, shall, at the option of the holder of this note, be immediately due and payable. (Signed) B. GOLDSMITH.

To secure this note Teal and Goldsmith put up a large amount of real estate, transferring it to Hewitt as trustee, with an agreement that if said note became 30 days overdue, Hewitt shall, after demanding payment, sell the land on 30 days' notice. At the end of two years (Aug. 19th, 1876), $96,750 of the note remained unpaid. On October 18th, 1876, Goldsmith and Teal obtained a second agreement for an extension of time for one year from that date for the payment of the note, and Teal and Goldsmith put up more real estate as before. The second agreement was signed by both Teal and Goldsmith, and recited the first agreement and note, and provided that in consideration of the extension G. and T. "undertake and agree that the said G. will promptly pay" the interest when due and the principal at the end of the year, and that, in default of payment of principal or interest, the whole debt shall become due, as provided in the first agreement and note (*i. e.* the principal being unpaid at end of the year Hewitt shall, when it is 30 days over due, sell on 30 days' notice; and if the interest be in default, whole debt to be due *at the option* of Walker.) The agreement then declares—that Walker agrees to extend the time for payment of the principal and interest one year or until default in payment of interest, and no longer; but if default be made in payment of interest, the whole debt with then accrued interest 'shall become due and payable as *in said note specified*,' (*i. e.* at Walker's option.) 'It is distinctly understood and agreed by the parties hereto, that the agreement of August 19th, 1874, is not *annulled, vacated or set aside* by the execution of this agreement, except in so far as the same may *conflict with this agreement*; in all other respects the two instruments are to be taken and construed together.'

Default was made in the payment of interest Jan. 21st, 1877. Plaintiffs commenced suit to foreclose Sept. 26th, 1877, one month before the year expired, in the exercise of their option. Defendant (Teal) claimed his property was discharged because Hewitt and Walker did not commence to sue him soon enough; and also claimed that he was not a guarantor of the note under said contracts. Boise held, Teal's property was bound; but Kelly and Prim decided that the property was discharged from paying the debt, because Walker did not commence suit against Teal and Goldsmith soon enough. By which decision Walker lost, perhaps, $50,000."

"It is not a little singular that all these decisions are made practically to favor the vicious and the criminal. There is not one, we venture to say, among all the decisions of our Supreme Court, that has rendered justice more certain or more decisive. These technicalities are *always found to favor the side of injustice* [*and Masonry*], always tend to override equity, are always found to shield [linked] criminals from the just punishment of criminality.

This kind of thing will doubtless make lynching more frequent."

"MONEY, MASONRY, AND A SANDBAG.

Bridget Blank is happy now, and can boast of being the first woman who has went from the United States to the Queen's dominions and run a Jury to suit herself. Bridget and her husband went to Victoria some time ago to reside. She then left her husband there, to attend to business, while she came to P. to look after her interests here. A few days after she left, her husband killed a man with a sand-bag. He was arrested, and Bridget was notified of the fact. It did not take her long to act. She quietly gathered up $30,000 of her accumulated wealth, and, boarding a steamer, announced her intention to clear her husband, if it took every cent of it. The charge of the Judge to the Jury was almost unreasonably strong, but notwithstanding that fact a verdict of 'Not guilty' was brought, which so exasperated the Judge, that he ordered the prisoner turned loose and advised him to 'sandbag the Jury,' much to the amusement of Bridget, who coyishly closed one of her eyes, and remarked *soto voce* that Ireland had made one portion of the Queen's dominion very tired, that she knew of."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COURTS AND LAWS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE STATES, *condensed from the Press, with explanations, etc.*

"BLANK has been found not guilty" by the jury. It has come to this. A man of friends and influence may deliberately, without cause or provocation, shoot his fellow-man down upon the streets, and then come before the courts of this country, stand a mock trial, and go free. This is why mob law prevails to such an alarming extent in our land. It is a fearful thought. Just as certain as there is a world, things are getting into an appalling shape. That the killing was deliberate murder, we believe no man doubts. And yet he is acquitted by a jury of twelve [masonic] men acting under solemn oaths. We believe these fellows to be perjured scoundrels and detestable hypocrites, whose disgraceful conduct is a burning, blistering shame upon the people of the United States and our common humanity everywhere. This is past endurance, it must be corrected, or the fall of our institutions is inevitable."

* * *

"The supreme court of nearly every State in the Union, including California, can interfere in murder cases between sentence and execution, and grant a stay of proceedings, review the case, and send it back for trial over again on some *flimsy pretext or technicality.* These loopholes are very convenient to [masonic homicides]. The law makes the bench of the supreme court both Judge and jury, and this has often led to exasperating delays of justice. The case of H.., one of the murderers in the county jail, is an illustration of the force and sinister effect of legal technicalities. He has been tried three times, and on the first trial was convicted of a most brutal and revolting homicide. Yet on the *flimsiest of legal quibbles* the supreme court reversed the decision of the superior court and remanded the case for trial again, and now nearly four years have elapsed, and still the man is wearying justice and menacing the moral sentiment of the community he has outraged. And, as is usual when such cases are remanded [for a big price or *secret influence*], two subsequent trials have resulted in jury disagreements. Witnesses have disappeared, public interest in the case has partially died out, and the ghastly crime, which at first caused a shudder of abhorrence, has become almost a reminiscence. It is not surprising that in view of facts like these, the better classes are disgusted with the operation of the [masonic] machinery of our so-called courts of justice."

"*Confession of guilt not sufficient.*—M. W., who has been under trial for perjury, was acquitted to-day. The jury was out only fifteen minutes. Much surprise is expressed [by outsiders] at the verdict, as M. W. *con-*

fessed having perjured herself, but the jury acquitted on the ground that the statement of guilt was not established."

In the district court, this afternoon, Freemason, charged with murder, who had been on trial a week, was acquitted by the jury. It appears that the murdered man called Mason the usual western pet name, a "s—— of a b——." The jury in its report decided that a fellow, who called another such a name, deserved killing on general principles. [But had Mason been killed for the same thing by a Christian, the courts would have called it a "cold-blooded murder."]

"In a recent case where there was a flagrant miscarriage of justice, the Judge told the jury that 'they had violated their oaths and had disregarded the testimony, and that a jury composed of Indians would have done better than they.'"

"The graders of the S. P. R. R. were suddenly brought to a standstill last Wednesday by J. H. Moore, upon whose land they were trespassing. Moore appeared with a Winchester rifle and a revolver, while several of his farm hands were armed with a variety of guns. Negotiations are now pending between the proprietor of the ranch and the railroad, and if the right of way cannot be bought, the entire ranch will be purchased." [*This was his only recourse, as the courts are sheer tools of the masonic R. R. Co.*]

"Further, the influence of the railroad corporations at the land-office in Washington has been a paramount influence, *no matter under what administration or who was Secretary of the Interior.* [Just so he was a mason with whom the brethren could secretly and safely trade.] The first extraordinary advantage gained was in 1857, when Black was attorney-general, on the application of certain railroad companies for *certified* lists of their lands before the lands were earned. The attorney-general held, that these lists could properly be furnished. What next? Later, the Secretary of the Interior held, that a complete legal title was conveyed by such certified lists, and that they were equivalent to patents and that he could not review the acts of his predecessors! This was a short way of disposing of some extra *million* acres of land which had never been earned, but of which the country was plundered. The power of these [masonic] corporations has been a controlling power, not only in securing extraordinary grants of land, but in the successful retaining of immense areas of land after their forfeiture.

They have invariably succeeded in their claims against the Government in all controversies touching their land grants, where the Government, or those holding under the Government, were parties. This is a broad statement, but the reader need only to look back to the record for the last thirty years to verify its truth. In other words, *the [masons] have controlled in the land-office, in the interior department, in the law department, and in the legislature.* The Indian, who, as the fable runs, expressed his three wishes by demanding, first, all the rum in the world; second, all the tobacco in the world; third, more rum: faintly shadowed forth the ravenous greed of those [midnight] monsters. The [secret] powers which control at the seat of Government, also control the special legislation in a majority of the States. I do not now speak of what is termed corrupt influence, that is, the influence of unblushing, direct bribery. I refer to the influence of [*masonic*] *power*, that sort of power which should alarm every one of us. For it compasses society; it has to do with every small and large town and village; its connections are unbroken.

Put yourself in opposition to this power and you will quickly comprehend me. Resist in the courts an illegal encroachment on your property; bring suit for damages for injury to certain vested rights; endeavor to restrain from a cruel and inexcusable trespass, and you will speedily find your proceedings crippled by interlocutory motions, by temporary injunctions, by dilatory orders, until, unless you have both, money to pay for the defense against these harassing methods [of prostituted courts] and the courage to continue ["twenty years"] to the end, you will abandon the attempt to maintain your rights, or perhaps accept some humiliating sum as a compromise, which does not even serve to defray your legal expenses. This is an *every day experience.* They are grasping, deceitful, and unscrupulous. No court or legislature will interfere to check the career of [masonic] corporations more powerful than courts or legislatures, [midnight rings], ever vigilant, ever active, with a legal machinery perfect in every appliance, and a treasury inexhaustible.

It is impossible, to properly characterize the methods, or to picture the widespread distress caused by them. The history of the past years is filled full of these unhappy illustrations, and they are so glaring, that it seems incredible the country does not take the alarm."

"Blank, charged with the murder of C.., was to-day acquitted by the jury. The alleged cause of the killing of C.. is stated to be that he was on terms of criminal intimacy with Blank's wife." [Which *always acquits a mason or odd-fellow.*]

"*A murderer hanged.*

C.. was hanged here to-day for the murder of Blank. The crime for which C.. suffered death was the murder of Blank, who had threatened to kill C.. on different occasions, and had been criminally intimate with his wife." But this is no legal excuse for *an outsider against one of the gang.*]

"July 2nd.—Blank, charged with intent to kill, has been acquitted. Friends of good government think that a moneyed [or masonic] man cannot be convicted of murder."

"But the gilded [mystic] hand, which shoves by justice, must not be strengthened by multiplying militia regiments—the people will not stand that—but by stopping *the traffic in juries*, and by such an administration of just and legal laws as shall meet the approval of the masses of mankind in whose instincts justice has its safest and strongest earthly throne."

"Ex-chief Justice David S. Terry, who has been the chief counsel for his wife during the entire litigation [of many years, wherein one Judge would decide one way, and another the opposite, and perjury was openly and confessedly practised without rebuke or punishment], was present with his wife to-day, Sept. 3rd, 1888, in court to hear the reading of another decision. When Judge Blank was about half through reading, Mrs. Terry jumped to her feet and asked the Judge if he was going to order her to give up the contract [of her former marriage with Sharon and which had been declared valid by two courts]. Judge Blank told her to sit down. Mrs. Terry's face turned white with passion and she cried, 'Justice Blank, we hear that *you have been bought!* We would like to know if that is so and what figures you hold yourself at. It seems that no person can get justice in this court, unless he has a sack.'

Judge Blank told a marshal to 'remove that woman from this court room.' The marshal grasped her arm, and in an instant Judge Terry arose and exclaimed that no living man should touch his wife. With this he dealt the marshal a terrible blow on the neck with his fist, which sent him across the floor.

Then, with several deputies and by-standers, Terry was removed. Mrs. Terry was also taken from the room and locked in the marshal's office.

A deputy was placed at the door, when Terry advanced upon him and demanded admission, which the deputy refused. Terry put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a dangerous looking dirk with a blade eight inches long, and, with a curse, held it above his head and declared he would stab any man who tried to keep him away from his wife. Terry was then locked in the room with his wife.

A satchel, which Mrs. Terry had dropped in the court room during the excitement, was found to contain an English bull-dog revolver with all six chambers loaded. She was turning to open the satchel just before she was put out of the court room." [If the courts are not reformed with anti-mason ballots, lead and steel will be resorted to by victims, who will be upheld by the people.]

"The case of Mrs. Myra Gaines, has now, after about forty years in the courts, been decided by the Supreme Court in her favor for nearly two millions of dollars. The decisions of the courts below were also in her favor. She has spent a large fortune and a life-time on this suit, which nothing but some egregious defect in the legal system or some criminal complicity on the part of the [Masonic] courts could have kept so long from a final decision. And now the intention is to carry the case by some extraordinary alleged right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it could not be reached in less than five years, and that at enormous expense.

The prospect for a woman near four-score, and well worn out both in purse and mind by long litigation, is not bright; and the question what such laws, as have permitted all these delays, are worth, is a pertinent one. The case is aggravated, if possible, by the fact that Mrs. Gaines is exceedingly liberal and charitable, and means to bestow her means, when recovered, in founding and supporting institutions for the benefit of the working classes and the poor. She is, in fact, the Peter Cooper of New Orleans."

"Mrs. Gaines is a beautiful example of the effects of the legal system. Recently a decision has been rendered in her favor, but even if it could be carried out, she declares it would not benefit her, as all her interest has been absorbed by a syndicate of lawyers and speculators. [A secret gang *required* by prostituted courts.] In other words, she is in the same boat with *McGarrahan* and many other veterans, who have spent years in pushing their claims, only to find in the end that the lawyers and [Masonic] lobbyists [that blackleg officials *compel* an applicant for justice to employ and load with money,] come in for any coin that may be secured." [Is such a system of robbery any better than anarchy ?]

"There are 860 superfluous words in every deed, and 1240 in every mortgage; and the people of New York pay every year $100,000 for the recording of superfluous words."

"In February, 1870, the Supreme Court of the U. S. decided that Congress had no power to make United States notes a legal tender for pre-existing debts, and the reasoning of that opinion was to the effect that the legal tender acts were unconstitutional.

After changes in the membership of the court, it decided, that Congress had power to make United States notes a legal tender for debts contracted both before and after the passage of the acts. These conflicting opinions diminish confidence in the court; any party in control of Congress and the Executive can procure any decision by increasing the number of the Judges, and 'packing the court.'" [Would not a court, composed of plain, honest men, be better than professional, technical gentry, so "learned in the law" that they cannot agree as to what it means, and make of the courts a secret jugglery to gamble with, so that we have no security in person or property.]

WHAT THE COURTS CHARGE TO SETTLE A MATTER OF $50.

"The case has been tried five times, and each time, except one, he has received a verdict for from $3,000 to $7,500, which was always set aside. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and the verdict has been reversed, giving him no damages. The court costs are now $3,300, while the other expenses on both sides amount to at least $20,000 [a tribute to the court gang,] and several parties have been ruined by the expenses of the case. The value of the calves was $50."

[And blacklegs say, we have a "Good Judiciary."]

"Rumors that the Jury had been 'fixed' in the interest of the

[Masonic] defendants brought the case to a standstill. Four men had been slipped into the box [by the Masonic Sheriff], who should never have been admitted. They belonged to the same Masonic lodge as defendants." [With Masonic officials, what ghost of a show has a Christian for equal justice?]

"A Judge has been found in Iowa to drive the traditional coach and six through the new law *on purely technical grounds*, and when it had been so thoroughly discussed and adopted by so large a majority of the people."

[If the courts were honest, they would pass on bills before the Legislature adjourned, if at all. But why should two or three Masons override the will and mature judgment of a large majority of the people, whose servants officials are supposed to be?]

"The first star route trial lasted three months, the second six and a half. The cost of both trials has been about half a million to the Government. One lawyer got $60,000, another $40,000, and another $34,000. Next to the original steal and the [Masonic] verdict of acquittal, these fees are the biggest scandal of the whole disgraceful business."

[One of the gang *plead guilty*, and yet all were acquitted. Of course, the "trial" was a farce, done by Masons for a blind (as though they would punish and send to prison their brethren for robbing other people), and to steal a half million more in court expenses.]

WHAT ANTI-MASON JUDGES CAN DO.

"To three lawyers who put in bills amounting to $25,000 for services in settling an estate worth $32,000, Judge Thomas Drummond said: 'You have charged $25,000 for sixty days' services. These charges are infamous. They are such as men who are scoundrels and thieves at heart would make. This charge of $15,000 is cut down to $1500. Those of $5000 each to $500. Repeat such a piece of rapine in this court and I will disbar every one of you.' We trust that other Judges will imitate the example of Judge Drummond, and repulse those legal pirates who plunder estates and often reduce their clients to penury." [But when Judges are brother Masons to these "*scoundrels, thieves and pirates*," *they stand in together to prostitute the courts against the people.* And when Judges are appointed by ring dignitaries, these blacklegs are the gentry they choose from.]

"While evidence against the star route contractors and public officials was strong and conclusive as to guilt, and the Government was defrauded of large sums, and large sums of money were expended to secure indictments, yet no person was convicted or punished, and no civil suits have been instituted to recover the vast sums illegally and fraudulently obtained from the public treasury."

"A young lawyer went through town driving a portion of his first law fee—a yearling steer. The fee consisted of $8.00 in money, a stack of fodder, a silver watch, an old sow and the yearling."

[Perhaps, all the poor devil had. If the courts were not the swindling shops that they are, they would not require the employment of these pirates at all. *The court clerk would do what formal writing was necessary, and the parties could make known their own cases.* For example, who knew her case or could make it known to others better than Mrs. Gaines, after forty years experience with it? And she was willing and *sometimes did plead her own cause.* Yet, to have any influence with Masonic ridden courts, she was *compelled* to employ a whole gang of Masonic pirates, with whom the brethren *could secretly and safely trade.*]

"The time has come for a general leveling up with respect to the jury service, and a thorough revision of the laws relating thereto seems imperatively demanded. The people will not tolerate much longer such miscarriages of justice as have recently been witnessed in various parts of the country." [*Let it be made illegal for any official to belong to any secret sworn brotherhood.*]

"Hardly a day passes without a legal decision which is contrary to reason and common sense. The Scottish American Company has loaned some millions of dollars in Chicago and vicinity. On attempting to foreclose upon a piece of property, the defendant set up the plea that '*there was no such company in existence.*' After weeks delay, a certified copy of the Edinburg certificate of incorporation was offered in evidence of the *bona fide* existence of the company. A day or two ago the court decided that this was insufficient, and when asked what would be sufficient, replied that 'he did not know.' To an outsider it would appear that a company which had 'existence' enough to lend some millions of dollars, had existence enough to foreclose upon its securities in case of default. But it seems not." [Is such jugglery honest ?]

"Less than half the number of Judges necessary to the 5,000,000 of people of the State of New York is sufficient for nearly five times the number of people in England."

"The case of B.. (colored) on trial for marrying a white girl.—B.. was found guilty, and given the *full penalty of the law.* The only other case under this law was dismissed, the Judge holding the law unconstitutional." [Is that equal justice ?]

"The man arrested for stealing a horse was discharged because he proved that he was drunk when he took the animal." [But that does not acquit an outsider.]

"When N.. was acquitted of murder, it was on the ground of insanity. He was then brought up for examination as to his mental condition and pronounced sane, after which formular he was released. All of which

an exhibition of legal jugglery and humbuggery." [At the expense of
people.]

"The riot is but the shadow of the events that must follow such
cial administration of our laws as occasioned the riot. It was plain
at the expenditure of a few thousand dollars [and masonry] had pur-
ased justice and robbed the gallows of its just dues. It demonstrates
t the traffic in juries, which has been so extensively carried on, will
entually rob the people of their rights and protection, and in the end
ir liberties."

"Blank, one of the 'good fellows' referred to in the Huntington corre-
ondence, is now the *Chief Justice* of ——. He was called a 'good fel-
r' because he could get a railroad bill passed when Governor of that
rritory with very little money. He was once Governor of —— also,
ving received the appointment through the [masonic] influence of the
ntral Pacific Company. He there betrayed the Gentiles and defeated
laws which he was sworn to uphold and vindicate. After he was driven
ay from that Territory, the same [masonic] influence secured for him
governorship of —— He was removed from that office on proof
t he had been accessory, both before and after the fact, to the worst
beries and murders ever committed in that Territory. The *Tribune*
s: 'The chain of evidence is almost complete, that he has been but the
ect, characterless and conscienceless tool of the [masonic] railroad
ners for something like a dozen years, and that aside from his allegiance
[masonry] he is in every bone, muscle, nerve and heart-beat thorough-
corrupt." [*Such is the material that Governors and the "good judiciary"*
made of by the masons.]

"It is impossible to comprehend how such a verdict could be found
ess, indeed, money [and masonry] was plentifully used among the
ymen. The case was plain enough. His crime was deliberate and
meditated. Each member of the jury which brings in such a verdict
nmits an offense against society and against the public peace. It is no
nder that the natural criminal classes respond to the impulse given
m the jury room, and that murders are all too frequent throughout the
ntry."

"Ours is a Government of lawyers. In the senate there are fifty-
en lawyers, five bankers, three each of merchantmen, railroad officials,
fessional politicians, and manufacturers, two miners, two general busi-
s, one editor and eight farmers.

In the house there are 195 lawyers, nineteen professional politicians,
enteen merchants, twelve editors, eleven farmers, ten manufacturers,
physicians, three railroad officials, two each of civil engineers, miners
l mechanics, one clergyman, one capitalist, and one metallurgist.
wyers get office because they are brought up to speak in public."

"One need not look further for the causes which started the bloody
than the statement of the noted lawyer, who defended the assassin, in

which he flauntingly announced, that 'he not only could have acquitted the murderer if he had been so disposed, but that it was the first case in which he had *ever allowed* a jury to convict a criminal client of his.' *There is more underneath this than he is willing to openly aver—a good deal* more than he will be likely to aver in the present mood of the people. It is freely alleged that the jury was packed to bring in a mild verdict—half a dozen wretches were slipped on the jury for that purpose—and, as he says, if he had been so disposed they would have brought in a verdict of acquittal, though the wretch had confessed his guilt and the proof was positive against him. It was the knowledge that there was no security for life under the law, that it was within the ability of [masonic] lawyers aided by the defects of the law [*themselves had fixed*] and laxity of the courts to defeat justice, that aroused the people to such a pitch of indignation. They felt that there was no other way to punish criminals [with secret influence] except by lynch law. The people had appealed and clamored for justice over and over again. The press had exposed the iniquities practiced in the courts and jury rooms, and urged a reform, but no attention was paid to it. The travesty of justice went on until it became intolerable. It is the *general* failure of the dispensation of justice that at last aroused the citizens to violent retaliation. It is the feeling that a [*masonic*] murderer cannot be punished by law for his crime. It is the knowledge that he will escape either by the corruptions of the lower courts, or the supreme court will reverse the finding on some *wretched quibble*, and that he will be remanded for a new trial and let out on straw [masonic] bail until he escapes altogether. The supreme courts have acted as if they were *leagued with the criminal classes* [they are chiefs of the gang] against the peace and protection of society, and as if the objects of courts were to protect instead of punish crime, [that is my experience with the courts]. They enlist upon the side of the [masonic] lawyer, and aid him with quirks and technicalities to secure the release of his [masonic] client, or to effect wearisome delays and continuances, which are tantamount to the same result."

"The reign of law and order is restored; that law and order which makes murder [and robbery] the safest trade, and which has made impotent the administration of law against [masonic] crimes of society. We have vindicated all practical forms, and rules, and traps, and tricks, which make the trial of a [ring man] a farce, and degrade the judiciary to the sole end of having known and proved murderers [and robbers] saved from conviction, and promoting the trade of [masonic] lawyers. Unthinking persons [and the gang] speak of such popular impulse as a crime, forgetting that the right to protect itself against crime is a right of society, and is conferred by it on its agents, and that *society does not lose its right because its agents have become impotent,*" [or because they are blacklegs, traitors, thieves, and home-ravaging brothers in the gang]. 'Ill-judged as it was in acting without organization, the feeling which moved it was a true representative of healthy public sentiment. Neither experience, observation, nor public discussion has taught the people that the administration of law is on the side of justice, law and order. They have seen that its chief end is to give immunity to [linked criminals.]

"Here is what Horace Greely thought of the average lawyer:

'For lawyers to league themselves for money with the most consummate of scoundrels, to become, as it were, accessories after the fact to the greatest of crimes and villainies by their paid labors in shielding the perpetrators from detection and punishment, or from being obliged to disgorge their dishonest gains—all this has become a regular business transaction, and the lawyer shares the spoils of the murderer and the robber, and pockets the fee stained with the blood, or wet with the tears of some wretched victim of fraud or force, from whom his client had just before extorted it, with no less satisfaction than he puts into his pocket the last dollar of the poor, deluded victim, who, having been plundered or cheated of the greater part of his property by some other [Masonic] rogue, spends the miserable remnant of it in the *vain and deceptive pursuit of legal redress.* [And blacklegs say, 'we have a good judiciary.'] "

"Some time ago Blank instructed his lawyers to offer Cox $75,000 in full settlement, which his attorneys refused, stating that it was not enough to go around among them for fees, let alone what Cox was entitled to. Blank's funeral takes place to-morrow."

[The courts are a secret robber-clan.]

"The shooting was done by Cox, and arose out of a difficulty about a law suit. Cox went to Blank's office and demanded $40,000 in settlement of claims standing between them. On Blank's refusing he drew a revolver and shot three times. He says, he asked [Links] for $40,000, that he was in absolute want, beggared, ruined [by the courts]. Links refused. 'Then,' said Cox, 'I will attach your property.' 'I have prepared against that,' replied Links, 'you can't get a cent.' Under the belief, that he would not get justice in any way, Cox drew a revolver and fired.

It is the direct outcome of a slavish adherence to technicalities by the Supreme Court, which so often ignores equity and outrages justice."

"The acquittal of Cox by the coroner's jury adds interest to the case. In 1867, Cox commenced a suit against Links & Co. for $173,395, the amount due him on a contract to grade a portion of railroad. Judgment was rendered in his favor for the amount claimed with interest, $193,173. The case was appealed and the judgment reversed. A second trial was had, and judgment again rendered in favor of Cox for $268,655. There was another appeal with similar results, and then a third trial with judgment again in favor of the plaintiff, amounting this time to $378,477. Links & Co. again appealed and the judgment was again reversed, and judgment ordered in favor of the defendant. Under the exasperation of this climax of decisions, last spring Cox made an assault upon Judge Links, who had several times reversed the judgment in his favor. He had been goaded to desperation by gross injustice. He had put his all into the work for which he was seeking compensation," [and the masonic courts made him blow in $75,000 more, and they deserved killing.]

He had been made to dance attendance by the rulings of the [masonic] supreme bench upon the courts for nearly *sixteen years*, and had for several years been borrowing money for his family to live upon, while he was still being bandied back and forth, like a shuttle cock, between the courts. After this assault upon the Judge a new trial of the case was secured by another party coming into it, and it was sent back to the lower court for the fourth time, where every judgment had been for the plaintiff except one on demurrer, and every judgment in his favor had been reversed on a *technicality* by the supreme court. As an outcome, Cox has killed Links. The circumstances were such, that the jury decided that it was done in self-defense." [Why would not the killing of such *courts* be also in self-defense?]

"This tragedy can be regarded in no other light than a logical consequence of a pernicious [masonic] legal system which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has more of [flawed] law than equity in it. The slayer of Links is a victim of [masonic] technicality. Had there been more of justice and less strained law in our courts, Links would be alive to-day."

"It is an outrage on the name of law for the courts to keep a case on trial seventeen years, and during that time to repeatedly bandy it back and forth between the courts" [and *charge $75,000 for doing so.*]

"No one can deny the magnitude of the injury done Cox, and such delay would have been an injury even if there had been no merit in his case. It is one of the [*many thousand*] cases which increase the popular distrust of [masonic] courts. When a man has a just claim against another, the courts ought to help him collect it inside of *seventeen years*. Such delays of justice *is a denial of justice*, for justice is nothing if not executed. Such a course as that pursued in this [and so *many thousand* of other] cases by the courts is not a private, but a public outrage, and these cases must not be permitted by the courts to occur too often, for if they do, it will be as Artemus Ward said: 'Ten dollars in the Judges' pockets if they had never been born.'"

"Every large city in the United States is, to-day, a smouldering volcano, and the material that feeds the growing flames is *the maladministration of justice*, not only as regards murderers [and robbers], but as regards *everybody and everything that has money* [*and masonry*] to back him or it. The people are growing restive under the rule of riches [and masonry], the power that controls our courts and makes the administration of justice a hideous farce. The Cox-Links case was one in point. See how Cox was robbed in due form of law for sixteen years; see what a desperate attempt was made to punish Cox for *defending his life against the tyrant.* Did not *the people* have to interfere and say in decided tones: 'Stop that.

Let Cox alone.' [*And he was let alone*] or the people would have had to take the Cox-Links business pretty resolutely in hand."

"All over the United States, in ten thousand different ways, this arrogance of the [masonic] money-power and its interference with the rights of the people is being seen and felt, and the sentiment that is now 'smouldering' over it, may burst into volcanic flame and force at any time. As time goes on, the outbreaks are certain to be fiercer and more frequent unless the court [masonry] is removed."

"After a [Masonic] assassin's crime has been triumphantly committed, a hunt is commenced for legal technicalities. It can scarcely be termed a 'hunt,' for any village attorney can pass a few hours in his library and find or invent a cart-load of them. Dear to the [masonic cursed] court is the dry, threadbare, venerable, time-worn technicality. Equally dear is the new technicality. It is turned over and over, and inspected from various stand-points with professional enthusiasm. No botanist surveys a newly discovered plant or flower with such profound gratification as the [masonic] court takes official cognizance of a new technicality. The attorney who cannot devise a technicality suitable for any phase of a criminal proceeding, should bury his empty head in a sand-hill, and grow up to be his own monument. The old moss-covered technicalities are as dear to the [masonic cursed] judicial heart, as the dry bones of a fossil mammoth are to the infatuated natural philosopher. The aspiring legal practitioner surveys the judicial horizon with the same watchful care that the astronomer surveys the Heavens, and the appearance of an important new technicality awakens in his bosom emotions similar to those that agitate the star-gazer on hailing the advent of a new planet. To keep pace with the increase of technicalities requires incessant vigilance and large libraries. Moses could present laws for the whole world, and for all terrestrial time, condensed into so small a space that, printed on a slip of paper, they might be pasted in the bottom of a hat. The San Francisco Law Library contains twenty or thirty thousand volumes, and yet our legal practitioners often turn away from it in despair, not being able to find in its whole vast collection the precise law book they want. Many lawyers keep themselves poor by the absolutely unavoidable purchase of law books, which might be more appropriately termed '*technicalities bound in calf*.' To be able to higgle over a technicality in learned style, to expiate with due solemnity on all its Bunyan-like ramnifications relative to some similar technicality, is really the path to legal success [in a prostituted court], and every lawyer knows it, and the bold [brother in the gang] attorney frequently has occasion to wonder at the ease with which the brain of a 'learned Judge' has been muddled [by coin or secret obligation.]"

Every State legislature is a mill for incessantly grinding out new [flawed] laws, which must all be construed and expounded in turn [for a price], and each of which brings forth its crop of decisions and technicalities with the multiplying powers of a grain of mustard seed. The bearing of the laws of one State on the laws of another State must be expounded, and the bearing of national laws on State laws must be expounded also. In almost every State appropriations are regularly made for the publication of what are termed reports. There are New York reports, Massachusetts reports, Ohio reports, Michigan reports, Wisconsin reports, and so on *ad infinitum*. These reports are grand depositories of technicalities. They contain *the guesswork and opinions* of a multitude of [*conflicting*] Judges on all kinds of ingenious and infinitesimal points, and every year they grow larger in size and more boundless in number. A pile of them form a perfect arsenal of technicalities. When a shrewd lawyer springs a new technicality on his opponent, procured from one of these five dollar volumes, his opponent's case is temporarily hopeless. The usual recourse is to secure a delay on some transparent pretext, and hunt up enough "authorities" and "precedents" to upset that technicality and over-shadow it with another one.

If the Emperor of Japan should send a three-masted ship to San Francisco, and request that it be loaded with a single copy of opinions, dissenting opinions, digests, commentaries, recorded quibbles, and technicalities bearing thereon, that ship would sink so deep in San Francisco Bay that the ablest shark in the Pacific Ocean would never be able to find it. If a tenth part of our legal lore ever got to Japan it would tangle the Oriental mind in a hopeless maze.

In addition to the various State governments engaged in the propagation of legal technicalities by annual publications, there are countless private publishers engaged in the same business. They are all toiling in the same field, and helping to roll up the great mountain of technicalities that is gradually breaking the back of the goddess of justice.

Even when the vast conglomeration of disjointed law fails to meet a particular case, the sagacious attorney may turn to the legal lore of England, and grope through the legal fictions of a thousand years. Somewhere among the mouldering rubbish he will find a valuable hint, or a technicality centuries old that can be galvanized into life, and he will be able to return to the charge with victorious vigor.

When a civil case has been decided perhaps for the twentieth time in various courts and manners, and is no longer to be higgled over, it should not be stated that the victor has proved the justice of his case. It would often be more correct to say that his lawyers have literally worn out the physical energies of their opponents, *or have finally brought about a total exhaustion of funds on the other side.* Gold is a leading factor in the search for justice, as well as a sinew of war. To the ambitious students of law the candid professor should simply hold up a technicality and exclaim: "By this shall ye conquer."

This practical part of the legal science is, to see that no rogue who can raise money [or ring influence] shall ever be adequately punished. "Better that nine guilty persons shall escape than that one innocent person shall suffer," was once the noble adage of Anglo-Saxon law. It has been changed. It should now read: "Better that a thousand [ring] cutthroats should go unpunished than that a single, worthless technicality should go unobserved." Justice has long been blind. If she could get one eye open and grow deaf, it would be a blessed thing for the American people.

Suppose our judicial system continues as it is for five hundred years. How unhappy will be the fate of the people who live then! Imagine the fifteen story buildings that will have to be constructed all over the land to contain even a fractional part of the many technicalities that will then be in daily demand. When no place can possibly be provided, in spite of merciless taxation, for the storage of accumulated law books, the impoverished citizen will be turned out of doors to make room for them. "My children are homeless," he will exclaim, "but, thank God, they have plenty of law."

Yes, America will then be truly a land of law, *but the abode of justice will be many thousands of miles away.* Immense piles of law books [and practical masonry] will crowd her out of the country.

So gloomy a view may not be necessary. Some day, in sheer desperation, our law-worn successors may fall back on the ten commandments and make a grand bonfire of their legal lore and desiccated technicalities, that will illuminate the continent from one end to the other. After the fashion of the Moslem caliph at Alexandria they may declare: "If these immense piles of law books, which it would require a hundred thousand years to read, agree with Moses, we do not need them. If they disagree with him they should certainly be burned." After that [Masonic] murderers and robbers will be very likely to get their necks stretched. Courts will no longer virtually declare: "We know that the [ring] wretch before us is guilty, but how can we punish him, when there is a technicality in the way?"

For the last time the world will hear of demurrers, exceptions, objections, continuances, motions for three or four new trials, re-hearings, appeals, re-appeals, writs of error, writs of *supersedeas* and all the other flummery and dry-bones of a *perfectly worthless judicial system.*"

"Dame Justice appears to be not only blind, but deaf and dumb also. And that is not a good thing.

When [the four Masonic criminals] were at last, after overlong delay, brought into court yesterday for trial, their [Masonic] lawyers had the coolness to ask for a *further* delay—and they actually got it.

"To make a motion," they told the court. The proposed motion being a mere quibble and evasion. They propose to go back of the indictment and attack the legality of the Grand Jury, it seems. What they really want is to put off the trial as long as possible, and to use for that purpose every possible cunning and unscrupulous device."

"When the 'four distinguished defendants,' indicted for conspiracy to defraud the city, which means the people of the city, and their six or eight equally distinguished lawyers had got their delay from the judge, an officer of the court said, 'now we will get down to the common herd of scamps.'" [Outsiders.]

"The common herd of scamps," forsooth. One, aged 17, sentenced to two years imprisonment for burglary. Another, for grand larceny, two years. Another, larceny, three years and a quarter in the penitentiary.

It does not take long to turn off the "common herd of scamps." But pray, why should justice make this distinction? Is it right that rich [Masonic] scamps, because they are able to hire "distinguished lawyers" shall evade trial, while poor scamps, friendless, unable to give large fees to "distinguished" counsel, are hurried to jail?

Nearly 69,000 voters of New York expressed their discontent with the existing management of affairs by voting for Mr. George. They were not anarchists, as some silly people pretended, they were law-abiding but seriously discontented citizens, and one of their complaints was against the way in which justice is administered in New York. The election at which they expressed their discontent was one of the quietest and most orderly this city has ever seen. They did not elect Mr. George, but if justice continues to make so large a difference between "distinguished defendants" [Masons] and "common scamps" [outsiders], as she has done on so many occasions and years, the election of Mr. George, or possibly a worse man, and not only that; but of Judges, prosecuting officers and legislators as well, is a very certain event.

The American people are patient and long-suffering, but they are not fools; and they all have votes."

"WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A JUDGE.

Some curious statements made before a meeting of the Bar Association.

At the meeting of the Bar Association of the city of New York some time ago, Wheeler H. Peckham called attention to the fact that candidates for judicial offices are subjected to assessment by political parties. .... Originally a small assessment was paid, such as would be proper to cover the necessary expenses of printing, &c., but of late the assessments are so large that it is impossible for any man to pay them without a consciousness that he be buying a nomination. He prophesied that unless the evil was checked the judiciary of this country would merge into as absolute a condition of corruption as ever existed in any country. He said, that so serious an evil needed the most radical efforts to correct it. Ex-Judge Emott said he had been informed that the assessments now are sometimes as high as $25,000. A man who is able to pay such an assessment forfeits nothing but his self-respect, which of itself is enough to disqualify him. But a man not able to pay so large an assessment must mortgage himself to get the nomination. If he is elected, he belongs to the three or four men who have advanced the money, and is bound to repay them through the patronage of his office. This, he thought, was the most corrupt aspect of the case. He had been informed that candidates for the highest judicial offices had been notified to attend the committee meetings of political parties, and kept dancing attendance in ante-rooms until the politicians saw fit to see them. Then they would be told that the assessment was so much money. If the candidate said it was large, or larger than usual, he would be told that the only question was whether he would pay the money.

Mr. Dorman B. Eaton said that the present system of nominations led to the selection of men who could pay the assessments, sometimes regardless of the fact that the candidate was unfit. He thought that the old English system of buying a place was more honest, because it was at least open.

"FOR FIVE CALVES.

A cause celebre which has occupied the courts for fourteen years and still drags along.

This litigation has been under the consideration of thirty grand jurors and eighty-four petit jurors; it has been presented to nine different trial judges, and has twice been before the Supreme Court, five judges sitting upon the bench at each time. The court costs alone amount to more than $5000, and the attorneys' fees are much more than that amount. All of the eighty-four jurors have decided in favor of Johnson, but the courts have uniformly set the verdicts aside on legal grounds because of the close question as to whether there was probable cause on the part of the members of the society for starting prosecution.

The larger part of a lifetime has been spent in useless litigation over a few animals, the entire value of which was about $45. A number of the farmers engaged in the suits have become hopelessly ruined, but still Johnson comes smilingly before the court, begins his suits, and readily pays for them, though he is fast sinking into insolvency, and is already an elderly man. Children of various ages, who testified when the litigation first began, now lead into court their own children, who are nearly as old as were their parents at the time they made their first bows to the courts. The farmers are growing old, their money has leaked away through the various legal crevices and found its way into other hands; homes have been made poorer in every way, and still the case is dragged through the tedious channels of the law, with but little more chance of a settlement than there was fourteen years ago."

"AFTER SEVEN YEARS IN JAIL.

Mr. Henry A. Frost, who was discharged from Ludlow street jail by Judge Arnoux on December 28, after seven years' imprisonment, obtained yesterday from the supreme court of Kings county an order declaring all the proceedings against the petitioner and his clients, through which he was incarcerated, to be null and void. "It has taken me seven years to find out whether I could be imprisoned legally for protecting a client," said Mr. Frost to a *Herald* reporter. "My imprisonment has broken up my home, alienated my friends, ruined my business, and left me practically a beggar, with a broken down constitution."

"The reason why the Willows (Cal.) Justice of the Peace attempted to assassinate one of the constables with a knife, is said to be that the constable did not bring his business into that Justice's court."

"Shroder has been acquitted for the murder of Le Fevre at Oakland. The jury were out from Friday night to Monday afternoon. Transitory mania and emotional insanity are now in criminal homicides what four aces are in draw poker. But only the rich can afford these costly disorders. A biased Judge and a jury to suit are good helps. Killing is no murder in such cases."

"It is useless to say that justice does its work with anything like completeness. There have been 1517 murders committed in this country this year, as reported by telegraph, which, of course, does not include the whole number, whereas during the whole of last year there were but 1266. As against this awful list there have been but 93 persons hanged, the majority of whom were negroes in the south, who may or may not have been guilty, and 118 persons lynched, of whom the majority were also southern negroes, whose guilt was many times in doubt. Assuming that all were guilty, the punishment of 211 persons where over 1500 murders were committed is palpably a failure of justice, and shows that the laws or the methods of executing the laws are not sufficient to deter the commission of crime. Many of these cases of lynching, and perhaps the majority of them, were due, as the *Tribune* says, to the fact that the people were exasperated by the failure of justice, and hopeless that any penalty would be administered. They have, therefore, in the very rage of despair, taken the law into their own hands, and shut off the customary avenues of escape by quibbles, delays and technicalities."

"THE PISTOL.

Dr. I. S. Kalloch's Lecture on its Use and Abuse, was delivered at Union Hall last evening to a very large audience.......A tragedy was again enacted in this city. I am going to try the courts and not the case. I know little about the case, but I know enough about it to know that it belongs to that kind for which there exists great provocation—one that will cause such cases to increase rather than diminish, and calls for some one to characterize it as it deserves. In short, I arraign our judges, courts and lawyers, with their technicalities, delays, and procrastinations as the grand inspiration of the most colossal and calamitous class of crimes with which our community is afflicted. I refer to the crimes that rock society to its foundation and threaten to loosen the very groundwork of civil order. How much of this responsibility is due to the courts? Is justice so administered as to secure respect to its officers? Are the courts morally responsible for these startling crimes? I think they are, and I arraign them for this fearful misdemeanor. The whole jury system, grand and petit, has outlived its usefulness. Our jury methods are defective and need reforming. That *their defects are dangerous* to the public peace is well known to everybody except antediluvian judges, conservative lawyers and post-pliocene philosophers. Property, life and liberty are at the mercy of corrupt jurors when deputy officials have the opportunity to carry on a little business of their own. The people need not dread the soldier, the priest, the editor, the millionaire or the devil, if there is only an open field and a fair fight. The man to be dreaded is the shyster lawyer, and the power to be feared, a corrupted court. The courts are the sheet anchor of the Republic, and when they are gone everything is gone. To be respected, the courts must be respectable. There must be no more such decisions as the 8-to-7 decision, whereby a man who was elected President was defrauded of his office. The courts should get out of the bogs of technicality and be what they are intended to be, courts of justice. The merits of a case are lost sight of in the legal quibbles listened to by the courts. A case in point is that of the man who had a railroad contract and spent his fortune in the work. For sixteen years he tried to have his claim adjusted by the courts. He recovered judgment four times, but each time it was set aside on a technicality. Despondent, poor, exasperated, he sent a human being to his grave and himself to a felon's cell. If the courts had not been derelict in their duty, could not justice have been administered to this man in sixteen years and the crime averted?" The lecturer next referred to the insolence of lawyers toward witnesses, which seems to be not only allowed, but encouraged by the judges. He had seen attorneys badger and abuse simple-hearted men and honest women who fell into their clutches on the witness stand, and if they attempted to resent the impudence of the lawyers, the court immediately admonished them to go slow or they would be punished for contempt. He knew of one attorney in this city who was frequently engaged simply because his eyes were monstrosities, and he could disconcert witnesses when he turned his gaze full upon them. He considered that the glaring wrongs of the courts were *a prolific cause of crime.* It is a common thing to hear men say on the streets that the courts ought to be abolished and the people form Vigilance Committees and take the law into their own hands. Many practical merchants prefer to compromise unjust claims rather than go to law, simply because they fear the uncertainty of the administration of justice. Mr. Kalloch attributed the alarming decay of self-respect to the crushing out of the sense of honor by law. Genteel bummers, blackmailers and vagrants have their carcasses protected by the courts, and are saved from incarceration and labor by the judges, while the big-hearted man whose self-respect and honor were being toyed with by the judiciary was driven to seek redress in crime.....Instead of equity it is technicality, and it is no wonder that men are driven to suicide and murder."

"Lawyers have been as powerful in the courts, in many instances, as in the legislatures. They have sometimes owned judges and thus got such rulings from the bench as they desired. At other times, by their superior intellectual force, or force of will, they have tyrannized over judges, and thus carried on their unequal warfare against the public."

From a Governor's Message.

"The laws, owing to careless [?] legislation and decisions of the courts, are in such a state of confusion that it is very difficult even for experienced members of the bar to arrive at any definite conclusion in regard to them, much less can a citizen exactly determine the rules that govern his conduct, or the laws that guarantee his rights and privileges."

[*Suppose there are 100,000 lawyers in the United States, and that each on an average, directly and indirectly, damages the people $10,000* ; *see how much that is:* $100,000 x $10,000—$1,000,000,000 *every year! and say, whether or not, the whole horde should be abolished?* THE CLERKS OF THE COURTS COULD BE REQUIRED TO DO, AT SLIGHT EXPENSE, THE NECESSARY CLERICAL WORK, ETC., BELONGING TO A SUIT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Big land steals in Washington.—"Eighty per cent. of the entries in one district fraudulent."—How this is accomplished, and who can do it with impunity.—Also showing what should be "between the lines" in the newspaper press.

WHILE it was a difficult matter for a homebuilder to acquire and hold even a quarter section of land, masonic individuals and gangs by their prostitution of the Government and secret influence at court were given, or allowed to steal, millions of acres of the people's rightful heritage. This is so notorious that I only need to quote from the press to make it plain and evident to all.

"There is no doubt, and there can be none, that the public lands have been plundered in the most bold and unblushing manner. The testimony of every man who has investigated the subject is to this effect, and there is no citizen of Washington who is not convinced of it. The evidence given on this point by this special agent may be quoted as indicative of that which has been given by *thousands of others* [without effect because the big thieves are linked masons]. In an official report he said: 'It is my opinion that *fully fifty per cent.* of the entries in this (the Olympia) district are collusive, and therefore fraudulent.' Was it not necessary to set a closer watch on the thieves? Every journal in the United States which has been outspoken in behalf of popular rights sustains the action of Commissioner Sparks. Every one which owes its allegiance to corrupt [masonic] power, joins in the chorus against him, [and he was kicked out of office for exposing the rank perjury and stealing of the linked masons, and the masonic-ridden courts shielded the criminals.]

* * *

[House of Representatives, Washington.]—"Cobb moved to pass the bill repealing the pre-emption, timber-culture, and desert land acts....... Payson declared that during the past four years *ninety per cent.* of the entries of land under these acts had been fraudulent."

* * *

"Some of the down Sound papers are expressing a great deal of virtuous indignation over the probable escape of J.. and other [masons] from conviction upon charges of frauds in connection with timber land entries. These same papers, in common with other [masonic] papers in this land district, have willingly accepted and published the notices necessary to appear sixty days before timber land entries can be perfected, for which they asked and received very liberal pay, and in doing this had abundant opportunities of satisfying themselves that most of such entries were made in the interests of [masons] and that only in exceptional cases was it expected that the individuals taking the claims would hold them. [The land office officials also being masons would and do shut their eyes to frauds of their brethren, but outsiders are snatched up quick enough.] Nearly every mill company and large buyer of timber lands was as much guilty of fraud as J.. or any other land agent who acted for his principals in securing large and valuable tracts of timber land. It is folly to attempt to make one or two men [when they are masons] the scapegoats for all the sinners who have been guilty of 'irregularities' in connection with land entries.

The public land laws are only so many legalized methods of offering *premiums upon fraud and perjury*, and until these laws are differently framed, evasions, false swearing and trickery will be prevalent in the taking up of public lands."

[And they will be just as prevalent no matter how the laws are framed, so long as *masons and odd-fellows are the land and court officials who are secretly sworn to keep their ring brothers' secrets.*

Whenever land is secured by fraud it is well known in the neighborhood of the land thus stolen, and the crimes can easily be proven; and when outsiders go after such "premiums" (?) this is done with a vengeance and for blood, and they *are* made scapegoats for all the ring thieves in the country; stripped of all their property, if they have any, by the court gang, and then frequently sent to prison to reflect on the unequal justice (which is *not justice*) they are suffering, and to relate the much worse and stronger cases against ring men steeped in crime that were "acquitted," or *laid over to acquit* by the same jury or court. And the land of the outsider is restored to the Government even after patents have been issued and it has changed hands to different outsiders—"innocent purchasers" and in "good faith."]

* * *

"It has been stated over and over again that the [ring] people of Olympia were intimately connected with these land frauds; that they had permeated society, had contaminated servants of the Government, [Masonic] citizens of the town, one and all. So general has become this connection with the frauds that their investigation has been all but impossible. Obstacles are put in the way, movements made are squelched, and a suppression of the facts resorted to in all cases," [where the gang is concerned.]

For example I give this.—"The [farce] trial of J.. which commenced a week ago [at the expense of the people which means profit to the gang] terminated yesterday in the disagreement of the [ring] jury. J.. had been indicted for obstructing justice by removing to British Columbia a large number of important witnesses in the cases of conspiracy to defraud the Government by making fictitious land entries, pending against J..,W..,D..,R..

and P... The trial of W. was commenced Wednesday, but for want of sufficient evidence the Judge directed the Jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty, which was done. An order of *nolle pros.* was entered in the cases of J.. and D.. for the same reason, and they were discharged. The Olympia attorneys P... and R... were allowed a change of venue to Olympia. [Where, of course, their court brethren "acquitted" them. One of them was prosecuting attorney at the time—that is, he prosecuted outsiders, and was a close friend and influential brother of the Governors, while they would scoff at the will of whole communities of good citizens.]

"*End of the Timber Fraud Suits.*—Owing to the fact that nearly all the important witnesses in the cases against J.. and his pals had been induced to leave the country, U. S. prosecuting attorney [Mason] considered it expedient to dismiss the cases against the parties, as it is almost impossible to get a conviction when the opposite parties have money [or belong to the gang] unless the evidence is overwhelmingly conclusive of guilt, and even then a prosecution *often fails.*"

[But are such gentry any the less criminals than those without money or ring influence at court, who go to prison? And is this justice?

What does a Jury that is selected by Masons to try (?) a Mason or Odd Fellow, or an outsider against one of the gang, care for evidence?

Except as a *too plain exposure to the people, evidence neither convicts nor acquits in such cases.* A packed Jury is governed by other influences and obligations than evidence or their oath to do justice.]

* * *

"It will be seen that prosecuting attorney [linked Mason] and his law partner [chief of the 'bar'] were indicted by the Grand Jury on the part of the U. S. for obstructing justice. W. J... and several of his confederates were arrested for conspiracy against the Government in making fraudulent entries on large bodies of timber land. Four of the witnesses could not furnish the bonds and were placed in the penitentiary until court should convene. It now transpires that two or three days before court met, certain men [Masons] not only furnished $800 cash bail for the release of these witnesses, but chartered a steamer to go to the penitentiary, take the witnesses and convey them to British Columbia. Messrs. P. R.. and J.. are charged with having concocted and carried out the scheme."

[There were plenty of other witnesses to be had, besides those that were spirited away, but they were not wanted to testify against the gang. And there was also plenty of proof to be had against the guilty parties who did the spiriting; but to produce such proof would be in violation of their secret-ring oaths "*to keep their brothers' secrets!*" And thus are the most vile and dangerous criminals kept out of prison, and even "vindicated." (?)

Listen to this! from a Masonic paper that would pull on a rope to lynch an outsider, less guilty of a like offence.]

"The *Press* expressed its confidence when [brother] J.. was assailed by his enemies, that there was nothing in the case against him. We had ascertained to our [Masonic] satisfaction that he was guilty of nothing more than *technical irregularity or want of sufficient adherence to the forms prescribed for governmental business.*" [?]

[But when outsiders do the same thing, it is declared and decreed to be *robbery, perjury* and treason! And they are sent to prison for long terms—which is *their* congratulation.]

"Our judgment has been confirmed by the [packed] Grand Jury which has dismissed the charges against [the brother] and found 'not a true bill.' There will be entire unanimity here [among the pagan brethren] in congratulating Mr. J... upon this complete [?] vindication." [?]

[Are not such criminals who are thus "vindicated" [?] by Masonic ridden courts and press, more dangerous to the community and State than the plain, common burglar, against whom people lay in wait with shotguns? Then, WHY *discriminate between them* ?

* * *

"The land stealings of the [Masonic] Mill companies during the past few years have been estimated by a competent and well-informed person as high as 300,000 acres, worth on an average $10 an acre, [which should have been preserved for *actual* settlers under the Homestead act, and let them make what they could out of the timber growing on the tillable land, to help them in building their home, and the rest they could preserve for the benefit of their children.] This $3,000,000 worth of land has been stolen [by Masons, &c.] from the people upon whom this Territory depends for its development—the hard working settlers who go into the woods and hew out farms and homes."

"To accomplish this enormous fraud, the [Masons] have employed regular agents, who have *openly* solicited individuals to make entries of timber lands and for that service have paid from $50 to $150 per quarter section." [And thus "openly" committed perjury and subornation of perjury, fraud and conspiracy. But having the Government and courts prostituted, they could do this with impunity, and get to be blackleg Governors with their plunder.]

* * *

......"All the talk of suing amounted to nothing. I am guarded in my language when I say that in more than thirty years of experience in lumbering in California, Oregon and Washington, and thus seeing over fifty equally and often times greater suits begun, *they all fell through. They amount to nothing.*"

[They should at least open the eyes of the people to the prostitution of the Government and courts by members of secret brotherhoods who *are sworn to keep each other's criminal secrets.*]

"Sometimes they are settled, fully as often they are withdrawn. I have known the most stupendous frauds—such, for instance, as the big timber steal at Humboldt Bay. *The charges were true*, but yet nothing was done. I know that not one of these cases was pushed to conviction, and I have no fears of this case." [When witnesses are bent on exposing such ring thieves, jobs are frequently put up against them, and *these false cases* are "pushed to conviction." Whereupon the blackleg Governor smiles and smiles and declares "we have a good judiciary," and that the "people clamor" for the punishment of such victims, and join the prison contractors in sucking their heart's blood and driving iron into their souls and a flaming desire of vengeance.]

* * *

"All good citizens will rejoice that commissioner Sparks has determined to check the rascally operations of the [Masonic] mill companies in the future and to hold them to account for their past crimes. It is notorious here on Puget Sound, so notorious as not to excite remark, that hundreds of thousands of acres of the best and most valuable timber land in the territory have passed and are yet passing into the hands of the [Masonic] mill companies, by means of fraud and perjury."

"This accumulation of immense bodies of land in the hands of a few wealthy [and clanish] owners, is in itself a fraud upon the Government and the people. It was never the intention of our land laws to create a landed aristocracy, and by so doing to withhold from settlement and improvement large areas of country. On the contrary, their object was and is to distribute the public land in small quantities among a large number of people, to be by them improved and made into homes and farms. [But the prostituted court steps in with its fraud, its bar (?) and expensive jugglery, and gives license to ring thieves to override the laws and people.]

"The [Masonic] companies, by hiring transient employees and sailors to file claims upon government land, to falsely swear that the necessary improvements have been made, and upon receiving a certificate from the land office, [which would not be given for the benefit of outsiders in the face of such bare-faced perjury and subordination of perjury, but only to ring brothers of the land office officials,] to convey the land to their employers for a song, are gobbling up government land to hold. This steady and rapid stealing of the most conveniently located timber lands has been going on for many years, until now the mill companies have a practical monopoly of the timber land near enough to tide water to be at present available. This gives them an advantage over the loggers, which they are not slow to avail themselves of. This is the way the [Masonic] mill companies fleece the loggers: A logger applies for a contract to furnish a boom of logs. If he has timber of his own, he is told that the [Masonic] mill company has plenty of [stolen] timber. Unless, therefore, he will cut logs on the mill company's [stolen] land, at their own price for stumpage, he must put in his own timber at a price to be fixed by the [Masonic] company. 'Furnish your own timber at our price, or cut logs on our [stolen] land at our price,' says the [Masonic] company to the logger. Sometimes the logger takes one, sometimes the other. In either case the price is so regulated as to leave him a bare subsistence, while with the enormous profits of the transaction accruing to the [Masonic] mill companies, they buy ships, hire perjurers to help steal more land, and buy off government officials. [The same, being generally brother masons, are sworn to 'keep and never reveal' these ring secrets. Otherwise such corruption would be more dangerous to themselves and less liable to occur.] Commissioner Sparks will fail to redress the wrongs to which we have adverted, unless he avoids the mistake of selecting [Masons] to conduct the investigation and appoints men of integrity."

[The gang had secret influence enough at Washington to have Sparks kicked out, as soon as he began to make trouble for the thieves.]

* * *

......"This [Masonic] mill company owns (?) some 80,000 acres of timber land, about 500 acres of it being around the mill."

* * *

"What has become of the improvements on each quarter section of land owned by some of the mill companies? The improvements must be there on the land, for the employees of the [Masonic] mill companies have sworn it. Certainly! But where are they?"

* * *

"Where are the five hundred men that took up the land now owned by one of the great [Masonic] mill companies, and used as an instrument to oppress loggers and others engaged in and connected with the lumber business? Echo answers, 'Where?'"

* * *

"If fourteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor is a proper punishment for a poor [outsider] who, under the stress of temptation and cold weather, takes an overcoat that does not belong to him, what ought to be done with a [Mason] or gang of [Masons] for stealing land worth two millions of dollars?"

[The blackleg Governors, in their annual reports to the Secretary of the Interior and in their messages to the Legislature, had never a word to say as to these and other robberies *done by their ring brethren*, while they gloated over and increased the misery and destruction of those who in their distress and distraction had stolen only a coat or a pair of blankets.]

[Large bodies of prairie land is likewise stolen by members of the gang, shielded by the prostituted courts and glorified by the ring press on account of their "ability and enterprise;" while outsiders who only desire to gain a few hundred acres honestly for their homes, are stigmatized as hogs and made objects of attack and plunder.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

Big land steals in Oregon, California, etc.—How it is done there.—Brazen perjury and nobody punished.—The reason.—Wagon road Swindles. —Sink artesian wells to irrigate "swamp lands."—"*Three-quarters of the land titles fraudulent.*"—Murdering homebuilders, etc.

"BETWEEN 1864 and 1869 several grants of land were made [to gangs of masons] for wagon roads in Oregon. The [gangs] failed to construct the roads as required, and in some cases no road had been built, *although the* [*ring*] *Governor had certified to construction and completion.*

A special agent who made a personal examination of one of these roads and took affidavits of citizens, reported construction a mere pretext, and that for *one hundred miles he could not find the trace of a road.* Upward of *440,000* acres were patented to the [gang] in 1883, *after this special report had been made.*

Patents were issued to another like gang after information had been received that the charter of the company had been dissolved by proceedings in the State courts. The Oregon Central Wagon road was located for a considerable distance through territory to which the Indian title had not been extinguished, but the lands were patented to the gang [by their pagan brethren in office at Washington] and over 100,000 acres were certified which are within the permanent Indian reservation.

"*March 14th, 1888.*—The Secretary of the Interior to-day sent to the President the report of J. B. McNamee relative to land grant wagon roads in Oregon. The report shows that grants of land were made by Congress in 1864 and 1866 to aid in the construction of these roads, over *2,500,000* acres. The report shows that *none of these roads* were ever constructed, although several [masonic] Governors of the State certified to their completion, [for the benefit of their brethren of the gang].

On these certificates of the [masonic] Governors, patents have been issued to these [pagan brethren] for 1,000,000 acres.

"Immediately on securing certificates of completion, [by prostituted masonic Governors], the land grants were sold, with a view to putting the lands in the hands of nominally 'innocent (?) purchasers,' [and to thus secure the protection of the masonic prostituted courts, the 'good judiciary.'] "

"With the report the Secretary submits a draft of a bill to be presented to Congress, repealing all of said granting acts, declaring forfeited all rights and titles and claims thereunder, and restoring to the public domain all lands granted, excepting such as may have been sold to innocent purchasers who are actual settlers, to the extent of one section to each of such purchasers. The bill directs the Attorney-General to institute suit to cancel all patents and certifications under said acts, with the exception stated above."

[But there were too many of the gang brethren behind the President, in Congress and the courts, to recover the stolen property, and punish the perjurers and thieves. And this, while small, plain burglary and perjury of outsiders is held to be and punished as a crime without mercy or charity !]

* * *

"In a letter to Sparks, T. S. Lang tells how the lands of Oregon have been seized upon and held by [linked pagan gangs]. The N. P. R., the W. V. and C. M.; the D. M. and the Oregon Military road. These gangs, almost *without a shadow of law*, hold lands as follows: The N. P. R. holds in Oregon alone 279 *townships*; the W. V. and C. M. wagon road, 144 townships; O. M. wagon road, 143 townships; the D. M. wagon road, 154 townships, aggregating 739 townships, each containing 23,000 acres, aggregating 17,000,000 *acres*."

* * *

"*How they* [the linked masons] *do it*.—How many acres of 'swamp land' do you suppose is held by one [mason] in this State? How many? Guess! Not many persons would guess a million acres. But they would have to multiply this by *thirteen* to get at nearly the amount. O.. is now holding over *thirteen millions* of acres of 'swamp (?) land,' and he has sold upwards of 600,000 acres, on which he has paid twenty per cent. of the purchase price. On the other 13,000,000 acre farm he has not paid a cent, nor is the State or Government deriving a cent of revenue from this land. On one filing he 'took up' 1,336,000 acres, which land extends, in townships, from six miles east of Lebanon, southeasterly, entirely through the State. These figures are commended to the point of investigation, and a refutation of their truthfulness challenged."—*Astorian*.

[Such are the *practical workings* of secret sworn brethren as *officials in our Governments and courts*.]

* * *

"In a valley, thirty miles long, ditches were dug from the stream, dams built, the land flooded, and then taken up [by the brethren] under the swamp land act." [Brazen perjury, its subordination by brethren in office, and their protection by prostituted courts.]

* * *

"In Harney Valley, Or., is a tract of land which was taken up as swamp land, but upon which the owner is sinking an artesian well for irrigating purposes. An ex-*State official* holds a large block of these 'swamp' lands, which, he informed some possible purchasers, were "capable of cultivation if thoroughly irrigated."

[Thus do mystic lurking blacklegs grow sleek—and influential at court—with stolen abundance.] "While the poor man [and outsider] is satisfied with 160 acres and thereby helps to build up a substantial community that enriches a State by population and wealth, giving life and activity to many industries. If *he* fails to comply with even the technical requirements of the land laws, on account of sickness, poverty or ignorance of the land laws [wherein judges disagree] the actual settler who has had the courage to go upon land covered with timber, leaving behind him friends, kindred and society, erect an humble home, endure privations and suffer great hardships, the pioneer of this western country, in paving the way for the march of civilization, frequently loses his claim. Is there any justice in this? Has not Congress [and the courts] favored [masonic] corporations and individuals into great influence? [Masonic] corporations [and masonic individuals and gangs] should be treated as common individuals."

"Is there any wonder at the murmurings of the people? If Congress [and the courts] does not listen to them more they will become as resistless as Niagara, and then our country will witness a crisis which will astonish the world!" [For "they know their rights, and knowing dare maintain."]

* * *

"Depredations upon public timber are universal, flagrant and limitless [by members of the gang, outsiders being snatched up and punished too quick]. Whole ranges of townships covered with timber, the forests at headwaters of streams, and timber land lying along water courses and railroad lines, have been cut over by [masonic] lumber companies under pretense of title derived through pre-emption and homestead entries made by their employees, and afterward assigned to the companies [of subordination and perjury.] Steam saw-mills are established promiscuously on public lands. Large operators employ hundreds, and in some cases thousands of men, cutting government timber and sawing it up into lumber and shingles, which, when needed and purchased by local citizens, can only be obtained by them at prices *governed by the market value of timber brought over expensive transportation routes from points of legitimate supply.*"

"The Montana [masonic] Improvement company, a corporation stocked for $2,000,000 and in which the N. P. Railroad Co. is reputed to be the principal owner, was formed in 1883 for the purpose of monopolizing the timber traffic in Idaho and Montana, and under a contract with the railroad company, running for twenty years, has exploited the timber from *unsurveyed* public lands for great distances along the line of said road, shipping the product of the joint trespass and controlling rates in the general market. Suits have been commenced, and others are in progress against the companies for the recovery of damages to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. [But the court officials being masons, the suits were a farce, and the gangs were protected from punishment, while outsiders were being sent to prison for little crimes.]

"These lands were unsurveyed. No patents had been issued for them. The railroad had not attempted to be definitely located past the lands in question until *after the date by law, July 4th, 1877, for its completion, and there is no provision of law by which rights can be acquired after the expiration of that time.* The road had not been definitely located its entire length. *It had no right to these or other lands.*"

"The law allowing 'right of way,' and land grant railroad companies to obtain timber and other material for the construction of their roads from public lands *adjacent* to the line of the roads was, in effect, extended to permit timber to be cut wherever the [masonic] companies desired, the word 'adjacent' being interpreted [by the 'good judiciary'] to mean practically anywhere in the United States. Such liberality of interpretation, amounting to almost *unlimited privileges not warranted by law*, and resulting in detriment to the interests of settlers already upon the lands, or of persons desiring to settle in future upon such lands, is entirely disproportionate to the benefit which they are likely to derive from the railroads which have thus been permitted [by the prostituted courts] to despoil the lands of their timber." There have been various *misinterpretations* of law [by the brethren acting as courts (?)] and rulings and instructions *to promote and protect* [linked masonic] trespassers upon public timber. [While outsiders are stripped of their property, sent to prison and held there as "criminals" by the secret influence of the worthy-grand-chief-criminals of the lodge, as scapegoats for their own protected crimes.]

* * *

"B.., having paid men $50 each for swearing on government timber land under pretense that they were going to live on said land, but really for the purpose of surrendering their right to him [if they refused or raised on the price they would be prosecuted for perjury, but complying, they are *protected* by the 'good judiciary'] by which he gobbled up 64,000 acres of valuable timber land [the masonic officials, of course, winking at and concealing the job] was yesterday convicted of subordination of perjury," [he evidently had a quarrel with others in the gang, otherwise, he will not be punished very much, if at all, (N.B.—He was turned loose) and note, the pile he has made at $10 or $20 per acre while under the protection of brethren in office.]

* * *

"A man who claims to know, asserts that he knows of his own personal knowledge that about *three-fourths* of all the lands proved up on and paid for in the last ten years in the United States land office in San Francisco have been patented contrary to the laws of the United States."

* * *

"According to the Government reports, in twenty-four townships in Colorado no evidence was found that any surveys had been made, although surveys had been paid for [to the brethren]. No work was done under the contract for surveying the Ute Indian lands, but fictitious field notes [sworn to as genuine] were furnished. Nearly the whole of the Territory of Wyoming and large portions of Montana have been surveyed under the [fraudulent] deposit system, and the lands on the streams fraudulently taken up under the desert land act, to the exclusion of future settlers desiring homes in these Territories."

"Among the indictments found are three against the surveyor general of San Francisco." [Such "indictments" of masons are done for a blind, to make some little show, as though they were subject to the penalties of law like other men, they being finally—at great expense to the people and profit to the gang—"acquitted" and "completely vindicated," (?) while poor devils of the common people, for stealing a few dollars openly, are sent to State's prison for life!]

* * *

"This Maxwell land grant, called 'the Elkins steal,' originally included 92,000 acres. Patents were granted to the [masonic] claimants some years ago, however, to the amount of nearly *two millions* of acres. This faculty of expansion is peculiar to the [masonic] land-grabbers' possessions. There is always a little more to take in [when the officials are brethren sworn '*to ever conceal and never reveal*'] and [masonic] surveyor generals in the Territories have been remarkably complaisant in allowing it. The protests of the citizens of New Mexico who alleged fraud in the location and boundaries of this claim, received no attention. There was not only no investigation, but the claim was rushed through the land office by [masonic] officials without regard for the interests of the Government or *the rights of the occupants of the land*. The [fraudulent] boundaries were accepted as genuine, and a domain given to a fraudulent [masonic] syndicate that would have made comfortable homes for *a hundred thousand people*."

"A great many flaws have been discovered in the robbery by which the patents to this land were acquired, and Commissioner Sparks has availed himself of them to re-open the question of title. [So he was kicked out] and the [masonic] thieves have evicted the settlers and rioted in possession of their plunder."

* * *

"It is interesting to note how a modest [secret ring] contract surveyor could make a million dollars in so few years. It was under the cover of a law ostensibly designed to facilitate the settlement of public lands. It was in fact the device of a cunning [secret] ring of [masons] to seize upon large quantities of the public domain, [under the protection of the 'good judiciary.']"

"It is notorious that large tracts of useless alkali land were surveyed in Nevada, which will not be settled up in a century's time, and lines were alleged to have been run over precipitous and almost inaccessible mountains. Instead of the [masonic] ring complying with the law, which required the surveyor to deposit his original field notes with the surveyor-general, B.. had a bureau [of brethren] in this city in which the field notes were carefully edited. After he had manipulated them they were turned over to the surveyor-general [with a wink and sign] accompanied *by the usual oath* that they were the original field notes."

"Is there any wonder that among the assets of a man who headed such a ring such items as these should figure: 1320 acres of patented land ....$165,000. One-fifth interest of stock ranch, Big Horn, $20,000. Five thousand five hundred acres, more or less, $110,000. Fifteen thousand acres of 'swamp' and overflowed land, $37,500. One-third interest in cattle ranches and stock, $150,000. Six hundred and forty acres of redwood land. But it is not only the amount of money which the [masonic] ring has 'secured,' much trouble will result in the future from the filing of plats based upon purely imaginary surveys."

"The *Chronicle* in vain demanded that the land office at Washington should investigate and break up the fraudulent system. Irrefragable proof of the correctness of our charges was produced, but no notice was taken of them, *because the Washington land office formed part of the ring,* [they being masonic brethren, of course they *could not reveal each others secrets.*]"

"If the tragedy of Friday results in the investigation of this [masonic] ring, blood will not have been spilt in vain."...."Mr. B.. declared that 'he would live, God willing, to steal some few more acres from Uncle Sam.' Previous to the death of his daughter, a year ago, he was *a prominent member of masonry and other secret societies.*"

* * *

"It is not alone in California that antagonisms are growing up between [masonic] corporate interests [with their special privileges] and those classed as agricultural pursuits. The farmer feels that his rights are being invaded alike by the [masonic] railroads and cattlemen. Elsewhere the antagonisms are assuming an even more formidable aspect. Through the monstrous and illegal usurpations of public lands by [masonic] cattle raising companies, many of them foreign, the citizen of the Western Territories is practically denied the possibility in many localities of obtaining a home for himself and family. If he can find a vacant tract which some penniless cowboy has not pre-emptied for his employers, and takes it up, all the pressure of [masonic] greed, cruelty and lawlessness, backed by unlimited resources, [such as prostituted officials and courts] is exercised to drive him away; indeed, the scandals of the [masonic tainted] Interior Department show us that the small farmer has not one chance in a thousand to succeed in all that vast domain where now the beef-grazier has fixed his gonfalon. Congress has been led [by secret influences] to encourage these spoliations out of all reason and sense of justice. Foreign cattle-raising [masonic] syndicates, *to say nothing of our own* [*gangs*] control about *fifty millions* of acres of the richest lands on the continent. The absorption of such vast districts is not with a view of raising cattle for immediate market supply, but to lay the bases for immense fortunes in the future. It is so in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. The gigantic shadow of these growing monopolies has already begun to darken all the Rocky mountain country. Yet there are thousands of individual citizens, who would gladly exchange poverty in over-populated centres for comfort on their own acres in the West, if fraud, violence and rapine [by the linked masonic gangs and prostituted courts] had not kept them out of their natural birthright."

* * *

[By the connivance of secret brethren in office] "There is hardly a title to one of the tracts of territory used by any one of the large cattle companies of the West which will bear [honest] inspection." [And the same can be said of the large tracts of farming and timber lands, acquired by gangs and individual masons.] "The land frauds in the West have grown to such a degree [by the connivance of secret ring officials], that the honest title has become the exception, ninety per cent. of the entries of land in New Mexico in the last ten years are fraudulent. Lands would be entered [by plain perjury and subordination of perjury] in the names of people who have never existed, or of people who are dead. Proof would be submitted in the shape of forged papers [and received as genuine with a wink by the brethren in office]. After the patent was issued in the name of the fictitious or dead personage, then, within a few days, a deed of sale to some [masonic] capitalist would be placed upon record signed with a forged name of the alleged person to whom the patent was issued, [thus making it necessary for the gang to secure the election of brethren as county clerks and auditors as well as to have as land office officials brethren who are sworn to 'ever conceal and never reveal' each others secrets]. Through wholesale ring swindling of this character enormous tracts of land have been gotten together." [Herein can be seen the cause for the howl against Sparks, by the gang and its press, for delaying, pending investigation, the issuing of land patents, and the secret influence that kicked Sparks out of office. I never knew of an honest settler complaining of Sparks; *they* are in no hurry about their patents which often remain uncalled for in the land office for years after their receipt has been advertised.]

* * *

"*Murdering honest locators.*—[I give this as an example of what is being done against the homebuilder in the West and Northwest *all the time*, in one way or another, on account of the prostitution of the government offices, which are thus made a flaming, blistering curse to the good citizen.] A letter from a brother-in-law of a member of a former Cabinet, who is now in New Mexico, gives an interesting picture of the way one of the richest valleys was captured.......The [linked Masonic] ring had their eyes upon this valley for a long time. They were the first to get their agents upon the ground (after the driving out of the Indians), to capture the entire valley and sell it to an English syndicate. C..., the then Judge of the Supreme Court, F..., the Register of the Land Office, Surveyor

General A..., U. S. Marshal M..., and other [Masonic] citizens who are applicants for office, engineered the scheme.

By sending out fraudulent locators in great numbers they were able to secure the better part of the land in this valley. They found one very important obstacle in their way, however. Two settlers by the names of G... and E... had located lands near two of the most plentiful springs in the valley. The [gang] found that it was necessary to have these springs in order to negotiate the sale. The young Kansas City men refused to sell their claims. They were so well satisfied that they had made up their minds to live and die in the American valley. So a charge was trumped up by the U. S. Marshal against the holders of the land near the valuable springs, and two deputy marshals were sent to make the arrests. The U. S. Marshal was in the plot to obtain these lands, and so, as is alleged, was the [Masonic] Judge. It was evident that they had the power to harass and annoy G... and E... into giving up their valuable locations. The two deputies sent out were very desperate characters. No one charges that the [Masonic] ring directed them to kill the two locators, but it was well understood that they had unlimited authority in enforcing the order of arrest. The two locators were plucky men. They doubtless understood the bogus order of arrest, [as such jobs are very common], and refused to obey it. The [Masonic] secret of the struggle at the springs has never been made known. The two locators were killed. There is no doubt that they were killed by the two [brethren] who were sent out to arrest them. Messrs. C... and M..., who were members of the combination to capture these lands, were seen in the neighborhood of G...'s place the afternoon of the murder. The bodies of the two locators were left as they were shot for six or eight days, before the murder became publicly known. Meanwhile the two deputies had been furnished with two horses and plenty of money and had escaped. [Of course, they feared nothing from the Masonic courts, but the people would have lynched them and, perhaps, would also have killed the 'good judiciary,' which needs killing.] A great excitement followed the discovery of the murders. [In spite of the ring press that lied about the facts, threw dirt in the eyes of the people and *justified* the 'officers of the law.'] Public opinion forced the Governor to offer a reward for the arrest of the two 'officers of the law,' [which is very unusual.] They were afterwards arrested, but were released by the gang, who attacked the jail and let out all of the prisoners, [with impunity, because the county officials were brethren.] When the liveryman who furnished the horses to the escaping murderers learned for what purpose they had been used, he went to Judge C... and demanded pay for his horses. He also preferred the same request to the then Surveyor General. They tried to resist his claim, but he told them that, if they did, *he would tell all that he knew* about the American Valley transaction. His claim was paid.

It is needless to say that the land stained with the blood of two honest settlers was finally captured [?] by this [Masonic] gang, and sold by them to a body of English capitalists for a large sum.

That the Government will ever be able to get at the real facts of the case, so as to award the proper punishment and to set aside these fraudulent titles, remains to be seen. High social influences and powerful [linked secret] ones stand between these men and punishment. It must be remembered that the [*Masonic*] *influences of both political parties in the territories work hand in hand to carry out schemes of plunder.* [Witness my case.]

Some of the largest fortunes of Washington have been made in this rich and fruitful field of the public lands [and perjury, at the expense and often the hearts' blood of homebuilders.] To be Surveyor General of a territory for even a short time, has been enough to secure an independent fortune."

* * *

"One of the richest [Masons] in Washington to-day is General B... He is a polished, diplomatic gentleman who has represented us abroad. I asked the source of his fortune and was informed that he was once Surveyor General in California, at which time he laid the foundation of his fortune. A gentleman who recently passed over the Southern Pacific Railroad said, that when he reached a certain place in California, the conductor called the passengers' attention to the fact that they were riding through the domain of General B... For an hour this swift moving train was in constant sight of his lands."

[But the courts are clogged when they undertake to work against the interest of such brethren.

Instead of killing settlers on the spot, to steal and ravage their homes, it is found to be more profitable to the gang to drag them into court (?) which is the more usual way; when they are betrayed and robbed by their attorneys (?), 'members of the bar,' (court gang), and railroaded through to State's prison, the officials of which being brethren in the gang. And then by these brethren, exercising a censorship over the victims' letters, the real facts in the cases can be concealed from the public (as in my case), while the robberies are being completed, the plunder spent or secured, and the grasping midnight gentry grow sleek with stolen abundance, while their victims are waiting, suffering and pleading in vain for justice!]

"Beware, my Lord, of jealousy,
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

* * *

"The acting commissioner, in making this report to Congress, says that the [numerous] cases mentioned are to be regarded as merely 'indicative of the situation.' There has never been any special investigation to determine the entire amount of public lands thus illegally held. Reports from various agents printed in the document just mentioned, show a condition of things similar to that in Colorado in *all the States and Territories of the Northwest.*

The document contains *a small volume of wailing appeals from settlers who have been driven off from their properties,* [by mystic gangs with supreme influence at court, while their plundered victims cannot even get a hearing in the press.]

This report, filled to overflowing with stories of the trampling of [Masonic] corporations (many of them foreign) over the rights and properties of our Western pioneers, did not attract the slightest notice in the [Masonic] Senate."

"These powerful individuals command some of the most powerful political and [Masonic] influences at Washington. The present official, who has been trying to put a stop to the gigantic frauds in the West, is already being made to feel the influence of the great [Masonic] rings. He finds the task before him greater than any one man can hope to accomplish, unless steadily and untiringly backed by the moral influence of the whole administration, [which kicked him out].

To seek to control and punish the [Masonic] thieves who, under cover of *official protection,* unchecked have plundered the public domain of great royalties, are tasks which may well stagger the most energetic and most ambitiously honest of men. *T. C. C.*"

[The General Government *must* be reformed by the ballots of anti-Masons, and made supreme over all the secret-midnight-clanish-highbinder governments that exist within the same and are gnawing at its vitals and sucking the hearts blood of its best citizens. Or the time is near at hand when the suffering children and children's children of the robbed and ravaged will *demand* a settlement, and that their stolen heritage be restored from the spoils of lurking Masonry—that equal justice shall be done!

Nor will it be such a tame affair as that now transpiring in Ireland, but will be discussed with cold steel and dynamite by the hundred tons instead of hot mush and palaver. Press not falling men too far!]

* * *

"Certain residents of California have been of late spending some time in Oregon in the effort to discover whether they own any swamp land in this State. They claim to have been taken in by that loveliest of swamp angels who lived so long in Lane county, and who deposited his slender form in an old arm chair in the Secretary of State's office at Salem when the bill relative to swamp lands was pending, and when he learned that the Governor had approved it, offered for filing his modest claim for all of Eastern and Southern Oregon that was not proved to be high and dry land. Then the legislatures met in the old Holman block on Commercial street, and Hen Owen was too cumbersome to move far or move quickly, so he planted his armchair within reach of Sam May, then Secretary of State, to be convenient. There was a system of grapevine telegraph in vogue among the conspirators, and the moment the executive signature was affixed this vine was set in motion, and less than two seconds had not intervened before Hen Owens was shoving his document into Sam May's hand and demanding that it be put on file. Some simple souls may think this is exaggerated, but they don't know the history of Oregon swamp land legislation, if they treasure such a thought. The innocents from California are trying to prove their right to some of this land by purchase, and have got so far as to learn that they are badly sold. One thing they all agree on, and that is that Oregon swamp land matters are muddled, that many a swindle has been practiced, and that government agents who came here on the trade were taken into partnership, while the one who made an honest investigation was suddenly recalled. Those are the conclusions the California visitors have come to."

[Such is practical masonry—they do this with impunity, because *their brethren are in office.*]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Railroads big grants, etc., in the Northwest, etc.—How they are worked. —What they cost the gangs.—What they control.—A servile and purchased press.—Advice to settlers.—What a "territorial pioneer" says.—What the *people* say.—"AWAKE! ARISE! OR BE FOREVER FALLEN!

"MR. S.., agent of the N. P. Railroad company [masonic], visited several towns hereabouts [in Washington Territory] and finally left for the East. Immediately upon his departure it was noticed that nearly all the purchasable papers in this section became strenuous supporters of the [masonic] company, and were vociferously opposed to forfeiture of its unearned land grant."

"When Mr. S.. returned, he wrote some letters for the press, from one of these the following extract is taken. It refers to the Cascade Branch of the N. P. Railroad in Washington Territory."

"The cost of the branch will be about $7,000,000, of which the great tunnel will consume about $2,000,000. The company expect to obtain the money for construction by the issue of bonds at the rate of $25,000 a mile. It is thought there will be a margin between the actual cost of construction and the proceeds of the sale of the bonds nearly sufficient to build the tunnel."

"The length of this branch is 245 miles. Its construction, including two miles of tunnel, will cost $7,000,000. The land grant 'in aid' of its building is forty square miles, or 25,600 acres for *every lineal mile of road*, that is to say for building this branch the company will claim title to 6,272,000 acres of public land," [and own the railroad besides.] "This land lies in alternate sections, with those reserved by the Government. Not an acre of public land within the limits of the railroad grant can be purchased of Government at less than $2.50 per acre. The large area of coal lands lying therein is obtainable from Government only by paying $20 per acre. At Government price ($2.50 per acre) the value of the land grant to the railroad for this branch aggregates $15,680,000, considerably more than double the [liberal, not counting inside stealing] estimated cost of the whole line, tunnel and all. In this we have not included the largely increased value of lands containing coal and iron, thousands of acres of which are included in the grant. Nor has the real value of the land been given. On the west side of the mountains the average value of the land grant is not less than $10 per acre. The average value along the whole line of road, at a low estimate, is not less than $5 per acre, or a valuation of $31,360,000, nearly *four and one-half times the cost of its construction.*" Upon what grounds is this enormous surrender of public property demanded? Upon what reasoning can it be justified? Why should [masonic rings] be thus exceptionally favored? Why should public property be used to build railroads for PRIVATE OWNERSHIP? Why, in addition to presenting a complete railroad to a [masonic] corporation should it be given a subsidy *quadruple its value*? Have [linked masons] any greater claims upon the public than other men? Are they entitled to more consideration than other citizens? [Outsiders cannot get any such concessions.] Is not this [gang] entitled to less? Has it not forfeited its right to its claim by long continued and exasperating delays? For more than twenty years it has played fast and loose with the Government. It was conceived in [mystic] fraud. The original owners of its franchise never contributed a dollar to building its road. The common stock of the company to-day represents not a dollar contributed to its construction. It is purely water. Every mile of the road has been constructed with borrowed money [on the grant from the Government]. The President of the company says that the Cascade branch will be built by the same means. It ought not to be very difficult to raise $25,000 per mile on a land grant worth at Government prices more than twice that sum. An unencumbered company could raise double the amount."

* * *

"The proposition to confirm to the Northern Pacific a land grant forfeited July 4, *1877*, is identical with making a new grant. It is in conflict with law and justice. It is opposed to the declarations of the republican [and democratic] parties in National conventions. [For a blind, as they are both controlled by the secret brethren]. It is an outrageous attempt to pervert a gift which, when made, was [supposed to be] for the public good, into an engine of oppression and injury of indefinite duration. It is an assault upon the landed heritage of the people of the United States, unwarranted and indefensible. It is an outrage against which the people, not alone of Washington Territory, but of the whole nation indignantly protest," [but they protested in vain, as the gang was, and is, *in power*.]

"But if it be wrong to confirm to the N. P. lands along the line of its completed road, not built within the time specified in its charter [and an extension of time on top of that], what shall be said of the proposition, now made by its agents and lobbyists [brethren] to allow it to go on, and by building more miles of road, obtain a large additional area of the public land, the best, the most valuable in the Territory? What shall be said of a claim to earn public lands, worth not less on an average than $125,000 *per mile*, by building railroads in Washington Territory in 1884, 1885, 1886 and 1887? This is the claim of the N. P. Co. for building the Cascade branch, which its officers and organs do not hesitate to say will be immediately remunerative."

"Is it not monstrous? Is it not insulting to ask the people to justify or advocate such an outrageous demand?" [By voting for the brethren in the gang for office?]

"Commissioner Sparks says, 'the N. P. road had not attempted to be definitely located [West of the Missouri river], until after the date by law, July 4th, 1877, for its completion,' and that there is no provision of law by which rights to the land can be acquired after the expiration of that time."

* * *

"*In Mexico*, a few years ago, a valuable land grant was given to the Mexican National Railroad Company, on condition [like our roads] that the line be completed within a certain time. The time expired a few weeks ago, the line was not built, and, without any ceremony whatever, the land grant was declared forfeited. That was all there was about it. So with the Mexican Central Railroad. Before this line was built the Government granted it certain privileges on condition that it would make no discrimination between shippers or between towns, and that its freight tariffs should not be changed without the Government being notified in advance. The company having violated both of these conditions, the authorities are coming down upon it with a determination and vigor which amazes the stockholders, who are accustomed to the American [Masonic] way of doing things; letting [Masonic gangs] do as they please with the people's property."

* * *

......"It is not true that these lands have been opened for settlement by the [Masonic] N. P. R. Co. It is not even true that lands equal to those in its grant have been so opened. On the contrary, from the inception of its work it has *followed* settlement. It is even now claiming the right to locate lands in Washington Territory in lieu of lands within the limits of its grant in Minnesota and Dakota, because before its road was built there were not left enough unsettled lands to satisfy its claims. Does this indicate pioneering? It is a fact, that ahead of its railroad construction, away ahead, marched the pioneer settler; that from the time its granting act was passed, *20 miles* outside the limits of its grant have been withdrawn from sale by the Government, to recompense it for those lands within said limits, occupied by settlers [even before the *location* of the railroad.] Its great difficulty to-day in this territory is to find enough land unoccupied to cover its huge claim. Of the nearly *45,000,000* acres of public land in this territory this [Masonic gang] lays claim to *more than one-third*. What has it opened to settlement by construction of its railroad here, which have in any measure compensated for the surrender of so great a proportion of our landed area? We allege that it has prevented the construction of other railroads [and the opening to free navigation of the Columbia river, of far greater importance than *all the railroads in the territory*.] That but for the enormous advantage [*corruptly*] given it by this land grant, other roads would ere this have been traversing this territory in several directions; that but for this land grant a railroad would long ago have been built from Puget Sound across the Cascade mountains; [two are now building without any Government aid.] That but for the land grant a railroad would be at once built from Puget Sound to the navigable waters of the upper Columbia; that but for this grant coal mines and iron mines would be now opened and in successful production; that a large area of valuable agricultural land would be immediately occupied, that, in short, the territory would grow rapidly in population and wealth."

* * *

"*Advice to Settlers.*—We mean settlers on the lieu lands. They must combine together and refuse to abandon the lands they have settled upon, if the [Masonic] company aims to eject them because of not paying six prices for said lands. Don't pay such high prices for, but hold on to your lands, *by force*, if necessary; and if Congress is not a den of thieves, relief will come."

* * *

"The [masonic] company had better stop altogether the sale of lands to which it has not, and cannot obtain, title, and so save itself and innocent purchasers from a vast deal of future trouble. [When outsiders do this they are called *felons* and 'made example of' by making them deliver all their property to the court gang and sending them to State's prison, where the blackleg-flunkey-of-the-railroad-gang-Governor tells them that 'crime should be made hideous,' and 'that we have a good judiciary,' because it stands in with the gang.]

* * *

"[Masonic] railroads must have many extensions of time in which to comply with the law, in order to get land for nothing. Who ever heard of a settler, a homesteader, or pre-emptor being given an extension of time when he had failed to comply with the law? Although he could give a much better excuse than railroads ever offer. Sickness or death in a settler's family or losses by fire or flood are no excuse for an individual [outsider], but [masonic] corporations [with their *special privileges*] must have the land whether they comply with the law or not. Robbery is too mild a term."

* * *

"In reply to [blackleg] editors of papers owned by the [masonic] N. P. R. R., who never tire of claiming that if any portion of the land grant was forfeited that the road would be so crippled that it could not be completed. We refer to the following paragraph from a pamphlet published by the [masonic] company:"

"The N. P. grant is twenty times as large as the Illinois Central's [which pays to the State a part of its income while the N. P. doesn't even pay its taxes], and on the question of the comparative intrinsic worth of two grants, we give the opinion of John Wilson, who organized the land department of the Illinois Central road, and was for many years its honored commissioner. He says, 'I consider the grant to the Northern Pacific worth from fifty to one hundred per cent. per acre more than the Central's. It is a small estimate to say that if this grant is properly managed, it will build the entire road, connecting with the present terminus of the grand trunk, through to Puget Sound, and head of navigation on the Columbia —*fit out an entire fleet of sailing vessels and steamers for the China, East India, and coasting trade, and leave a surplus that will roll up to millions.*"

"Their greed is so great that not only do they claim land where they have but the shadow of a title, but they claim land along the branch from Portland to Tacoma, even when the joint resolution of 1869, authorizing the building of that branch *expressly stated that it should claim no land from the United States by reason of the building of that road.*"

* * *

A "Territorial Pioneer" writes.—"I wish to ask whose land this is that [masonic] officials gave away, and where they got the right to give the people's land away to a thieving, boxed-up]masonic] monopoly, robbing American citizens of their rights, and driving old settlers off their land to the poor house and the clam beach, the tax-payers furnishing public land to give away to [masonic] railroad thieves to sell back again to the people at $10 per acre, so the [linked brethren] thieves can buy up a rotten Congress and to put up [masonic] railroad jobs? What is the good of the railroad? They charge so much you can never ride on one. They charge a man ten cents a mile. The [masons] have given [to their brethren] about all the country. There is no other to give except Alaska, and they will give that away next spring as soon as it thaws out." [And you will vote for the secret brethren for office, will you?]

* * *

"The Northern Pacific holds [fraudulently] 2,680,000 acres of land in Washington Territory as a gift for building a road from Calama to Tacoma alone, enough to build the road three times over, yet the rates of transportation between these two places is about all the produce is worth and just as high as they can be without interdicting trade altogether," [in plain violation of law, but they do it with impunity because their brethren are in office and they own the courts.]

* * *

"It seems to think it makes no difference whether it completes the road in the time stipulated in the charter, or ten or fifteen years thereafter.

It goes into our legislature and so warps a bill on taxation of railroad lands that the company is forever free from taxes on them. On taxation of the railroad proper under the 'gross earnings law,' all its [stolen] millions of dollars worth of timber, coal, iron mines, shops, bridges, stations, road bed, rolling stock, and lands in a belt *80 miles wide*, are exempt."

"It has come into this valley after it *had been settled twenty years*, destroyed the legal and commercial capital of the settlers, in order to build upon its ruins another town, the profits from which speculation goes into the pockets, not of the stockholders, but a syndicate [of masons] constituting a wheel within the system of that great clock, whose hands indicate on the dial plate the wreck of private fortune and the blasting of the hopes of frontier settlers," [and so they are a secret ring within our Government, making of it a machine of oppression against the full fledged citizen, and a shield for their own crimes.]

"It controls the timber trade, the elevator business, the grain trade, beef trade, and nearly every avenue of business is made to pay homage and revenue to it, and any man who does not favor and crook the hinges of his knee in craven obedience is ostracised by this powerful tyrant.

"The whole country is terrorized by the multiplicity of evils continually sprung by this hydra-headed [masonic] monster."

"The people bear the burdens of taxation [and of plunder] and the great ['charitable order'] receives the profits of the people's labor, and proves *by its acts* that it has not for us the sympathy that formally existed between master and slave, but that it is continually whispering to itself, 'the people be d——d!'"

"Its rates of freight are so high that farmers, miners, and stock growers find it profitable to freight by wagon *150 miles alongside* of the [masonic] railroad."

"It enters conventions, dictates platforms and candidates, and [secretly] conducts campaigns; it bribes newspapers; it employs [masonic] orators to address the intelligent, and thugs to crack the party whip over the heads of the ignorant; it continually strives not only to make its own property very valuable but to make that of its neighbors worthless; [owning the courts] it is a continual litigant; it heeds not the rights of others and legalizes injustice by *controlling judges and juries,*" [yet people vote for their secret sworn *brethren* for office.]

"It is a swindler; it sells lands which do not belong to it, evades the payment of taxes, and obtains money under false pretenses."

"The matter has got down to this: Shall the people do the legislating, or shall the [linked masonic] railroads do it? Shall the people rule or shall the [linked masonic] railroads rule them? We are bound hand and foot in the [linked masonic] railroad chains. We should struggle and fight till they are broken."

* * *

...."Conventions have been packed [by the gang], meetings have been broken up or controlled, legislatures have been captured. While this has been going on, the vast majority of the journals of the Territory—many of them corrupt, others blind—have not only failed to raise their voices in behalf of popular rights, but have given themselves over body and soul to a soulless master; have failed to keep faith with the people, but have been ever ready and willing to aid in any measure to strengthen the hold which the [linked masonic gang] has already secured in the politics of the Territory. As a rule, *the press has sacrificed the interests of the people for paltry bribes,* or because of the insolent threats of a domineering [linked masonic gang] and its strikers."

"Every trick of the corrupt politician, every device for blinding the people, has been made use of by the hirelings of this [mystic] gang. Not only have newspapers been bribed and bullied, but voters have been purchased and intimidated. A determined effort has been made to control Washington while it is yet a Territory, to bind it hand and foot, so that upon its admission to the Union it would be a mere pocket burrow [and so it is] of which the offices would be doled out as rewards to those who by their unscrupulousness or their activity in the cause of their master had won the approbation of the [masonic] land thieves and railroad kings." [Even their most abject flunkeys, the ex-blackleg Governors, are being puffed up by masonic blackleg editors for United States Senators of Washington State.]

"That one may smile, and smile and be a villain."
"*Would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?*"

* * *

[During the building of the N. P. road, the masonic officials and their friends had a picnic over the same, and their secret ring brethren and flunkeys of the press urged the people to receive and cheer them as the more degraded Russian subject does their Czar.] "The great moving menagerie contains 336 persons, the estimated expense of whom, during the trip, will be half a million dollars, or a little over $1,488 each. The supply of wines and liquors costing $23,000. The odd sections of the people's land built this road, and we may expect that the proceeds of the even sections in the hands of the settlers will pay this half million of expenses of this great menagerie, and the American people are expected to do homage to the programme. What a country! What a people!

* * *

"In the bituminous coal field the N. P. Co. 'owns' 480,000 *acres*, valued at the low government price of $20 per acre would amount to $9,600,000, not one-fourth their real value, for the coal. This belt of coal land embraces the most heavily timbered region of like extent in the world. Monster fir and cedar trees, many of them from six to nine feet in diameter, and from 300 to 400 feet in height, cover the earth so thickly that, standing in the midst, the range of vision is confined within a few hundred feet on all sides, as by a dense wall of wood. This estimated at 60,000 feet to the acre, worth seventy-five cents per thousand, that is $45 per acre, or $21,600,000; this added to the $9,600,000 and we have $31,200,000, which is exclusive of the lignite belt.

This estimate is for a strip of twelve to fifteen miles in width, reaching one hundred miles in length. It does not include their value for agricultural purposes after the timber is removed, and while the coal is being mined, nor as town sites for mining centres. It does not include the value of other coal fields adjacent, nor iron mines contiguous, nor of the thousands of acres of rich bottom lands along the streams. It is the estimated value of a strip of land, over two-fifths of which lies in this (King) county. What is the value of its *whole* claim within King county alone?"

[If honestly managed, at $20,000 per mile, "$31,200,000" would build over 1,500 miles of railroads *for the county*, and the people *own* the roads; and so on all along the line. This would be some of the benefits of a Government (supreme over all the secret, alien ring governments within it) by the people *for* the people. Now it is by the secret rings *for* the secret rings. By the masons *for* the masons.]

* * *

"If the land and property of the railroads in Dakota were taxed as other property, the [masonic] company would pay about a million and a half dollars into the treasury. As it is it pays $170,000—[sometimes].

At this time the company is in arrears $103,000. The Treasurer levied upon eight locomotives to compel its payment, but [of course] the court decided in favor of the [masons." Who else will the courts *protect against paying taxes?*]

* * *

"The Union Pacific was built and equipped by the people of the United States, for it is well known that the projectors paid in only about one and a half million dollars towards its construction."

* * *

"The original stockholders of the Northern Pacific never contributed a dollar toward building that road. The only expenditures made by those [masons] among whom the $100,000,000 in stock was divided, and to whom it was practically delivered, were those for procuring [*mysteriously*] the passage of the original charter and land grant act and subsequent amendatory resolutions through Congress." [Secret brethren in Congress can secretly and safely trade with their brethren out of Congress in despoiling the people's wealth, because they are so strongly obligated and sworn to "ever conceal and never reveal" each others secrets,] and some few thousand dollars advanced afterwards by Jay Cooke & Co. to pay for preliminary examination of the route prior to the execution of the contract made with that firm to sell bonds of the road for the purpose of its construction. In all, these expenditures did not exceed $150,000, in fact, it was stipulated in a written contract that the shareholders in the franchise should not be assessed to exceed the above sum in the aggregate.

At this date these contracts are interesting reading. Much has been written about the hardships, struggles, losses, etc., of the original projectors of the Northern Pacific company. The facts are that only the unsuspecting public, who bought shares at fictitious values of men whom they cost nothing, have been victimized. Not a dollar received from sales of stock in that company was invested in its construction. The first 500 miles were constructed between 1873 and 1879 with the proceeds of the sale of $30,000,000 bonds of the road, and its land grant. Up to that time, since the road was chartered, six years had elapsed during which the original stockholders had divided among themselves or assigned to Jay Cooke & Co. the whole capital stock of the company and issued to parties to the contract a large portion of its paid up shares. Here are a few details of one of the most bold-faced frauds and iniquitous agreements on record. The franchise of the N. P. R. R. was in 1867 the property of Smith and [other brethren]. The cost of lobbying [secret intrigue] the act of 1864 through Congress, and incidental expenses up to that date, amounted to $102,000. In January, 1867, a contract was made whereby this property—the charter, etc.,—was divided into twelve shares of $3,500 each. This contract provided that subscribers should become jointly interested with Smith 'in proportion to the shares, or parts of shares, taken in the charter or franchise of the N. P. R. R. with all its rights, powers, privileges and immunities.' It further provided that all parties thereto should unite to get aid from Congress [more secret intriguing, in which an outsider could not hope to succeed] by further legislation, and contribute pro-rata, according to the interest held by each for that purpose [for lobbying, intriguing] and that as soon as Congress granted further aid [special privileges and exemptions denied to other men] an organization should be effected to commence construction of the road, and secure the [people's] land granted by the [masonic] act. On July 3, 1867, three years after the charter had been granted, the above agreement was amended by stipulating that the total amount which each of the twelve shares should be compelled to contribute, should not be over $12,500, including the amount already paid ($8,500) making a total of $150,000, as the limit of the amount which the owners of the charter could be compelled to contribute.

Thus matters remained until 1869, no railroad yet having been commenced. In that year—May 20, 1869—an agreement was made by the holders of the franchise with Jay Cooke & Co. by which the shares were increased to eighteen, six of which were to be given to Jay Cooke & Co., and the capital stock divided as follows: $100,000,000 stock, $80,001,000 to be issued *in full paid up stock* pro rata among the eighteen shares as follows: $124,500 per share immediately, and $54,000 per share "as often as each twenty-five miles of road is constructed." The balance of the capital stock ($19,999,000) to be delivered to Jay Cooke & Co. in paid up [in fraud] stock as follows: As often as said Jay Cooke & Co. shall sell a $1,000 bond, $200 of the stock shall be delivered.

One hundred million dollars ($100,000,000) of 73-10 bonds were ordered issued, to be sold by said Jay Cooke & Co., at eighty-eight cents on the dollar.

Not a foot of railroad had yet been constructed, although five years had passed since the charter was granted, and application had twice been made to Congress for extension of the time when it should be completed.

On the first of January, 1870, the foregoing contract was modified. During the interval Jay Cooke & Co. had investigated the route, prospects, etc., of the proposed railroad, and the change was made in compliance with the demands of that company. The eighteen shares were increased to twenty-four, of which Jay Cooke & Co. were to have twelve. A company was organized *for purchasing lands, townsites, etc.*, [so grasping are masons as well as clanish] the stock to be divided in the same proportion; that is, the original twelve interests to have one-half, and [brother] Cooke & Co. the other half. The stock was then re-appropriated as follows: $80,001,000 pro rata among the twenty-four shares "*full paid up stock*," [with their chins] $93,400 per share to be delivered immediately, and $40,500 on each of said twenty-four shares as often as twenty-five miles of road are completed; the balance of the capital stock, $19,999,000 to be given to Jay Cooke & Co. as provided in the previous agreement.

Under this agreement Cooke & Co. sold $30,000,000 of the bonds of the N. P. R. company, out of the proceeds of which the cost of constructing all the railroad built prior to the failure of Cooke & Co., in 1873, were paid. Not another mile of road was built until money was again raised by sale of bonds. The only equivalent given for every share of stock divided up prior to that time was the cost of procuring the franchise [secret intriguing] and the services rendered by Cooke & Co. in selling bonds.

When the N. P. R. Co. was reorganized, after being bought in by the bondholders, the holders of this "*full paid up stock*" were given "common" stock of the newly organized company, and to the bondholders and others having secured claims were assigned "preferred" stock. Thus the common stock of the N. P. R. Co. represents a total benefit to that corporation, a total contribution to the cost of the great overland railroad, of less than $150,000. The result is that the people along the line are to be taxed indefinitely to pay dividends, upon what? Under the contract as given above there were issued, or the holders of shares in the original franchise were entitled to receive about $23,000,000 in full paid up stock of the N. P. R. Co., and upon this $23,000,000, or its equivalent; it is expected to pay dividends [besides the immense empire of land] wrung from the public by extortionate freight and passenger charges."

* * *

"A long railroad is mapped out, and the ['charitable'] men who hold the franchise issue first mortgage bonds for the entire amount of the cost, including market price of land grants at Washington; [could outsiders get land grants without employing a masonic lobby to secretly and corruptly intrigue with their mystic brethren? *Say, could they?*] Profits of construction company [a ring within the ring] and loss upon bonds sold at a discount, [because of the fraudulent business] holding in hand for private use some preposterous amount of stock, no matter what, representing, of course, nothing but the cost of the printing and the knavery of holders. The road is declared able to pay immediate dividends on the whole [swindle]. The stock is boomed. In some instances a dividend or two have even been paid out of proceeds of bonds sold. Speculation sets in, and [fools] hasten to buy the stock at any price. Even experienced business men, who would ridicule a purchase of a given stock at par, will consider the same stock increased to ten times the amount of its face value as cheap at twenty. Of this the ['charitable'] sharpers are well aware, and they are careful to water to the taste of purchasers. Indeed, as the whole thing is fictitious [like conduct in others done on a small scale is called *counterfeiting*, and a *crime* for which they are languishing in prison], and merely a matter of paper and ink, it is quite immaterial to them whether they print '100 shares' on a certificate of stock and sell it at ten, or print 'ten shares' and sell them at par.

* * *

"Our new countries, where the virgin wheat lands lie, that we depend on for food, and expected to control the market of the world by, are gridironed with railroads built, and dishonestly built, with money obtained by selling bonds. Not a cent was put into the stock. From the Canadian Pacific southward to the Gulf of Mexico, the east and west lines, with a single exception, are roads built for the sole purpose of plundering the people. Their stock represents nothing. But by the most outrageous laws ever submitted to by an intelligent people, the ['very worthy grand masters'] of those roads will be allowed (have been allowed in some cases) to wring out of the people sufficient money to pay a dividend on stock that has no more actual value than circus posters. Tax collectors [for the gangs] sit in every freight office throughout our land, who gather the tribute paid to the [worthy grand 'charitable' (?)] dignitaries of transportation, who were created by the [secret intrigue of spurious, 'mysterious' masonry].

"There are hundreds of millions of dollars of railroad stock, mortgages on the industry of the people, on which dividends are being paid that represent nothing but the effrontery [rather the secret intrigue and prostitution of the governments and courts] of [masonic] railroad directors.

One of the fundamental laws of our system of government is that the people shall not be taxed without their consent. This law is rigidly adhered to in all matters of State, county, town and school district taxation. A bond that has the taint of irregularity about it is worthless. The people have never hesitated to repudiate an illegal obligation, but they have tamely submitted to the [masonic] outrage of allowing the [midnight brethren] to issue hundreds of millions of dollars of railroad stock that represents nothing but the cost of printing, and they have paid dividends on this [masonic] stock. Annually millions of dollars are collected from the [half-housed, half-fed, and three-quarter-mortgaged] people to pay these charges [of the government within our Government] that are a violation of the natural rights of mankind. If the people murmur and threaten unfavorable [but honest] legislation, their [mis] representatives [linked masons] are purchased with the money they have paid to the [gangs, which can safely be done when they are so strongly obligated and sworn to 'ever conceal and never reveal' each others secrets]. So the people have not been able to obtain relief, [as they vote for masons for office]. State representatives, Congressmen, Senators, Judges, *all are controlled, purchased with money that has been drawn from the* [*blinded*] *people under the cover of unjust* [*and flawed*] *laws.*"

* * *

[Here follows *an example of the efforts* and expression of the people of the Northwest as to the foregoing subject.]

"*Resolved*, By the people of Whitman county, that the course the N. P. company is pursuing is one that is detrimental to every interest of the country, and inflicting hardships unknown in the history of our country, and justly causing the people all over the Territory to organize for the better protection of their rights against this grasping [masonic] monopoly which has laid claim to a large tract of country without showing where they had lost any land, or without respecting the claims of settlers made prior to their selections, or without any title whatever derived from Government, [the grant having lapsed] offering these lands for sale at a price beyond the reach of those who are justly entitled to them, and offering simply contracts, which, in themselves, are but a system of robbery, binding the purchaser to make annual improvements, and after paying a certain amount down, the balance to be paid at stipulated times, and if any portion remains unpaid at the specified time they reserve to themselves the right to enter and take possession without any legal action whatever, thus barring the settler from that right which every citizen is entitled to. They also reserve the right to enter and take possession of a strip, 400 feet in width, whenever they may want it for railroad *purposes*, binding the purchaser and his heirs forever to build and maintain a good and substantial fence on each side of said strip, also reserving the right of springs wherever they may be found, if necessary, for railroad purposes; also all mineral and coal that may be found thereon, thus leaving the purchaser at all times in their power. Their discrimination and extortionate freights are such that they are crippling every industry and robbing the people of the interior, who are laboriously struggling to build homes for themselves and families, of all their hard earnings, leaving them but little better than slaves, toiling from early morn till late at eve, that these grasping [linked masons] may live in palaces and roll in wealth and grandeur, while the people live in poverty and groan under the burden. Be it further

"*Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the fact that we are under the despotic power of a ['charitable' gang] and our only hope of protection is from the halls of legislation, and that we do earnestly entreat Congress to regulate the inter-State traffic so as to protect the people from such gigantic robbery, and also to take such action in regard to the land grant as will give to them their justly earned titles, and the balance to be held and sold only at Government price, and we earnestly beseech Congress to make such appropriations *and in such a manner* [that is, so the gang don't steal it about all, as is usually done] as will speedily open the Columbia river, which is the great highway of transportation, that the land grants which the [masonic] railroad company are now seeking to hold be declared forfeited, and the titles to innocent purchasers be confirmed, the rest sold at Government price and the money expended in speedily completing the opening of the Columbia river, which alone is in the interest of the people."

* * *

"SNAKE RIVER MASS MEETING."—Of the people of Snake river, Tukannon and Pataha sections. 1884.

"*Whereas*, In 1864, by act of Congress, lands were granted to the N. P. R. R. Co., to aid in the construction of a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, and

Whereas, The original grant was large and valuable enough to construct the entire road without other help within the time specified in the granting act, and ten years have elapsed since that time *expired*, and

Whereas, The [masonic] company deferred building the road until the country through which it passed was sufficiently developed to make said road a source of profit without the aid of the land, and said land being settled and improved without the aid and advantage of the railroad which should have been constructed for the purpose of developing the country, and

Whereas, Parties interested in the N. P. R. R. Co. have influenced [their brethren] the boards of trade of Walla Walla and Portland to express sentiments contrary to those really existing, for the purpose of influencing legislation, therefore

Resolved, first, That we demand that all land not actually earned by the construction of the road within the time specified in the granting act, be forfeited and restored to the public domain.

Resolved, second, That the N. P. R. R. Co. is not justly entitled to an acre of land in this Territory.

Resolved, third, That the land in this Territory claimed by the N. P. R. R. Co. justly belongs to the settlers who had improved and developed this country, and as citizens of the United States should obtain title at government's requirements.

Resolved, fourth, That all United States Senators and Representatives in and Delegates to Congress be and are hereby respectfully requested to procure the forfeiture of the lands unearned."

[But the people had no more influence, by petition, for right and justice at Washington, than they had with blackleg-masonic-Governors at Olympia, Washington Territory.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

As to the martial law trouble in protecting masonic Chinamen and masonic criminals on Puget Sound when American citizens were pillaged, murdered, and driven out with no troops or martial law to protect THEM.—Condensed from the press with explanations, etc.—(How to read newspapers "between the lines," or what *belongs between the lines.*)

"Consistency."

"Here is a bit of modern local history; the narrative is given as a preamble to the mention of a point appearing in a Seattle paper, and which relates to the maintenance of law and order against the violence of mob rule.

A man residing in Seattle, while returning from his residence to his store, in the dusk of the evening, was confronted by two robbers who, it is supposed, ordered him to throw up his hands. It is further supposed that instead of obeying their order he drew a pistol and attempted to defend himself, when they shot him down. Never were villains more hunted. Late in the night two unknown men were found apparently sleeping under a lot of hay in a barn [a common thing] and taken to jail. That night a vigilance committee was formed, embracing many of the leading citizens, and so powerful in all respects that the great arm of the law was paralyzed, and here was but one man in the community who had the courage to even suggest opposition to this young giant of mob rule, and that was the Chief Justice, Roger S. Green. He learned that two strange men had been arrested; he was told of the speedy organization of that which to him was the most fearful of all things—a vigilance committee. He went to the leading men of the city and talked his remonstrance to them, but he might as well have invoked the hidden powers of the air or implored the intervention of the waves. He sought and obtained invitation to be present and sit with the committing magistrate at the preliminary hearing which was to be had and which took place on the day following the murder. The vigilance committee, learning of this, prepared to anticipate any movement that the chief justice might make to interfere with the execution of their purpose. The hearing was heard in a large hall which was crowded to its utmost capacity by members of the vigilance committee delegated to do the stern work in hand [against the outside-of-the-gang prisoners]. The prisoners were brought into court, and the chief justice sat at the side of the examining magistrate. A tall, powerful [mason] with ominous mien, stood like a sentinel behind the chair on which Judge Green was sitting. The hearing was concluded, the decision being that the prisoners be held for trial. The latter, in charge of policemen, arose from their seats and were immediately taken possession of by the vigilance committee. Judge Green made a motion as though to start to his feet and interpose. The sentry at his back drew forth from his coat a white bed-sheet, and, unfolding it, enveloped the head and body of the Judge to his knees, and then grasped him about the waist with his arms. Here was justice blinded with a vengeance, struggling in vain to be free against the unyielding firmness of those powerful arms. Some one cried out, 'Don't hurt his Honor,' and the reply of the strong man was, 'I don't want to hurt him, but I am bound to hold him.' The great crowd moved out of the hall and repaired to the most public place in the city. There a scantling had been placed high above the pavement with ends resting in the forks of the shade trees, and on this scantling Judge Lynch held his high carnival. A detachment of the committee went to the jail and took out a third victim who was under trial for shooting a policeman [and who, it transpired, was absent from the city at the time] and these three were suspended side by side from the scantling.

When the danger of Judge Green's interference seemed to have passed away his captor released him, and the captive elbowed his way with almost incredible speed through the dense mass of people who filled the street and surrounded the gallows, and with his penknife undertook to cut the ropes and rescue the victims of the mob. He was struck over the head with a cane by a prominent [masonic] citizen, and another prominent citizen deterred him from proceeding further by the mild persuasive of a revolver at his head. So his Honor [the only anti-Mason Judge in the territory], open like every poor human being to conviction by argument such as that, hied himself in sorrow away, while the black crime of treason and murder triumphed over justice and law, and an ineffaceable stain of infamy was put upon that community.

We will now be able to understand the recent remarks of a Seattle man, who makes a long argument in favor of peace and obedience to law, earnestly deprecates violence and mob rule [against masons] and suggests that the scantling ought to be a perpetual reminder that Seattle is an unsafe place for law breakers. [If they be outside of the gang.]

Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

* * *

"For some weeks past an objectionable class of persons has been flocking into Seattle." [They lived by their wits—gambling, stealing, etc., and those of them who were outside of the gang were *therefore* not tolerated. There were many, however, whose only crime was *their poverty*, having already been shorn, so the gang had no further use for them; indeed, they were now in their way. So they were falsely accused, and then driven out to make room for more game.]

"The Chief of Police and his little corps of aids have done all they could to keep this class within bounds, and get rid of them as rapidly as possible. When arrested, they always had money to fee some shyster [masonic] lawyer, who would help them out and post them how to evade the law in future [like members of the gang, but with them it is all right. And here is a sample of the "legal fraternity" that the Governor would foster with the people's money.]

Last night, when one of the persons, who had been notified to leave, openly published a card in an evening paper, saying, "I take this means of stating that I will not leave Seattle merely to suit the pleasure of a certain individual," [who had perhaps robbed him] forbearance ceased to be a virtue. [Indeed !] The Chief of Police appointed twenty specials for a week, and the Committee of Safety also came together [in the dark] and resolved to sustain the Chief of Police in whatever he undertook. The committee consists of over two hundred and fifty [masonic lawless] men, and who will carry out to the letter anything they [as secret conspirators against the Government] undertake. It was resolved, before harsher means were adopted, to serve a notice upon all suspicious or *objectionable* characters [except masons, etc.] to leave town on or before this evening, with a caution not to return. In case all persons receiving this notice comply, no harsher measure will be used; but anyone failing to comply does so at his peril."

"It has been rumored that a brother of Payne, who was hung by the committee [and who, it is believed, was *innocent*] is here, and has been making threats against the city and its [masonic] people. To him we say, 'Leave this place as soon as possible, for if you attempt to avenge the hanging [murder] of your brother, the same rope that launched him into eternity is ready to do the same for you, and never let that fact escape your memory for one moment."

"The Chief of Police, with ten deputy city marshals, took a walk through the streets last night, and notified as many of the above mentioned characters as they could find to quit the town without delay. The Chief has a list of those whose presence is not desired longer by this community, and before noon to-day they will all receive notice to leave, and well will it be for those who stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once." [Many of these had been induced to immigrate here by flaming immigration pamphlets of the gang, and were now fleeced and thus driven out, with no Governor or troops or martial law to protect them !]

* * *

"A letter from Portland informs us that it was thought over there that our people were ashamed of their conduct last Thursday night, and that the news was accordingly suppressed. Suppress it ! We were proud of the town and its brave and prompt citizens [a vigilance committee]. Business was suspended in a moment, and every man stepped out prepared to do or die to save his property and his neighbor's. [But for outsiders to do this against *the gang*, is held by the courts and Governors to be a heinous crime.]

The villains quailed in a moment, and slunk out of sight [they not having a secret organization and prostituted courts to protect them] while the committee of safety took possession of the town.

The acts of the 18th of January were by no means taken with so intelligent and determined a purpose. They worked all night and they hustled off dozens of the worst characters in town [that were outside of the gang] before breakfast. Suppress the reports! It was the general wish that they be spread all over the country, that blacklegs [outside of the gang] might be confirmed in the knowledge that Seattle is no place for them."

* * *

"The scantling used in the hanging of three bad men [outside of the gang] last January is still in place, ready for use, and if cause is given other men will dangle under it on short notice. Let blacklegs [outside of the gang] take warning."

[It was and is the general custom of the towns of the country to thus drive out "objectionable" citizens, against whom there is no proof of crime, (and who are frequently only fleeced victims of the gang) and who are not joined to secret brotherhoods, thus having no influence at court.

And Chief Justice Green in an address to a grand jury said this:]

"There are among us, and elsewhere throughout the United States, a variety of societies and combinations of persons. But as persons may combine for a lawful, so they may—and unhappily do—for unlawful purposes. A combination to accomplish an unlawful purpose, or a lawful purpose by unlawful means, is called a conspiracy, and if it proceeds a single step in furtherance of its end, it deserves to be at once *opposed energetically by all who love the law and desire peace.*

The combination may take the form of a firmly compacted and carefully ordered organization, or it may have the looser coherence of a committee, or a mere assemblage. It matters not what form it may take; if the persons who compose it are combined for a common and unlawful purpose, and are acting in pursuance of that purpose, there is a conspiracy, indictable and punishable.

Government is for all men *indiscriminately.* A free government is no respector of persons. It cannot give to one class more rights than to others *without abridging the rights of those others.*

It cannot allow one class to take to itself more rights than other classes without allowing *that class to oppress those others.* It cannot allow one class to define what rights another class shall have, without deserting its governmental trust *and delivering over to the latter class* [or brotherhood] *to irredressible tyranny.*

A citizen cannot divide his allegiance and give it partly to his government and partly to some society, or league, or committee, whose aims are in any particular hostile to or at variance with the authority of the government.

Nor can he be acting the part of a good citizen, if he is endeavoring by combination and force to accomplish what the commonwealth will not lend the power of its arm to him to do.

Still less can he be a good citizen, if by like means he is trying to do what the government is pledged to oppose.

Such conduct on his part carried into overt act of armed violence of any kind, is more than conspiracy, it is *insurrection* and *treason*.

To attempt to deprive a man of his 'life' by force or fright, [or fraud] is manifestly an unlawful act.

Quite as manifestly unlawful is it, to try by such means to take away his 'liberty.'

And what shall I say of an attempt against his 'pursuit of happiness?'

Is it not equally unlawful to restrain him, by such means, in that pursuit? Clearly it is. Very essential to the happiness of a human being is the liberty to see and speak to and deal with his fellow-men, to employ and be employed, to give and receive mutual attention and kindnesses, and to form and cultivate the ties of friendship and affection.

Any combination to deny to any human being these sources of happiness, or any of them, is unlawful.

Who the person or persons may be, whose life, liberty or pursuit of happiness is thus interfered with, matters not.

He may be a laboring man or he may be an idler; he may be rich or he may be poor. It makes no difference.

There [is supposed to be] one law for all, and that which is unlawful as against one, is unlawful as against any.

Ladies and gentlemen, lawlessness let alone, is an encroaching horror."

[Such was the *custom* of "lawlessness," "insurrection" and "treason" against white citizens outside of the gang, because they were "objectionable" to another class, many of whom were gilded wholesale robbers and thieves and a far greater curse to good people and homes, than those they would lynch or drive away.

Yet their victims had no Governor, troops or courts to protect them, or press to howl the "lawless traitors" down.

The Chinese were also objectionable to the people. They were really a blistering curse against the prosperity and dignity of the common people.

John Brown started the fight and advanced against slavery. He was howled down, stigmatized and hung for it. Others took up his fight, and with others to do the fighting, happened to succeed and were glorified.

Dennis Kerney started the agitation against the Chinese and advanced the cause. He was howled down, stigmatized and imprisoned for it by the Masons, who were against him and his cause. But the people were with him at heart and applied their ballots to the cause.

Seeing this, Masons put on Kerney's old shoes, sung Kerney's war songs to the biggest crowd, and rode into office.

Where they betrayed and tricked the people with flawed laws and prostituted courts to protect their brethren, instead of to remove the Chinese curse, as they were pledged and sworn to do.]

* * *

"*Dong Ting Chung, the headmaster of the Chinese Free Masons and chief of the highbinders of British Columbia,*" says the Victoria *Colonist*, "was buried on the 11th, inst., with all the ceremonies due his rank, from the Masonic hall."

* * *

"It seems strange that the law makers are unable to frame a law which will effectually exclude the Chinese. Each bill that has been passed by Congress with this end in view, has proved to be miserably defective. No sooner has Congress adjourned than the Chinese and his [Masonic] American friends 'discover' innumerable rents in the law, through which the unwelcome immigrant can enter the country almost without molestation. The last anti-Chinese law was thought [by outsiders] to be almost perfect, but time has shown that it is little, if any, better than the futile enactment which preceded it.

If a more effective law is not framed before long, the people will believe that the Senators and Representatives are fooling them, and that the laws are passed with the intention rather of helping the Chinese in, than keeping them out."

[The consequence of which was that:] "There are plenty of applications to labor at $15 per month for the next six months. No excuse now for hiring Chinamen because they are cheap."

[And cases like the following:]

"THE SIXTH VICTIM.

Death of Mr. Mineer, husband of the woman who burned herself and children.
Extra-ordinary sad case of poverty.

Olympia, Dec. 19th, 1885. The recent sad event which occurred near this place [right under the Governor's nose], by which a mother and her four children were hurried into eternity, was rendered still more sad when it was learned that the husband, Mr. Mineer, who escaped through the window with his little daughter, had been so badly burned from the waist down that his death, which took place the morning after the fire, was but a relief from intense suffering. The little girl may recover, but it is doubtful, and thus a whole family will be completely annihilated through the insanity of the poor mother, who had for some time been despondent over financial difficulties, under the severe pressure of which her mind ultimately gave way.

It seems the poor woman has for some time been working herself almost to death to keep her family from suffering and want. And her husband, who has been engaged in farming in a small way, was unable, owing to Chinese competition, to make his business pay. Seeing nothing before them but starvation, want, or the almshouse, the unfortunate [victim of Masonry], seeing life itself and all its pleasures slipping from her grasp, conceived the idea that by destroying the entire family with a blow, she would save them from a more wretched fate. Having made every preparation for the sad event, after saturating the house with coal oil, she finally concluded the dreadful work by throwing the Kerosene over her husband's clothes, thus destroying every chance of saving him from a fiery death. But little of the remains of the children could be found after the fire, and the woman's head was completely consumed."

* * *

"The country is overrun with idle men in search of work, but few succeed in obtaining jobs, and they do not know what to do. Some receive employment at a dollar a day; others wander over the country, packing their blankets and asking for something to eat when hungry, as they move along. Be kind to such men, for they are not professional tramps, but poor, deluded laborers, who came a great distance to seek honest toil, but found it not.

How cheerless such men's prospects!"

[The "kindness" accorded such as these was to be stigmatized as "vagrants," &c., &c., and imprisoned and *driven out*, because they had no unshorn fleece and were, therefore, "suspicious" and "objectionable" characters to other men who had been thrown up by accident or raised by their own villainy, and who should tremble because of their undivulged crimes, unwhipped of justice. Yet, such as the following article could be seen in the press most any day.]

"There were large numbers of arrests, and the 'cooler' was crowded to its utmost capacity. With one or two exceptions *vagrancy was the charge*, and the parties will be *summarily sent out of the city and warned not to return.*"

[And there was no Governor, no troops, no courts, no protection whatever for these victims, many of whom "could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul."]

* * *

"I am," says the writer, "a laboring man, and have hard work to make a living for a family, and if the spirit of oppression that is continually growing does not stop, our condition will soon be worse than that of the laboring men of England. Numerous cases have come up lately in this community, where honest laboring men have been swindled out of their wages and turned out upon the road to tramp, beg or steal." [There being no Governor, no troops, no courts, no protection whatever for *them*, in person or property.]

"They [the Masons] had no ear for anything but money! money! money! It was madness to urge morality—it was ruin to speak of law."

* * *

"The Seattle delinquent tax list is 13 feet long. Poor Seattle, what hast thou done?" [Suffered members of the gang to hold office.]

CHAPTER XXX.

The Tartaric Masonic Horde vs. American Citizens.—The anti-Chinese Congress, etc., etc.—(How to read newspapers intelligently.)

"A Crisis!"

"To the thinking man—even to the man who does not think—it is evident that we are upon a momentous crisis. Never in the history of Puget Sound has there been a time when it was more clearly the duty of the calm to remain calm, of the law-abiding to maintain their respect for law, of the passionate to hold their passions in restraint. The air is full of rumors, and they all mean that the people will soon have to solve for themselves a most important problem.

Our towns are full of idle men, of men who are willing and anxious to work at any wages, however low. All they demand is a bare living for themselves and families. This they must have."

[The Chinese and American masons in conjunction had prostituted the Government and courts, so as to nullify the laws excluding the Chinese from the country; this so inflamed the people, many of whom were in sore distress on account of the same, that they determined to rectify such intriguing deeds of darkness, and virtually enforce the laws against them.

It being customary to kill, rob and drive out poor American citizens with impunity, though being lawfully where they were, only because they were "objectionable," why then should these objectionable masons, who despise and discard and prostitute our Government, set up one of their own in our very midst—lurking in the dark—to which they owe their allegiance; are here in violation of law, without honesty or virtue, a swarm of masonic vermin over-creeping the land, gaining by intrigue and masonry what their ancestors did over the Roman Empire by force of arms. Why then should they have any more influence, power and protection, with and from our Government, than full-fledged American citizens?]

"The Anti-Chinese Congress

assembled at Seattle to consider the best method to rid the Puget Sound country of the Chinese curse. There was a very large attendance, nearly all principal points on the Sound being fully represented.

Mayor Weisback, of Tacoma, was chosen Chairman. He considered the question as of the highest importance to the whole nation as well as to this section. There has been nothing since the war so important. These Chinamen are not here under authority of law. When the laws fail to afford the people protection, the people are in duty bound to protect themselves. The people, when united, can accomplish wonders. We started in six months ago, at Tacoma, to fight the Chinamen. We legislated against them in our city council, but [their brethren] of San

Francisco have employed [masonic] lawyers to break down my Government and declare our ordinances void. We went to those [masons] who rent houses to them and tried to get them to covenant with us that they would not rent or lease to Chinamen, but they refuse to sign. You curse the Chinamen for coming here. They are not to blame. You ought to take the men who brought them here by the neck and choke them. In this crusade you have the united capital [masons] of the coast against you —a hard fight. I have been engaged in the work for years; chains and prisons have been my portion, but I believe there is an eternal justice."

"Dr. Taylor referred to the insults heaped upon the working people by [masonic] capital, and to the hardships endured by poor laboring women on account of Chinese competition. He advocated boycotting all who employed Chinamen."

"Mr. Magill said, when he left Tacoma, his constituents had told him that if any of their delegates became weak-kneed, or faltered, to telegraph the fact, and they would never be allowed to land."

"G. Venerable Smith spoke of the anti-Chinese crusade in California, and the obstacles which had been thrown in the way of any legal measures owing to the interpretation by the [masonic] courts and the [masonic] lawyers."

"The committee presented, and the meeting unanimously adopted the following:

Preamble and Resolutions.

"The citizens of Western Washington Territory in convention assembled, for the purpose of devising, ways and means to rid our Territory from the presence of the Chinese, declare the following principles and resolutions as our own sentiments:

"It is the duty of our citizens to organize themselves for the expulsion of and protection against the invasion and the presence of elements foreign to the principles of the laws of existence, of self-protection, of mutual good government and its aims and results, our individual and collective welfare and happiness.

"Life's highest gain is individual happiness, the duty of true and just government, is to promote the same, to create, dispense and promote the greatest good to the greatest number. Where governments are formed they are and ought to be a mutual contract for equal rights, equal burdens and equal justice to all, thereby promoting the welfare and happiness of all its members. No government can be just where elements are permitted to exist, which, by their nature, are not fully responsible to all duties of citizenship, and whose productions flow not in a collective fund to enrich the commonwealth with their productiveness, and assist the same with their full, true, and loyal support. The principles are most grossly violated when elements are introduced in the body politic, which, while they share the full rights, benefits and protection of the government with the rest of the citizens, are [as masons] not in sympathy and accord with the same. They become factors in our institutions, conductive of conditions which are positively and absolutely in every respect in direct opposition with every principle of true Republican Democratic Government, are in opposition with every law of political economy, and are opposed to our homes, families, health, decency and morality.

"*Resolved*, That the present excited state of the people on this coast, and the depressed conditions of industries and commerce, are due to and directly traceable to the persistent refusal of Congress to legislate in the interests of the people.

"*Resolved*, That it is our firm and steadfast resolution to rid our Territory, and if possible the United States, from the presence of Chinese slave labor.

"*Resolved*, That to accomplish this end we ask all citizens to discharge all Chinese in their employ.

"*Resolved*, That on the return of the delegates to their respective localities, they shall call mass meetings, to be held October 3, 1885, for the purpose of appointing committees to notify the Chinese to leave on or before November 1, 1885. [White American citizens were generally given only a few hours or even minutes.] These delegates shall call mass meetings of the citizens to hear the reports of said committee on November 6, 1885."

* * *

"*Seattle, October 16th, 1885.*

Mr. Editor:—We, the citizens of Seattle, wish to get a hearing in some way in reference to the Chinese question, as it is impossible to do so in the papers published in Seattle, they being published in the interests of a few wealthy [masons] who have houses and gardens to rent to Chinamen. There are probably not more than fifty persons in Seattle (of 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants] who wish the Chinese to remain here and on the Sound. Those fifty are [masons] who have shanties and gardens to rent to Chinamen.

Every meeting held and every speech made by the Anti-Chinese people here is ridiculed and called incendiary and the like by the papers of Seattle.

I ask if we are not all united in the desire to be rid of the Chinamen? I ask if a few aristocrats and lovers [masonic brothers] of Chinamen are going to dictate to the people what they shall do? As this movement is for the universal good of the people, I ask why not all join in the good work?

H. B. KIDDER."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"ANTI-CHINESE."—"*A great demonstration.*"—*The largest torch-light procession ever seen in the Territory.—An enthusiastic meeting.—Speeches and Resolutions.*—(How to read the press "between the lines.")

……

"J. J. KNOFF was elected secretary and Mrs. Kenworthy vice-president. The lady said: 'I thank you for the honor and hope I shall never disgrace the position. I shall always stand by the workingman. Abraham Lincoln said, 'Keep near the workingman, and you will always be right.'

J. A. Comerford said: 'When I look about at this vast concourse of people which, by the permission of Governor [Mason] and the deputy sheriffs, have met together, when I see such an array of ladies and gentlemen and hear the generous applause, I realize that this is more than an ordinary occasion. In the dispatches we read, your dude milk and water Governor said, 'the better class of people were in favor of the Chinese remaining.' I ask the Governor by what standard he judges this people. *I'll tell Governor [Mason] that he lies from his teeth to his heart, when he calls the [Masonic] thieves who stole our timber and coal lands* the better class of our citizens. There has not even been a queue on one of their heads twisted, and yet Governor [Mason] talks of quartering troops in our midst. If I should meet a man with a musket standing around, to keep my conscience, I would kill him, if my steel would reach his heart. In Tacoma we had 800 Chinamen. We told them to go. We now have about 100, who would go but for a gagging [Masonic] corporation, which tells them to stay.

The two per cent. sharps who have robbed the people of their coal and timber lands, will learn to their sorrow that this is not riot, but a revolution. Laws never enforce themselves. I'll tell Governor [Mason], if he is honest he will arm his deputies and make a coast guard to keep the Chinamen out. We have no deputies in Tacoma; the man who would accept such a position would be a marked man.'

P. P. Good said: 'I would like to know, if I am one who does not belong to the *respectable citizens of Washington Territory.* I would like to know if Governor [Mason] could get as large a class of followers as we have to-night................'

The following resolutions were read and adapted:

……

'The Chinese bring with them habits and customs the most vicious and demoralizing. They [like their American brethren] are scornful of our laws and institutions. They [like other Masons] have their own governments, tribunals and punishments within our own, securely separated and protected from our own, as if in the interior of China, and are utterly unfitted for American citizenship. They creep in by fraud, evasion and cunning. In vain have the people protested, murmured and complained of the weakness of the treaty, the laws and the efforts to exclude them. In vain have they cried against this calamitous, this humiliating evil. Therefore, *resolved*, that to save ourselves from this blighting evil, it is necessary that more prompt and vigorous measures than have heretofore been exercised, should be used. That public sentiment, having lost faith in all other methods, is aroused to the firm determination of using its own forces and the social influences under its control to that end; and believing that when the purpose of a free people is formed, and intensified by disappointment and betrayals in its reliance upon usual methods, and in the face of great danger and humiliation, as in the present case, that such a public sentiment is irresistible, and that, if wisely directed and shaped by agitation, organization and discussion, it will manifest and enforce the highest expression of law by a free people, to the laudable end of excluding the Mongolian curse from the land.'"

[At a subsequent big meeting the following was read and adopted:]

"*Whereas*, about four years ago, certain of our leading citizens, business men and others, forcibly took from the officers of the law and from the county jail three persons charged with crime and, without trial and against law, summarily executed them, and, according to the letter of the law, said citizens, business men and other persons committed deliberate and premeditated murder, and set at defiance the law of the land; and

Whereas, such acts have gone without prosecution, and although several Grand Juries were expressly instructed to find indictments against the guilty parties in such acts of murder, no indictment was ever found thereon, although there had been no such laxity in the administration of justice that should then justify such extreme measures under the excuse of a last resort, but not now wishing to palliate the necessity or justice of such acts on the part of those who thus took the law in their own hands, we are opposed *to making fish of one set of citizens and fowl of another*.

Resolved, that the citizens of Tacoma, who removed the Chinese from their city by force, which was characterized by no violence or uncivilized act, were moved by a greater public necessity and public indignation than sustained the people of Seattle in taking the lives of their victims, and that said latter necessity and public indignation was founded more in the laxity of the administration of the law, the otherwise irremediable public injuries of a worse character than was charged against the Seattle victims, as being or leading to multiplication of such acts so charged, and after the people of Tacoma, in common with others throughout the coast, have been more forbearing under greater wrongs and oppressions of long suffering, by the neglect of the Government and its non-protection *of its own citizens, without other hope of relief*.

Resolved, that it is the almost unanimous opinion of public sentiment on the Pacific Coast, where the facts and circumstances are known and understood, that the citizens of Tacoma who are indicted for removing the Chinese from that city, have effected great public good in the only effectual manner; we, in common with the mass of citizens on this coast, believe that the prosecution of said indictments will effect no good—would be an injustice to the defendants, whilst the Seattle lynchers go unprosecuted, and we, therefore, request that either suits for indictments be dismissed, or with such proposed prosecution the Seattle lynchers be also prosecuted, *so that justice without discrimination will be meted out by the so-called impartial administrator of justice under a free government.*

Resolved further, that the United States attorney should wash his hands of the charges against him in taking part in the execution of the three men in Seattle, before he undertakes to prosecute the Tacoma citizens."

"*Mrs. M. A. Kenworthy* [among others] was called. She was truly surprised when elected on the committee, but never desired to stand back when duty to her country demanded her services.

'I fear these Chinamen will be protected by men and cause much trouble. This is a serious matter and cannot be accomplished in a day. These Chinese are in our families, they take the work from our girls. Did you ever read the appeal of the working women of San Francisco, and hear the prayers of the poor, starving creatures who are trying to work at Chinamen's wages and support their families? Do you wonder that these women are driven to desperation and ruin? I would do anything on earth, before I would see my children starve. I would take my pistol and shoot my way through.'"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TACOMA TROUBLE *and* EXODUS.—"*Straightforward statement signed by prominent citizens.*"—[Which will apply as well to the exodus of the Chinese at Seattle.]

"INASMUCH as many, acting on misinformation or actuated by malevolence, have taken it in hand to assiduously misrepresent the facts concerning the exodus of the Chinese from Tacoma, on the 3d of November, 1885, it is deemed advisable to place the facts as they exist before the public. There was no insurrection, no mob seized the reins of government or attempted to control the administration of the law, there was no violence offered to the person, or damage done to the property of a single Chinamen, the people did not force open the doors or seize upon or destroy the effects of the Chinamen, there was not a club, ax, knife, gun, pistol or weapon seen or known to have been in the possession of any of the parties who waited upon the Chinamen, their goods were not thrown into the street, they were not driven out to an open prairie, or left without shelter, there was not a Chinaman that died or that was struck, not a single drop of Chinese blood was shed, not a single Chinaman could show a bruise received from a white man.........There was no noise or excitement; no harsh or cruel treatment was manifested toward the intruding people. Many of them bade their acquaintances on the committee and in the crowd a friendly good-bye. So quiet was it that many of the citizens did not know of the exodus until they read of it in the city papers. During the day there was but one man seen that was under the influence of liquor, and he was closely guarded.

On the morning of November 3d, the citizens assembled, organized themselves into a committee and started for the various Chinese dens, where the Committee of Fifteen, formally appointed by the public, appeared and notified the inmates thereof that the time allotted for their departure had arrived, and that the committee would aid them if they wished to leave the city. The Chinamen, with few exceptions, began immediately to pack their goods. A guard was placed over their places to see that no one molested them. Teams were furnished them without cost, and their goods were transported to the nearest depot outside of the city. A committee of citizens went with them and procured shelter for them for the night. Food in abundance was sent to them by the citizens. Every kindness that the circumstances would permit of was shown them by all, The social necessity that required their departure was not allowed to interfere with the dictates of humanity. To every Chinaman whose business was such that he could not go, time was given. To those to whom any one was indebted, every assistance that was possible was given, to collect or get their accounts secured. Some five weeks previous to their departure, a peaceable solution of the question was sought, and agreement was made to pay the Chinamen for their immovables. They agreed to accept $2,500 and depart, but when the final arrangements were being completed, they took a sudden change and refused to negotiate further, saying, that if their property was destroyed they could get damages from the United States Government."

[And I noticed that September 24, 1888, a masonic senator "offered an amendment appropriating *$276,000!* for indemnity for outrages on Chinese in the Territories; agreed to, the bill was then passed."

But the outraged white citizens have no recourse; their "truth and justice is buried, and fraud and guile succeed."]

"The Chinese houses in Tacoma were all the abodes of social sins, opium dens and gambling holes. The burnt district consisted of a scant half acre on the tide flats. In this small space, in low, compact huts, with secret passage-ways in every direction, lived over 400 Chinamen, with fifty-two hogs, and chickens and ducks unnumbered. Here were stores, washhouses and restaurants; here were many women, and only one of whom had the dignity of being a wife. The origin of the fire in Chinatown is unknown. Chinamen stated to various persons that they did not care for their property, for if it was destroyed the [masonic] Chinese Consul at Washington would make the Government pay them for it. That the United States Government would reimburse them for whatever was lost was a universal belief among them. The fire occurred two days subsequent to their departure. Their goods and effects were nearly all gone; the remnants were ready to leave on the morning train. The old shells and dens were not worth $1,000, and the place where they stood was held on sufferance. The health officer had inspected the place and pronounced it the vilest spot he had ever examined used as a human habitation.

The parties indicted are all men of property, character, and social worth. Of them three are merchants, three journalists, two retail butchers, six carpenters and builders, three blacksmiths, one draughtsman, two plumbers, one photographer, one brickmason, one shoe manufacturer, one farmer, one moulder, one boat builder, one civil engineer, and one lawyer. They include the Mayor of Tacoma, two of the city council, the Probate Judge of Pierce county, the Chief of the Fire Department, and the President of the Young Men's Christian Association. All but two have families, and represent sixty-four children and eleven grandchildren. All of them are citizens, sixteen native-born. Eleven served in the United States army during the late war. These men simply carried out the wishes of nine-tenths of the people of Tacoma.

……

[No Chinese have since resided in Tacoma, which would have been the case with Seattle and the other places, but for the discrimination in favor of the Chinese over native citizens by masonic officials—their brethren. Let no such men be trusted.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Story of the Captain of the QUEEN *as to the Seattle exodus.—97 Chinamen in court.—"The Government is strong and will protect the Masons."*

THE captain said, that "the first intimation he had of any disorder in Seattle was about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, when wagons and carts and everything that would carry freight came rumbling down to the wharf, accompanied by a few Chinese attendants, and at once proceeded to unload. Soon after the Captain started up-town, and on his way met a large crowd of citizens, who accosted him with the remark that 'the Chinese must go, and on his steamer, too.'

At that time the uprising element comprised at least 3000 people, and the entire city seemed to be subject to their control. There were no threats to speak of, nor tendency toward mob violence—simply a determined uprising that might result in something serious, if its purpose was impeded.

That it was the general desire of the citizens of Seattle, that the Chinese should go, and that the entire city was in sympathy with the uprising was apparent from the fact that as soon as he announced that none could go on his steamer unless his fare was paid, money began to accumulate in the hands of a certain committee, and in less than fifteen minutes the fares of 171 Chinese had been paid, the money obviously coming from the purses of the wealthier classes.

The 'Queen' did not sail at her appointed time. On Monday the first lot of Chinese who were driven to the dock, 87 in number, were demanded on a writ of habeas corpus to appear in court and state whether or not they were willing to go. [They having influence at court that citizens have not.] Seventy-one replied affirmatively and were returned, and afterwards 100 more were taken on board, although in no instance until each had acknowledged that it was his desire to leave. Could have taken a large number in addition, had it not been that he was restricted by law as to the number of steerage passengers.

Those who were left were coralled with their baggage in a large warehouse on the dock. As long as he remained in the town, there was no violence whatever, only the intense determination, which seemed to increase with each hour and was attended with great excitement. Just a short time after he sailed out of the harbor, however, he heard the crack of rifles, and knew then that the worst had come."

[How the Government will protect Masonic Chinamen, when even home-building American citizens cannot even get a hearing against the gang.]

"All the Chinese on board the ship were escorted to the court-house by the sheriff and his posse. The Chinese in the warehouse also came along, but they remained outside the building during the trial. [Which *proved that they needed no protection from violence in the streets.*] United States prosecuting attorney appeared for the Chinamen.

After getting the names of the 97 Chinamen, the Judge had Lue King sworn in as interpreter [what does a Chinese Mason or highbinder care for an oath ?] and through him spoke as follows:

'Lue King tell them that the court has been told that they are confined on board the steamship 'Queen of the Pacific' against their will. The court is willing, if they desire, that they shall go as passengers, but no man or set of men has a right to compel them to go. So, if they wish to stay, they must let the court know it now. I will have the name of each man called separately, and let him tell whether he wants to go or stay. Tell them, not to be afraid to speak what is in their hearts. The Government is strong and will protect them. Tell them, that as their names are called all those who are willing to keep their tickets and go to California must express a willingness to do so, and all who want to give up their tickets and stay here must say so.'

Sixteen expressed a desire to stay, and 71 a willingness to go. They were all escorted back to the wharf, and those who had expressed a willingness to go were placed upon the ship. A great many of those whose baggage was on the wharf went back to the dock and expressed a willingness to go, provided transportation was furnished them."

[Native citizens, when "objectionable," have to get out the best way they can, and no foolishness.]

* * *

"About 10 o'clock a report came to the ears of Sheriff [Mason], that the Shore Line train was to be captured and the Chinamen left on the Ocean Dock were to be placed on it and taken to Tacoma. A sufficient sum of money had been raised to buy tickets on the cars to Tacoma. The Sheriff notified the R. R. Company that it would be held responsible for any damages resulting from the carrying off of the Chinese [Masons] unlawfully and against their will, [when hundreds of white men had been driven out 'unlawfully and against their will,'] and to avoid any trouble that might grow out of 'such an act.' And to prevent the train being seized, they placed on the engine a double crew and started the train out ahead of time. A short time before the train left (1.30 o'clock Monday morning), the Sheriff detailed a posse of deputies to guard the Ocean Dock, and not allow any one to pass on or off the wharf during the night without a special permit. The Chinamen who were in the warehouse, about 215 strong, spread their blankets and stretched out for the night, after their supper, furnished by those in charge of them."

* * *

[Meanwhile the Governor, who was in town and opposing the exodus, sent the following dispatch to Washington:]

"Immense mob forcing Chinese to leave Seattle. Civil authorities arming *posse comitatus* to protect them. Serious conflict probable. I respectfully request that United States troops be immediately sent to Seattle."

[There was no conflict at Tacoma, and there was no danger of any conflict here, unless done by the "White Chinamen," so as to justify the call for troops and thus prevent the exodus of their brethren, and also put coin in their pockets, as will be seen further on.

A lot of deputy sheriffs and deputy marshals and militia had been sworn in *for to* conflict, and a lot of the leading citizens, including a lady, arrested and jailed on a charge of riot, though never convicted.

Still the people had not been aggravated to a conflict, and without a "conflict" or troops, the Chinese, with the exception of six, were to be gone by the next boat.]

* * *

"The captain came to the office and stated that he had 196 on board, or all that he was allowed by law to carry with the other passengers. The matter was talked over between the representatives of the anti-Chinese movement and Sheriff [Mason] and some of his aids, and it was mutually agreed between them that the Chinamen still on the wharf, *all of whom, with the exception of six, had expressed a willingness to go*, but were unable to leave by the 'Queen,' should be allowed to remain in town until the going out of the 'Elder,' unless they saw fit to leave sooner."

"The 'Queen' cast off her lines, and the people on the wharf shook hands and congratulated each other over what they supposed was a happy ending of the very exciting and unpleasant controversy which had been going on for so long. [Yet without any 'conflict.']

The Chinaman on the wharf, with the exception of the few who wanted to remain, were much disappointed when the steamer left without them, and it was with reluctance that they picked up their baggage to return to their houses."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"HOME GUARDS" FIRE INTO THE CROWD.—FIVE MEN WOUNDED.—THE CITY UNDER MARTIAL LAW, *with Governor* [*Mason*] *in command.*"—(The only case of the kind in the history of the United States.)

He drives out White Citizens and protects Chinese Masons.

(How to read "between the lines.")

"You rule with all-oppressive hand,
Thy hideous soul, Oh! fiend accurs'd,
Can there allay its bloody thirst."

[THE Chinese needed no escort or protection from violence, when they went from the wharf to the Court House and returned. And certainly they needed none now in going to their houses, as was agreed upon.

They had perhaps never been more secure from violence than now, but a "conflict" must be had, or they would soon all be gone.

So, as if with a flaming desire for vengeance, at such a prospect, a firebrand—even a lot of detested armed deputies and militia—went to escorting and parading the Chinamen in a body through the streets, with an air of victory and bravado, and being ridiculed and rebuked by citizens (who were not aware of the agreement at the wharf) instead of explaining and disbanding—they undertook to *arrest* as criminals some of these citizens for their rebuke and request for an explanation, and on their resisting, shot them down in cold blood, and one after he was down; and he died.]

"The crowd had fallen back, and the streets were swept by the rifles of the military and the deputy sheriffs. The crowd commenced to gather again after the wounded had been removed, and in a few minutes there were thousands of men in the street on either side of the 'authorities.'

[Who, though held to the spot, concluded it to be unnecessary to attempt any more such arrests; the agreement at the wharf was now explained, and the military companies and the deputy sheriffs struck out for the court house, while the Chinamen proceeded to their houses unmolested.

The citizens wanted to lynch the masons who did the shooting, but on the advice of the leading anti-Chinese agitators they abstained from any violence, and *peaceably dispersed to their homes*, being assured that the criminals would get justice by the courts.]

"So a warrant was sworn out against those who did the shooting, charging them with murder.

But the Judge declared that 'those men were officers of his court *and not subject to arrest.*'

He further stated 'that

Martial Law had been declared, and that civil process was no longer binding,' whereupon the constable returned his warrant unserved."

["The trail of the serpent was over them all."]

* * *

Shortly after the shooting Governor [Mason] issued the following:

"*Proclamation of Martial Law.*"

"*Whereas*, Heretofore in consequence of an inflamed condition of the public mind in Seattle, and grave disturbance of the public peace therein, I [chief mason] issued my proclamation warning all persons to desist from breaches of the peace, and peacefully to return to their homes, except such as were disposed to assist the sheriff [mason] and the other duly constituted authorities in maintaining law and order, and requesting all persons who were disposed to assist in maintaining order [the most influential of those doing so were arrested] to enroll themselves under the sheriff [mason] immediately for that purpose, and

Whereas, Said proclamation has proven ineffectual to quiet the public mind and preserve the peace, and

Whereas, Numerous breaches of the peace have occurred [and the most infamous indorsed by the 'duly constituted authorities'] and more are threatened, and

Whereas, An insurrection exists in said city of Seattle, by which the lives, liberties and property of citizens of the Territory and sojourners within the Territory are endangered, and

Whereas, The civil authorities have proved powerless to suppress said insurrection, or prevent such breaches of the peace, and

Whereas, the necessity for martial law within said city exists, and it is deemed proper that all needful measures should be taken for the protection of such citizens and sojourners, and of all officers of the United States and of the Territory in the discharge of their public duties within said city. Now, therefore, be it known that I [chief mason] and commander-in-chief of the military forces of said Territory, do hereby assume military command of said city, and do hereby order that no person exercise any office or authority in said city which may be inconsistent with the laws and constitution of the United States or the laws of said Territory, [and *he* was to be the Judge *against the almost unanimous judgment of the people*] "and *I* do hereby suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and declare martial law within said city. The 8th day of February, 1886."

["He makes a solitude and calls it peace."]

* * *

"I [chief mason] hereby announce the following [brethren] members of my staff, who will be respected and obeyed accordingly." [One of whom is a notorious thief.]

"MILITARY HEADQUARTERS."

"Until further notice all saloons and places where intoxicating liquor is sold will be forthwith and permanently closed [though he could swill it down himself], and all other places of business shall be and remain closed between the hours of 7 P. M. and 6 A. M. each night. All persons found on the streets after 7 P. M. and before 5 A. M. without the consent in writing of the [masonic] Provost Marshal, will be arrested."

"By command of the [chief mason]."

* * *

"Three captains [masons] will report with their respective companies to the Adjutant General at headquarters forthwith."

* * *

"Captain [Mason], with his command, will report forthwith for duty to Provost Marshal." [At this writing he is under $10,000 bail as belonging to a gang of opium smugglers, and for stealing.]

"All persons willing to enlist in the military service of the Territory [for the Chinamen against the people] to serve in the city of Seattle, are hereby called upon to report as recruits to the [masonic] Provost Marshal."

"All persons disposed to violate any law of the Territory [which he himself had trampled under foot] or treaty [which had been virtually *abrogated by law*] or the constitution of the United States [which he himself was basely violating] are hereby *warned and commanded to leave the city forthwith.*" [Members of the gang excepted.]

* * *

"The guns in the keeping of Stevens Post of the Grand Army were taken charge of by the Governor on Sunday, and removed." He was afraid of the old veterans.]

"Services in the churches were cut short in some cases, and dispensed with in others, on Sunday, and the public meetings set for Monday evening were both indefinitely postponed." [The people were being squelched to protect the lawless masons, and for plunder.]

"About 7 o'clock last night sentinels were stationed all over town, and patrolled the streets all night. Every man on the street after that time without a permit from the Provost Marshal was marched either to his home or to the guard house. At daylight the sentinels were released, and during the day the streets were patrolled by militia.

The [prostituted] court house which is the headquarters of the [masonic] authorities under [despotic] military *regime* was closely guarded, and a sufficient force kept on duty [at the expense of the people] to repel any ordinary attack [of the people] and a cannon was taken to the court house" [to kill the people].

"During Tuesday the [masons] in command concluded that passes for persons to be about the streets had been too generously granted, and all passes were ordered called in, and a more rigid rule of granting them established."

[And still there was no "violence," or "conflict," or "rebellion" on the part of the citizens. And the only "invaders" were the masonic highbinders thus protected.]

* * *

The President in a message says......"under this article [of treaty] an act of Congress approved 1882, amended 1884, suspended for ten years the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States....It was, however, soon made evident that the mercenary greed of parties [masons] who were trading in their labor was proving too strong for the just execution of the law, and that the virtual defeat of the object and intent of both the law and the treaty was being *fraudulently accomplished by false pretense and perjury* contrary to the expressed will of both governments,....has produced deep-seated and increasing discontent among the people of the United States, and especially with those resident on the Pacific coast,....and the earnest popular demand for the absolute exclusion of Chinese laborers.......It is admitted to be a paramount right and duty of every government to exclude from its borders all elements of foreign population which, for any reason, retard its prosperity, or are detrimental to the moral and physical health of its people."

[Because such foreign element is masonic and thus conspires in the dark with the native masonic element, and by "unpunished and indorsed false pretenses" and "perjury" prostitute and debauch the courts and "authorities" for their protection against the law and the people, is no good reason that the people should not enforce the law and protect themselves against the gang.]

* * *

"The headquarters of Commander-in-chief [chief mason] are in the Judge's chambers."

"*Military Headquarters.*"

"Any person violating the provisions of any law of the United States or Washington Territory, or the ordinances of the city in force at the time of the proclamation of martial law heretofore made [the Chinese and other brethren excepted] will be promptly arrested and summarily dealt with. By order of the [chief mason]."

* * *

"Martial law," says Blackstone, "is in effect no law at all."

"Martial law," says Judge Nelson, "is neither more nor less than the will of the General who commands the army. It *overrides* and *suppresses* all existing civil laws, civil officers and civil authorities, by the arbitrary exercise of military power, and every citizen or subject (in other words the entire population of the country within the confines of its power) is subject to the mere will or caprice of the commander. He holds the lives, liberty and property of all in the palm of his hand."

[*Unmeasurable Gall.*]

"No passes shall be issued to any one to appear on the streets after night, except such persons as have duties which absolutely require such passes; then only when it is made to appear to the satisfaction of the Provost Marshal that the person applying has been a peaceable, *law-abiding citizen*, who has endeavored to uphold the law [?] within the last ten days. All passes shall be registered in a book kept for that purpose, and the person receiving the same shall enroll his name in said book. Said pass shall specify the hours within which it is good. All permits to keep open any places of business must be recorded in the Provost Marshal's office. By order of the [chief mason]."

* * *

["Treason doth never prosper.
What's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason."]

* * *

"It was learned yesterday morning that the President had not yet ordered troops to Seattle, although urgently requested to do so by [the chief mason]. This fact was laid before prominent [masons] of the town, most of whom joined in earnest requests to [masonic] Senators to urge upon the President the necessity for speedy action in this matter. Telegrams were received from Vancouver that the troops were in readiness to start at a moment's notice. A train is in waiting, so as to bring them through in short order."

* * *

"Charles G. Stewart [shot by the masons] died from the effects of his wounds at three o'clock Tuesday morning."

[He had sworn] that "this [mason] raised his gun and struck me across the head, and at the same time a bullet struck me on the arm, and I fell from the effects of the blow on my head and the wound on the arm. Some man then shot me in the body when I was down."

"The three others [that were dangerously wounded] are doing as well as can be expected, but cannot tell the result until the fourth day."

[The murderers were being shielded and sanctioned by the gang with the powers of our Government, and] "The authorities [in fear of their lives for their conduct] have seized all the fire-arms offered for sale in the city, and given strict orders that no dealer in ammunition dispose of any, except upon an order from [the Masonic] 'authorities.'"

"No theater or place of amusement has been opened to the public since martial law was declared."

* * *

"The comparatively few Chinamen in town are waiting anxiously for the day to arrive when they can leave Seattle. Nine-tenths of those now here will go below on the 'Elder,' if nothing unforeseen happens to prevent their departure."

* * *

"A request by the citizens for return to civil law."

"Whereas, it is of the greatest importance that the civil authorities resume their sway,

We, the undersigned, on behalf of a large number of citizens, respectfully request your Excellency to place our city under the control of the civil authorities, in order that the peace of the city may be maintained and that business may resume the even tenor of its way, and the civil authorities be empowered to *serve and execute all processes of law, civil or criminal, without fear or favor.* We, therefore, represent that the great majority of our citizens are in favor of the re-instatement of the civil authorities, and are determined to support and respect the laws."

[But this was spurned by the favored and curled darlings, and] "The mercenary greed of parties who were trading in Chinese labor, and by fraud, false pretenses and perjury, was too strong for the law."

And I quote: "Those officials who have been bribed and bulldozed into letting the leprous heathens land in San Francisco and other places, have already made fortunes, and like the Chinese 'they must go.'"

* * *

[*But they would go.*]—"Between boats and trains fully 150 Chinamen have gone from Seattle during the past three days, not to return. They have been working busily to get off, and those who can go seem eager and happy enough to go. Many white persons went among them seeing them pack, and here and there buying a curio. Scenes of this kind, though common in Europe, have been few and far between in America."

* * *

"The gatherings upon the street corners yesterday were smaller than the days before, and the utterances less violent and revolutionary [against the gang]. There are still a few men and women who talk about hanging this [murderer] and that [murderer], but steps have been taken to arrest and severely punish such offenders against the [Masons] and it will soon be stopped. Yesterday a number of arrests were made."

"Members of the local military companies who refused 'duty' and who are charged with 'treasonable utterances,' have been arrested, and will be court-martialed."

["Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."]

"All 'disorderly' persons, or persons wandering about and having no visible calling or business to maintain themselves, and generally all vagrants, [having been despoiled by the gang], are requested to leave the city of Seattle forthwith.

All such persons found in this city after this date will be arrested and summarily dealt with. All persons uttering treasonable or seditious language [members of the gang excepted], or who are guilty of publicly using words or actions tending to disturb the peace or in contempt of the [Masonic] constituted authorities, will be promptly arrested.

The Provost Marshal and other officers and [Masonic] persons, authorized to make arrests, are especially charged with the prompt execution of this order."

Signed, [Noble-Grand-High-Chief-Mason.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

COURT MARTIAL AND A MILITARY COMMISSION.—*With a Judge Advocate and Recorder now under eight indictments for forgery and robbery. —With other big criminals in command.—Crime made respectable and to* TELL THE TRUTH *is made a crime.*

"February 10th, 1886.

"A GENERAL court martial is hereby convened to meet at these headquarters at 1 o'clock this afternoon for the trial of all offenders [against the masons] who may be brought before it.

General [Mason] [who is now under *eight indictments for forgery and robbery*] is hereby detained as *Judge Advocate of the Court.*"

["Put into every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world."]

* * *

[*No wonder.*] "A feeling of relief pervaded the whole community when it was learned that troops had been ordered to Seattle."

* * *

"Immediately after the shooting February 8th, a warrant was sworn out against [the masons who did the shooting] charging them with murder. The warrant has never been served. However, three of them have since presented themselves at court, waived examination, and were released on $5,000 bail each."

"*An authentic account.*—W.. pulled Stewart roughly toward him, and C.. grabbed Stewart by the throat. With this W.. released his hold, clubbed his Winchester and dealt Stewart a blow on the head that felled him to the ground. As he lay upon the ground B.. and B.. fired their rifles into his prostrate body, inflicting the death wounds. They then raised their guns, and together with C.. and H.. emptied them into the defenseless and inoffensive crowd, seriously wounding four other citizens."

[What kind of justice is it that indorses and turns such cases loose, and hangs others for less crime?

And they and their *accessories* say: "We have a good judiciary."]

* * *

"When the soldiers (300) arrived, a man who was in the crowd on the Ocean Dock pointed to the 'home guards,' who were 'on duty' near by, and shouted to the soldiers, loud enough to be heard by the vast concourse of people: 'There is a murderer in that crowd! There is a murderer in that crowd!! There is a murderer in that crowd!!!'

Then addressing himself to the masses, exclaimed: 'Thank God! we are out from under the control of the murderers!'

He was arrested and placed in jail" [for thus expressing the sentiments of the people and of his own heart, and evidently the truth; thus is justice murdered.

Murder, like treason, when it prospers, it is made respectable, and called virtue, and it is made a crime to call it murder.

It is the weakest, not the worst, that goes to the wall.]

* * *

"A clerk of the Probate court was arrested for uttering loud and 'treasonable' language on the streets.'"

"Mr. McMillan was arrested for 'treasonable' utterances, and put in jail. He has often said that he would willingly serve a sentence in the penitentiary if it would aid in ridding Seattle of the Chinese."

"*Military Headquarters.*"

"Special order heretofore issued, relating to the appointment of the court martial is set aside, and the following officers are appointed a Military Commission to inquire into all matters that may be brought before them: Captain [Mason] [now under $10,000 bail, he being indicted as one of the gang of smugglers that has been operating for many years (they being winked at by masonic officials) and also for stealing.]

……

General [Mason] is hereby detained as *Judge Advocate and Recorder.*" [This gentleman being now under eight indictments for forgery and robbery of over $60,000.

Such gentry are the ones who have so much *secret influence with blackleg Governors* and courts against honest citizens.]

* * *

"C. H. M., a plasterer, one of the leading agitators, was arrested and placed in jail." [He is now attorney general.]

"By order of the Provost Marshal, Police Officer Murphy was relieved from duty [and then arrested and imprisoned] on account of his alleged complicity with the expulsion of the Chinese."

[I give a few examples *only* of the tyranny and brutality of the gang. Murphy was made Mayor of the city the following election, and the whole administration of the city and county was placed in the hands of the agitators and "Mob"—with which was inaugurated and maintained a season of peaceful prosperity *unknown before.*

The people had no use for dogfish and blackleg despots, for militia, or for United States troops. For the people ruled, and the laws were then more evenly enforced.]

* * *

"Fourteen Chinamen who were induced to leave the Puyallup Valley passed by here on their way to Port Townsend yesterday morning, and one Chinaman came down from Olympia bound for Victoria. He says all the

Chinamen will leave Olympia if the money can be raised to pay their passage," [but they were induced to remain by the white brethren.]

* * *

"Yesterday morning we published the fact that the miners had gone over from Black Diamond and Franklin to Carbonado to drive the Chinese out. On arrival there, the miners assisted the Chinamen, fifty-six in number, on board the train. They were brought to Tacoma, where they boarded the steamer for Port Townsend. While at Seattle the writer boarded the steamer and found one member of the [masonic] band who could talk good English. He said the Chinamen were paid off Wednesday. Thursday morning a big crowd of miners, two or three hundred, came, and the spokesman said:

"China boys, we want you all to leave this camp." I said to him, "You bet your life we want to go. As so many miners wanted us to leave, we concluded to go. I think we will go to China."

[The people were simply enforcing the laws that their masonic perjured agents had refused to do and had overridden—they owing their first allegiance to their masonic government and brethren in the dark, who were thus too strong for the law.

A single masonic-ridden court smuggled about *10,000* Chinamen into the country—using the "court" as a blind.]

* * *

"Captain (now Colonel) [Mason] was one of the first persons to report to the Sheriff for duty when it was learned that the 'law was being violated!' He was appointed to take charge of the provost guard, which was equivalent to an appointment as military chief of police."

[When *at the very time*, according to recent indictments, he was in a "great conspiracy" with his secret gang against the Government and its laws.

And he was, and is, also 'the leading member of the bar' [court gang] in the Territory, and talked of by ring papers as bound for Congress.

If this blistering wrong and secret power was not on the throne, so as to make itself respectable, a despot, tyrant, and assassin with impunity, *and make it a crime to tell the truth and expose the cancer* I, with my experience and information, could give *dozens of such examples.* "Tremble, thou wretch, thou hast within thee undivulged crimes unwhipp'd of justice."]

* * *

"*Further arrests* were made for 'seditious language' which, with others under arrest, will be tried [?] by the military commission as soon as charges can be formulated against them. The commission will sit without regard to hours. The proceedings *will be private.*"

"*Leaving town.*—A large number of the non-producing classes [masons, etc., excepted] have left Seattle since martial law was declared." [They were *driven out in violation of law and the Constitution of the United States.*]

"SIXTH DAY OF MARTIAL LAW."

"The existence of martial law has completely prostrated business. All branches of business are suffering, except the hotels and restaurants. Travel is very light, and but few people are coming into town, while a great many are driven out."

* * *

"Reports reached the ears of the 'authorities' that the agitators were holding secret meetings in the suburbs, and the [masonic] 'home guards' were called together and sent out to do skirmish duty last night."

[But the white and Chinese Masons & Co. can hold their secret meetings with brazen impunity.

The martial law-masonic-despotism was ground into the people for about fifteen days, but yet, even this did not goad the people into a conflict, so determined were they to maintain the peace as was the case before.

The United States troops remained for several months. The object of which will appear in the succeeding chapter.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Expense to the People and where the Money goes.—One Mason gets $100 per Day.—Why the Chinese were influenced to stay. —So-called "White Chinamen" in Danger of being driven out, like they had driven other non-producing and dis-reputable White Citizens.—*The Judgment of the people and the Supreme Court.—The martial law* "Mere Lawless Violence."—*But "the trail of the Serpent is over them all.*"—(What belongs "between the lines.")

"It is our opinion, and the opinion of every one with whom we have talked, that it is not the party that is trying to get rid of the Chinese [Masonic] nuisance, that is to blame for the bloodshed in Seattle and the arrest of certain parties in Olympia, but the party that *assumes* to 'enforce the law.'

Is it not a fact that the Chinese both in Seattle and Olympia, signified a willingness to go?

If the self-styled, law-abiding citizens had attended to their own business, as they did in Tacoma, there would have been no bloodshed in Seattle, no citizens incarcerated on McNeil's Island, and the cities of Seattle and Olympia would have been relieved of an intolerable nuisance without any trouble on their part, and without the assistance of the U. S. soldiers.

Does not every one admit that the Chinese are a nuisance?

Then why tolerate them? Have we, of this coast, no rights that the National Government is bound to respect? Are we obliged to submit to the curse of Mongolian depravity for an indefinite number of years, because of an 'error' committed by our representatives? We are ready to admit that the proper method of proceeding would be by legislation, but what can we hope for in that direction? Have not the people of this coast been complaining for years of the oppression of the laboring element, in consequence of these foreign barnacles? Has Congress ever done anything to really remedy the evil? No, and they never will until the people, the rightful rulers of this Government, rise in their might and say, 'you *shall* remove this nuisance from our midst, or we will make it uncomfortably warm for them.' [This was proven true.] But some one says, 'that would be a violation of law.' The tea riot in Boston, in 1773, was a violation of law, and yet it was an indispensable link in the chain of causes, which led to the Declaration of Independence, and those who fought the battle of Lexington on the American side might have been prosecuted under the riot act, and yet the beneficial results of that battle and those that followed are highly appreciated by the American people to-day. It is sometimes necessary for the people to assert their rights in a striking manner, and I think this is one of the times. J. J. C."

"Reports have it that a number of citizens ['White Chinamen,'] who have made themselves obnoxious to the anti-Chinese people, have been ordered out of Tacoma. Their going is more than doubtful, but the threat is disagreeable all the same. Like talk has been heard in Seattle, and its heeding is more doubtful here than in Tacoma."

[Are not these "white Masonic Chinamen" "non-producers," who live by despoiling and fatten on turmoil and the misery of others? Are not the cream of them robbers and thieves? And at least "objectionable" to the people? Then why should they not be *driven out*, like other parasites and vermin?]

* * *

"*Wilkeson citizens meet.* Discuss the questions of the day and

Resolve, that we sympathize fully with the resolutions expressed by the Seattle anti-Chinese convention.

Resolved, that we deplore all violence and think it was a needless precaution on the part of the Governor to exact that deputy sheriffs should be appointed or he would cause troops to be brought into the country, and to spread abroad that we are a lawless people.

Resolved, that we heartily endorse the action taken by Mayor Weisbach and his co-laborers and the press of Tacoma, in the manly and straightforward manner they have pursued in ridding the country of the scourge of serf labor."

* * *

"*A gathering of the people of South Prairie.*" Were unanimous that the Chinese must go, and without a dissenting vote

"*Resolved*, that we heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the resolutions passed by the Convention at Seattle.

Resolved, that we regard the situation of laboring people as one of imminent danger, thereby necessitating active measures to protect them from a poverty which must follow in the footsteps of this Tartaric serfdom.

Resolved, that we most emphatically denounce the action of Governor [Mason] in needlessly causing the appointment of deputy sheriffs, thereby publishing abroad that we are a lawless people, not capable of maintaining peace."

* * *

"Several days before the meeting of the chamber of commerce at Tacoma it was understood that a petition would be passed, to the President, for the removal of Governor [Mason], for, what has almost unanimously been pronounced, an unnecessary and officious intermeddling with local affairs in Tacoma. But this flattened out under the skillful management of Mr. [Mason].

Governor [Mason], with his breath like the steaming exhalation of a bowl of hot rum punch, was then judiciously steered into the newspaper offices to 'explain.' [He wanted a hearing.]

On Tuesday night he explained again in the *Ledger* office, but the more he explained the more apparent it became that he had imposed upon Sheriff Byrd the alternative of troops or deputy sheriffs.

[And so the Sheriff of Tacoma made deputies of the *anti-Chinese agitators* themselves, instead of the "White Chinamen," *and there was no riot, no conflict, no rebellion and no murder*, such as there was at Seattle.]

Governor [Mason] is still as deserving of condemnation for his conduct, as he was before he began to wag his tongue and punish whiskey at Tacoma last Tuesday night."

* * *

"A petition is to be circulated immediately, asking President Cleveland to remove Governor [Mason]. Had he been removed long since, it would have saved our territory from a disgrace and ignomy which will require years to wipe out. Before a drop of blood was shed, simply because an oppressed [half housed and half mortgaged] people gave the [Masonic] coolies the ticket of leave, he hastily telegraphs the President, demanding the protection of Government troops and a proclamation at once. The proclamation was issued, commanding the 'outlaws' and 'mob' to disperse, and it was printed in every paper in the land, nearly. [Mason] exaggerated the trouble beyond a doubt, and his injudicious haste and anxiety in telegraphing the President was doubtless caused by a desire to curry favor in the eyes of the present administration. The danger of giving out to the world the *false* impression that we are an ignorant, unlawful and riotous people, and probability of hurting our chances for admission and self government, did not curb the Governor's anxiety for notoriety. Therefore, let him be relegated to the obscurity and oblivion into which he would place our people. Men and even women have been arrested on the charge of inciting riot. They have agitated the Chinese question and advocated the policy of boycotting the aliens, for which they were arrested on the above charge."

* * *

"In an interview with a merchant of Seattle it was ascertained that much of the trouble in that place arises from the fact that two prominent officials and others are financially interested in keeping the Chinese from leaving. It is alleged that Governor [Mason] holds large landed interests in and about Seattle which he has leased almost exclusively to Chinamen for years, and that it is to his financial benefit to exercise his power and influence to keep his tenants from going away.

It is positively stated that were it not for the parties named, the Chinese would be quite willing to leave the place, as they are boycotted on every side, and law-abiding citizens would aid in their departure."

* * *

"The order calling the troops away from Seattle has been rescinded on the information furnished the Government that it was the calculation to introduce into the city, upon the withdrawal of the soldiers, 600 armed men to take possession, and expel the remaining Chinamen and the disreputable citizens ('white Chinamen') who took a prominent part [against the people.]"

* * *

"When Seattle endeavored to remove the Chinese incubus, some 'very loyal' officers of the Government saw an opportunity to give their abilities an airing. When bloodshed ensued the boomers of Seattle saw an opportunity for a big 'whirl' in calling for troops. Governor [Mason] gave it the impetus of official momentum by a declaration of martial law, which made a perfect 'whirl' *of dollars around the vortex of his pocket.*"

"If the party courts defeat, it will nominate Governor [Mason] for delegate. He of all others would be most weighted down by the hot-headed acts of last February. He *was the tool of a ring of speculative politicians*, who by their tumultuous proceedings have brought a taint upon the whole Territory. The people have grown tired of dictation, and would desire no better opportunity than to slaughter our redoubtable Bombastes Furioso at the polls. The crank for turning on the martial law alarm is not the lever for good work. The man who has achieved distinction solely on account of wealth, is not the one in whom the laborer would place his trust. The fop can have nothing in his composition, natural or acquired, that can compensate for the hole on one side of his brain. He whose physical energy must be constantly braced up by hot cushions, and whose spiritual nature is so refined that he cannot eat off dishes used by others, should not be allowed to wander far from home. He belongs to the kid-glove gentry, and he figures more as a dude than a statesman."

* * *

"It is said that the only persons who have made anything out of the martial law at Seattle have been the landlords who have rented quarters for the soldiers at '49 prices."

"The Salem *Talk* suggests that Governor [Mason] be sent to Utah to settle the Mormon difficulty. He can have a few unoffending citizens shot down and then 'stand in' with the ['good'] judiciary and proclaim martial law to protect them from retaliatory measures. This prompt and patriotic course would strike terror to the hearts of the rabble and at once restore harmony."

"The *Talk* is evidently sarcastic in the recommendation, and our Governor will readily see there is no money in it, unless he first obtain the control of a few shacks in Mormonland to hire to the Government for barracks at rates which would be considered a fair rental for the Palmer House in Chicago."

* * *

"King county presents her little bill of $4,000 to the Government for expenses incurred in the late disturbances. This, we presume, is for the 'relief' of the smaller fishes which did not get their fins in at the rate of *$100 per day*, like the big whale—*Governor* [*Mason*].

Everything is fish that came in [the gangs] net. When it fails to press each good thing as it turns up, it will be when its toes are in the air."

* * *

"*Tacoma, Washington Territory, August 18th, 1886.*

The following additional resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, W. C. [Mason], Governor of Washington Territory, on the 8th day of February, in the city of Seattle, in violation of his oath of office and the laws of the land and in contravention of the liberties of free men guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, did proclaim martial law and suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and did unlawfully and wrongfully arrest and imprison citizens without any charge or crime against them; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, By the democracy of Washington Territory in convention assembled:

"*First*, That said W. C. Mason has by his conduct brought disgrace and contempt on the official position held by him.

"*Second*, That the President is earnestly requested by this convention to remove said Governor from his official position."

* * *

"*The people's party convention* adopted the following resolutions unanimously:

"*Whereas*, The action of Governor [Mason] in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* and declaring martial law, and coercing with federal troops our sister city Seattle in time of peace, when the civil authorities were fully able and competent to preserve the same, was an act of usurpation of power only paralleled by the autocrat of Russia.

"The outrage on the people's rights and liberties was an act of usurpation without parallel in our history—such as causes great commotion and alarm among our people and calls for the severest condemnation. Therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That our people have no confidence in W. C. [Mason] as Governor of this Territory, and severely condemn his actions as executive, and ask all people to unite in prayers for the removal of this unworthy servant."

* * *

"*The Supreme Court* of the United States has rendered an important decision affecting the question of the powers of the Federal Government in prosecuting individuals engaged in molesting or driving out Chinese residents within any of the States. The case was that of Baldwin and others charged with driving the Chinese out of Nicalaus, California, within the last year.

The court holds, re-affirming United States *vs.* Harris, 106 United States reports, page 629, that the Federal Government has no jurisdiction under the present state of law, and that the matter rests entirely with the local State courts, *and that section 5,519* Revised Statutes United States, is unconstitutional, in whole and in part, reverses the judgment of the Circuit court of the United States for California and remand the case for further proceedings. This must ensure the discharge of the defendants."

"This case was reviewed in connection with our Chinese conspiracy cases by a correspondent ('Skeptic'). It was there shown that our citizens had been indicted, tried and convicted under this same section (5,519 R. S.) declared unconstitutional by the Supreme court, *but notwithstanding that,* Judges Sawyer, Greene and Hoyt *held it constitutional.*

"Meantime our '(Olympia) conspirators,' so-called, have served out their sentence, and the Seattle and Tacoma parties, so charged, have been acquitted by juries of their peers, after the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Government to convict."

["Where God hath a temple, the masonic devil will have a secret chapel."]

"I desire to enter my protest and arouse public indignation against the greatest outrage on individual liberty and the constitution and laws that has occurred in the unfortunate Chinese agitation at Seattle. I refer to the Governor's infamous conduct in suspending the operation of the writ of habeas corpus and establishing martial law in Seattle, and to subject its people to all the horrors of an irresponsible military despotism—to allow them to be imprisoned without lawful warrant and convicted without a jury trial.

Here is the Governor of [masonic-ridden] Washington Territory arrogating to himself powers *beyond those of the President, and which Congress can exercise only* '*when in cases of rebellion or invasion* the public safety may require it.' (Constitution U. S., Article 1, Section 9, and amendments 5 and 6.)

To prevent great inconvenience and wrong to individuals, the public condemnation should be uttered with no uncertain sound.

[So it should be as to innocent victims languishing in prison that the brutal tyrants spurn.]

It is bad enough that we should have a Governor who, by constant appeals to the general government for aid [for his brethren] admits that we are not capable of administering our own affairs, but when his timidity prompts such violent and unconstitutional usurpation of authority, then it is full time that the administration should give us an executive who has the wisdom and courage to enforce the laws by lawful means. W. H. D."

"We think this protest is timely, and none too strong. According to the decision of the Supreme court in the Mulligan case—growing out of the civil war, reported in 4 Wall—martial rule can only be called into exercise by Congress, or temporarily when the action of Congress cannot be invited, or in justifying or excusing peril by the President, in times of insurrection or invasion, or civil or foreign war, within districts or localities where ordinary law no longer secures public safety or private rights.

It is only lawful in districts actually occupied by the opposing forces and in which the civil courts are for the time being completely displaced. It cannot [lawfully] exist where the courts are open and in the proper and undisturbed exercise of their jurisdiction. [In Seattle the 'agitators' appealed in vain to the courts.]

It is also confined to the locality of actual war. As decided in this case it could not exist in the State of Indiana *during the civil war.*

None of the circumstances under which martial law is permissible with the suspension of habeas corpus exist at Seattle, and not even Congress would have the right to do what Governor [*Mason*] *has assumed to do.*

As the Supreme Court declares, when not authorized, martial law is '*mere lawless violence.*'

[And the blacklegs called it 'law and order.']

The most that the Governor was authorized to do, was to call upon the militia or upon the President for the regular army, which is the ultimate police to assist him in the exercise of his civil power in preserving the peace."

[Plato defined man as "a two-legged animal without feathers—having broad, flat nails."]

* * *

"A convention of the people held in Oregon resolved that:

'*Whereas*, In defiance of article 1, section 9, and amendments 5 and 6 of the Constitution of the United States, and in utter violation of law, Governor [Mason] of Washington Territory has, with all the insolence of imperialism, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, free speech and liberty of assemblage, and declared martial law in defiance of the law of the land, as declared by the United States Supreme Court in 4 Wall, in the case of Mulligan; and

Whereas, in addition to said illegal act a mob of his supporters fired upon an assemblage of people, killing one and wounding three other people in Seattle, on the 8th day of February, 1886; and

Whereas said [Mason] has illegally imprisoned and deprived of liberty various citizens of the United States without process of law;

Resolved, that our Representatives in Congress be instructed to prefer articles of impeachment against said Governor [Mason], and to present the same for action to the House of Representatives at once.

Resolved, that fifty thousand copies of these resolutions be printed and that they be forwarded to every labor organization, anti-Chinese league and every Granger's association in the United States, with the request that each such organization ratify, adopt and approve these resolutions and order them sent to theirR epresentatives in Congress, endorsed with their urgent demand for proper action thereon."

[But the trail of the masonic, highbinder serpent was over them all.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A brief, comprehensive and practical History of Masonry, Knight Templars of Malta, St. John, Hospitalers, etc.—The Crusades to possess the Holy Land, Egypt, etc.—How Jerusalem and Acre were taken and retaken.—Why the Holy Land was made a desert.—The practical workings of the Masonry and kindred orders of to-day.—Mostly the testimony of others as taken from books and the press.

WEBSTER'S definition of Mason and Masonic, and Masonry and Free-Masonry is as follows:

"Mason, an artificer in brick and stone; a Free-Mason."

"Masonic, pertaining to Masonry."

"Masonry, stone-work."

What do the kid-gloved "Masons" of to-day know about handling stone? But as *Masonry* was always an honorable productive occupation, it can easily be seen how its good name and emblems of honest toil would be stolen to be used as a false cloak and blind by those who never had and never intended to cut or handle a rod of stone in their lives; for with such cloaks and blinds and with secret intrigue they could filch the fruits of *others'* toil.

The Order or Organization of Masons was simply and only a *Trade Union* of roving mechanics of stone masons; with an apron, compass, square, plumb, mallet and trowel as working tools and true emblems of their trade. These workmen being divided into three classes: Apprentices, companions or comrades and masters.

"The word 'free' in connection with mason signifies that the person so called was free of the company, trade union or guild of masons. Those operative or working masons who were not thus made free of the guild were not permitted to work with those who were."

The original and worthy plan and the organization of real masons died out in about 1700.

History does not teach that those trade unions of masons were any different from the other working-men's unions of the day, nor that they had any doctrines peculiar to themselves.

They had their emblems of their mechanical trade-work and ceremonies like other trade federations. *There were no "mysteries."*

There are, however, many of the spurious masons of the day, who, anxious for an ancient and illustrious geneology to their craft, claim that masonry decends from the ancient "mysteries" of paganism and their heathen mythology and Gods.

But what would a trade union want of the false "doctrine" (?) of these old, exploded fables and mysterious juggleries, used as a cloak and blind to commit *the most indecent immorality and crime?*

Those stone and brick masons who were willing to earn their livelihood by honest, hard labor and production, certainly had no use for deception and pagan "mysteries" as a screen for secret crime!

On the contrary, they labored to build up, to produce and improve with their own calloused hands; not to corrupt, debauch, tear down, ravage, purloin and destroy the honest endeavors, institutions and homes of their neighbors.

In building stone churches with their hands, aprons, compasses, squares, plumbs, mallets, trowels, levels, etc., they gained the good will of priests and prelates and others of influence and power in the Government, and were thus and therefore granted special privileges, such as exemption and freedom from certain taxes. And in return, as a matter of courtesy, this trade union of working stone and brick masons would admit these benefactors to their union as *honorary* members. This appears to have been the entering wedge of the total destruction of the ancient society of masonry. Other men who did not work, except with their wits and tongues, then—on account of the privileges they hoped to enjoy without earning them—applied, and, by hook or crook, got themselves admitted as honorary or "accepted" masons, and these barnacles finally became so numerous and ruinous that the original plan, principles, and organization of active or "operative" or real Free-Masonry had died out in about *1700*.

"There was always some lord or count or duke, who was willing to act as president of the dying order."

In 1717, about 172 years ago, operative, or honest and productive masonry, without any revolting pagan "mysteries," may be said to have ended, and "speculative" or spurious, despoiling and "mysterious" masonry —which *is the masonry of to-day* and of blackleg officials—"may be said to begin."

They purloined and perverted the emblems of the honest toil of the old mechanical labor union of stone and brick masons, that they had *barnacled and murdered,* to the uses of their pagan "mystery"—jugglery —blackleg-gang, to flourish in the eyes of the people for a blind with the Bible, to which these midnight infidels proclaim their reverence with flourish and parade in the streets, when such notorious infidels as Voltaire and Tom Paine were such prominent brethren in the gang. And they declare that "whether the candidate or brother is devoted to Brahma, Allah, Jehovah, or Jesus, is no concern of theirs; or whether he accepts the Bible of the Christian, the Talmud of the Jew, the Koran of the Mohammedan, the Zend Avesta of the Persian, the Pidda's of the Hindoos, or the Edda's of the Goth as a true book of inspiration, is a matter left entirely to himself."

The craft of honest, working, productive masonry appears to have been killed in much the same way as the farmers' Grange in the United States; non-producers and enemies to honest labor, even spurious masons, odd-fellows, and other like barnacles, having got into the grange, were a secret wheel within a wheel, which they run backwards, over the producers, thus stripping and spoiling the wrecks they were making.

* * *

"Let us not inculcate that crimes lose their names and change their nature, because they are successful, or that because masonry has taken too firm a root to be eradicated its fruit is no longer poisonous. We have to contemplate a triumphant conqueror, who will neither pardon our ineffectual hostility, nor believe in our unnatural reconciliation."

"We are indeed abandoned by the courts, which not only fails to protect us, but weaken the security which we derive from our own suspicions. Is there a citizen in the United States whose person is at this moment protected from masonic intrigue and violence?"

* * *

"*The bane of joy, the spring, the* SOURCE,
The gall of every other curse."

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than in facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

* * *

"The power of the government should be trusted only to those who are attached to it above all other governments. A king, a parliament, a congress, or an army of a different allegiance from that which the government professes, would be as absurd as to trust the dearest concerns of a minor in the hands of a person who had the most immediate interest to betray them. In vain would you plead in favor of such a trust that the guardian would be above taking advantage of his situation, nobody in his senses would think of putting his virtues to so severe a trial."

* * *

The Knight Templars of Malta, St. John, Hospitalers, etc., etc., were a monastic disciplined military society of zealots—for blood and plunder. They were armed, and generally mounted, and protected by heavy armor and coats of iron, and engaged to fight the Turks, the Tartars and the Saracens in the bloody and disastrous crusades, to invade, pillage and hold the Holy Lands, Egypt and sections of other dominions, and they received big pay and plunder for their services. They made murdering and plundering expeditions against the caravans of pilgrims travelling to worship at Mecca, and became so obnoxious and revolting to the people of the country—who called them "the swinish race"—that they were out-lawed and a price put on their heads.

"Unlike the foot soldier of to-day in his simple uniform, who stands firm and steady in the face of both rifle and cannon, these Knights of old were covered from head to foot with a sheathing of iron mail and plate."

And when the rifle and cannon came into use, which would allow them no great advantage over other men, but compelled an even fight, they went into other and more secret business, so as to still have an unfair advantage in gaining or destroying what others had produced—as one of their family says:

"My ancestors kept on with their commonplace occupation of slaughter and robbery as Knights, or intrigue and cruelty as priests. They had varied fortunes, now carousing in their own halls after a successful foray, anon chafing in irons between the walls of an enemy's dungeon. They were a versatile race, and when plate-mail went out of fashion, because the people had learned the use of fire-arms, my people were the first to recognize the changed condition. Thereafter they figured in the *learned professions*, and sought to secure by persuasion and the advantage of superior knowledge what they used to take by force." Others say that they figured more largely as pirates in the Mediterranian and thus lived sumptuously on naked islands in the sea.

* * *

Here is an account of some of their "victories" and cold-blooded slaughter on land and also their defeat. They were promised by the "Christian" King of Jerusalem the plunder of the wealthy city of Belbeis in Egypt for their pay if they would capture and hold the place; so "the Egyptians were taken completely by surprise, the city of Belbeis was taken and the defenseless inhabitants were barbarously massacred. Their cruelty and injustice, however, speedily met with condign punishment and the Knights fled before the Egyptians in sorrow and disappointment to Jerusalem, their piety dwindled and they went to killing each other in their constant quarrels."

* * *

In 1099 the Knights, with about 700,000 other "Christians," had taken Jerusalem from the Saracens or Caliphs of Egypt, and not only put all who resisted to the sword, but also massacred about 10,000 inoffensive citizens, men, women and children. Then laying down their arms they waded through the sea of human blood to the Holy Sepulchre. "They gave the city up to pillage and slaughter, and exhibited a scene of cruelty, barbarity, carnage and distress, too shocking to be conceived of or described; and when neither age nor sex remained to glut the vengeance of their swords, they approached the sepulchre, their hands yet warm with the blood of the aged, the infant and the mother, and paid their devotions at the shrine of the prince of peace. Godfrey, King of France, was chosen king of Jerusalem."

* * *

To rid the country of such invaders, the Holy Land with its thickly populated districts and innumerable clusters of villages, quantities of strong castles, and eighty cities, was all reduced to a devastated wilderness in 1291, and governed by the Turks, to whom Jerusalem was also "the Holy City."

In this re-taking of Jerusalem by the turks, "the air was rent with the loud Mussulman shouts, the Holy City! the Holy City! When they had finished their prayers, the loud trumpets of Saladin summoned the Christians to surrender the House of God to the arms of the faithful; but the Christians returned for answer that, please God, the Holy City should not be surrendered. The next morning at sunrise the terrified inhabitants were awaked by the clangor of horses and drums, the loud clash of arms and the fierce cries of the foe.

The women and children rushed to the churches and threw themselves on their knees before the altar, weeping and wailing and lifting up their hands to Heaven, while the men hastened to man the battlements. Monks and canons, bishops and priests, took arms in defense of the Holy Sepulchre, and lined in warlike array the dark gray battlements and towers of Jerusalem.

But the Mussulman archers soon became so numerous and so expert that the garrison dare not show themselves upon the wall. Saladin also employed his troops in the construction of military engines, stationing 10,000 cavalry around the city to intercept fugitives and prevent the introduction of supplies. When his engines were completed he directed all his efforts against the northern wall of the city, which extended between St. Steven's Gate and the Gate of Joppa, from which the successful assaults had been made by the crusaders eighty-eight years before.

Barefoot processions of women, monks and priests were continually made to the Holy Sepulchre, to implore the Son of God to save his tomb and his inheritance from impious violation. The females as a mark of humility and distress, imitating the Saracens, cut off their hair and cast it to the winds, while the ladies of Jerusalem made their daughters do penance by standing up to their necks in tubs of cold water placed upon Calvary.

To prevent the garrison from attempting to break the force of the battering rams, Saladin constructed vast engines for throwing stones, and other machines, which cast enormous stones, and the terrible Greek fire and combustible materials contained in brass pots, and flaming beams of timber covered with pitch and naphta, upon the ramparts and over the walls into the city. He, moreover, employed miners to sap the foundations of the towers, and on the 16th of September, 1187, the angle of the northern wall, at the northwest where it touches the valley Hinnom, was thrown down with a tremendous crash.

In the morning a suppliant deputation proceeded to Saladin to implore his mercy, but ere they reached the imperial tent the assault had commenced, and twelve Moslem banners waved in triumph upon the breach. The Sultan accordingly refused to hear the messengers, declaring that he would take Jerusalem from the Franks as they had taken it from the Moslems—sword in hand. However, the liberty and security of the inhabitants were purchased for about $750 dollars for each man.

"Saladin restored the sacred area of the temple to its original condition under the first Mussulman conqueror, the Christian bells were silent, the churches were destroyed, the Koran was read, the imaums were again heard, and Islam once more resumed its sway 1187."

* * *

After the loss of Jerusalem the city of Acre was coveted for the metropolis of the invaders, and they took it at the cost of about 300,000 "Christian" men, with as many Saracens in 1191, and strongly fortified it.

But it was recovered again after a siege of six weeks. "Neither by night nor by day did the shouts of the assailants and the noise of the military engines cease. Huge stones and beams of timber and pots of burning tar and naphta were continually hurled into the city. The walls were battered from without, and the foundations were sapped by miners who were incessantly laboring to advance their works. More than 600 catapults, ballistae and other instruments of destruction were directed against the fortifications, and the battering machines were of such immense size and weight that 100 wagons were required to transport the separate timbers of one of them. Movable towers were erected by the Moslem, so as to overtop the walls. Their workmen and advanced parties were protected by hurdles covered with rawhides, and all the military contrivances which the art and the skill of the age could produce were used to facilitate the assault. Day by day the number of the garrison was thinned by the sword, whilst in the enemy's camp the places of the dead were constantly supplied by fresh warriors, animated with the same wild fanaticism in the cause of their religion as that which distinguished the invaders.

After thirty-three days of constant fighting the great tower, considered the key of the fortifications and called by the Moslem the 'Cursed Tower,' was thrown down by the military engines. To increase the terror and distraction of the besieged, Sultan Khalil mounted 300 drummers with their drums upon as many dromedaries, and had them make as much noise as possible whenever a general assault was ordered."

"At sunrise the air resounded with a deafening noise of drums and trumpets, and the breach was carried and recovered several times. Loud appeals to God and to Mohammed, to Jesus Christ, to the Virgin Mary, to Heaven and the Saints were to be heard on all sides, and after an obstinate engagement from sunrise to sunset darkness put an end to the slaughter. The miners continued incessantly to advance their operations. Another wide breach was opened in the walls, and on the third day the enemy made the final assault on the side next the gate of St. Anthony. The panic-stricken garrison fled to the port, and the Moslem rushed on with tremendous shouts of "*Allah hu Achbar!*"

Thousands of panic-stricken invaders now fled to the seaside and sought with frantic violence to gain possession of the ships and boats that rode at anchor in the port. But a frightful storm of wind and rain and lightning hung over the dark and agitated waters of the sea. The elements themselves warred against the invaders, and the loud-pealing thunder became mingled with the din and uproar of the assault and the clash of arms. The boats and vessels were swamped by the singing waves and the bitter cries of the perishing fugitives ascended alike from the sea and the shore. Thousands fled to the churches for refuge but found none.

The Grand Master of the Knight Templars with his companions—deserting these fugitives which were under their protection—loaded themselves with treasure, and escaped in the night through a secret passage they had provided for themselves, communicating with the harbor, boarded vessels in waiting, and escaped in safety to the island of Cyprus, which was after this their headquarters. The Moslem Mamelukes set fire to the town in four places. The walls, the towers and the ramparts were demolished, and the last stronghold of the "Christians" in Palestine was speedily reduced to a smoking solitude.

Thus closed the long and furious struggle between the Crescent and the Cross, A. D. 1291. The few remaining Christians in the Holy Land were chased from ruin to ruin and exterminated. The churches, the houses and the fortifications along the sea coast were demolished, and everything that could afford shelter and security, or invite the approach of the Crusaders from the West, was carefully destroyed. The houses were all set on fire, *the trees were cut down* and burned, the land was everywhere laid waste, and all the maritime country, from Laodicea to Ascalon, was made a dessert. "Every trace of the crusader," says an Arabian writer, "was removed, and thus it shall remain, please God, until the day of Judgment!"

* * *

The Knight Templars had been in bad repute for a long time in Europe on account of their bad conduct, and their pay, which had been immense, was stopped. So now many of them went into the service of the King of the Mogul-Pagan-Tartars in Persia to assist in his expeditions of conquest and plunder. Sometimes they would be hired by the Tartars t fight, murder and ravage for them, and then by others to fight, murde and plunder the Tartars. But they were generally defeated and returned to the islands in the Mediterranean sea, though many were scattered over Europe, and were considered a nuisance to the communities and governments in and under which they lived. They were opposed to paying toll and taxes like other people, and wanted to hold courts and try offenders of their order. Like the Masons, Indians, Chinamen and Mormons of to-day they wanted a government of their own within the general government, and live in clannish tribal relations, while they filched a livelihood from others, and were therefore never good citizens of any country. Like the secret gangs of to-day, they were notorious for shielding their criminals against the government and real citizens of the country.

They loved to ape the Pagan despots and preserve the lewd secret evils and myths and "mysteries" of pagan priests that they embraced while serving the Mogul and other Kings as venal mercenaries.

"At the outset the Templars were supposed to be of blameles character, unmarried and to remain single the whole of their lives. They were also to give up to the order all their property and to devote themselves exclusively to the service of God, the sick and the poor, and the defense of the Holy Land. Their food was originally bread and water, and their couch only a sack of straw, all of which, together with their garments, were regularly distributed among them by their Grand Master, to whom they were sworn to obey."

It was thus that the order was richly endowed and paid, with revenues and estates by pious and enthusiastic people for the cause of charity and religion. But when this was curtailed and their pay stopped, they threw off their cloak of meekness and charity (and *embraced paganism*). Indeed, they had done so before, and the loss of Jerusalem and the Holy Land was charged to their cowardice, jealousies and treachery; *after which* their estates were taken by the government and devoted to charity and religion (*the cause for which they were intended*) by giving them to the poor.

Later we find them fighting for the King of what now forms a part of Prussia. They were to get for their pay concessions of important rights and privileges, and the possession of all the land they might conquer or rob from the owners during the war. In this way they possessed large districts along the Baltic Sea, governed by a "Landmaster."

"During these events the order had assumed a new form and character. Instead of the original name of brothers, the knights now addressed each other as master; and, indeed, acted as such in the strictest sense of the term. They became imperious, insolent, haughty, tyrannical, despotic, and led a dissipated, evil and luxurious life at the expense of their Prussian subjects, who figured as the *most wretched, oppressed and miserable creatures in Europe*," [and this is their disposition to-day]. "Nowhere was bondage carried to such an extent as under the rule of the Knights, who were intoxicated by war and plunder, and plunged in sensual ["mystic"] enjoyments and vice. Hence the continual insurrections, devastations of towns and lands, complaints and difficulties; hence the hated decrees of the Pope and Emperor; the incessant disputes with the clergy and bishops of rank, which finally resulted in prostration and exhaustion of their strength and power."

They were excommunicated by Pope John XXII., and finally in 1809 Napoleon abolished the order, and since then it has existed only in name.

* * *

The Knights that settled on the islands of the Mediterranean Sea appear to have engaged successfully in piracy, for example: "They found Malta a poor, naked, arid rock, with neither river, rivulet or spring; in summer it was intolerably hot, with not a tree to relieve the eye." Yet, without producing anything, when they were driven off and exterminated for their crimes, "it was an island of palaces."

* * *

"*Cruelty of Knights.*"—In the mediæval history of Europe, says J. A. Farrar, in the so-called times of chivalry, a far worse spirit prevailed with regard to the treatment of captives. Knight Godfrey of Bouillon, one of the brightest memories of chivalry, was responsible for the promiscuous slaughter of three days which the crusaders exacted for the six weeks siege which it cost them to take Jerusalem (1099). They had 1190 Swabian prisoners delivered to the executioner at Milan, or shot from military engines.

Charles of Anjou reserved many prisoners taken at the battle of Benventuno to be killed as criminals on his entrance into Naples. When they took the castle Pesquiere from the Venetians, they slew all but three who surrendered to the pleasure of the King; and Louis XII., who is counted for a humane monarch, though his victims offered 100,000 ducats for their lives, swore that he would neither eat nor drink till they were hanged.

When the town of Rouen surrendered to Henry V., of England, the latter stipulated for three of the citizens to be left to his disposal, of whom two purchased their lives and the third was beheaded (1419). When the same King the year following was besieging the castle of Monterau, he sent some twenty prisoners to treat with the Governor for a surrender; but when the Governor refused even to save their lives, and when, after a fearful leave-taking with their wives and relatives, they had been escorted back to the English army, the Knight King of England ordered a gallows to be erected, and had them all hanged.

When the English took the castle of Rougemont by storm and some sixty of its defenders alive, with the loss of only one Englishman, Knight Henry V., in revenge for his death, caused all the prisoners to be drowned in the Loire.

When Meaux surrendered to the same King, it was stipulated that six of its bravest defenders should be delivered up to *justice*, four of whom were beheaded at Paris, and its commander at once hung to a tree outside the walls of the city.

Take for another example, Richard Cœur de Lion. He is the ideal knight-errant of every school-boy and school-girl—the darling of romance. He was in point of fact an unmitigated ruffian, and, incredible as it may appear, a cannibal. One day, under the walls of Acre, being convalescent he had a great desire for some pork, and no pork was to be had. They accordingly killed for him a young Saracen, plump and tender, cooked and salted him, and the Knight King ate him and found him very good.

Thereupon he desired to see the head of the pig. The cook, in some trepidation, brought him in. Knight Richard laughed heartily, and observed that the army had nothing to fear from famine, having such excellent provisions in store.

Shortly after the town was taken, and Saladin's ambassadors came to sue for pardon for the prisoners. The High Grand Knight King ordered thirty of the most noble of them to be beheaded and the heads to be boiled and cooked. This accomplished, the heads were labelled with the names of the dead men and served up to the Saracen ambassadors.

In their presence the Very Worthy Grand High Chief Knight Richard ate a likely looking head with much relish, and bade them tell Saladin how the "Christians" made war.

He then ordered sixty thousand helpless prisoners to be led out into a plain, where they were all ruthlessly butchered. "When he took a town it was his habit to murder everybody, women and children included."

"He made an effort to sell the City of London and all it contained to the Jews, and missed no opportunity of plundering and oppressing his English subjects, for whom he had precisely the same sort of regard as the lion for his prey."

"All this is well known to historians; yet the youths of the country are taught in school and college by these latter day Knight Templars [who lay the corner stones of our public buildings] to look up to this unalloyed villain as one of the glories of the English race and name."

* * *

There were dark rumors and odious reports concerning the conduct of the Templars, and finally (1307—8) those in France and England were, by the influence of the Christian Church (which had been their main support as a "charitable society") arrested, and horrible charges made against them and "proven by the courts" to be true—*many confessing to the same.*

"Though professing to be Christians, they were accused of worshiping an idol, covered with an old skin, embalmed, having the appearance of a polished oil cloth. In this idol, it was asserted, 'there were two carbuncles for eyes, bright as the brightness of heaven, and it is certain that all the hope of the Templars was placed in it. It was their sovereign God, and they trusted in it with all their heart.'"

"They were accused of burning the bodies of deceased brethren and making the ashes into a powder, which they administered to their younger brethren in their food and drink, to make them hold fast to their faith and idolatry; of cooking and roasting infants and anointing their idols with the fat; of celebrating hidden rites and *mysteries*, to which young and tender virgins were introduced, and of a variety of abominations [*pagan* '*mysteries*,' *indeed!*] too horrible to be named.

That the Templars had a hollow place or cave in the earth [nowadays they use the upper story of a building] in which they had an image in the form of a man, which they had invested with the skin of a human body, and in which were inserted two bright and glittering carbuncles in lieu of eyes. At this horrible statue they who craved to enter their damnable religion were compelled to sacrifice; whom, before all ceremonies, they obliged to deny Jesus Christ and to foul the cross with their feet.

After they had profaned the Holy object, in which girls and boys, seduced to be of their sect, assisted, they put out the lamps and lights they had in the cave, and if it happened that a Templar and a girl had a child, they ranged themselves in a circle and threw the babe from hand to hand, until it died by violence. Being dead they roasted it (horrible act!) and of its fat anointed the grand statue (idol)."

Nearly all confessed their treason and crimes and were pardoned; but it is stated that "for the glory of God, the stability of the faith and of the Holy Church" 113 were executed.

In the trial given them in England by the Church, the Pope said: "In truth, a long time ago there came to our ears a rumor that the Templars, though fighting ostensibly under the guise of religion for the acquisition, detention and defence of the Holy Land, have hitherto been secretly living in perfidous apostasy and in detestable, heretical depravity, which we were unwilling to yield a ready belief to the accusation." But after investigating the matter the Pope declared, in a papal bull, himself perfectly convinced of the guilt of the order, and "solemnly denounces the penalty of excommunication against all persons of whatever rank, station or condition in life, whether clergy or laity, who should knowingly afford either publicly or privately assistance, counsel or kindness to the Templars, or should dare to shelter them, or give them countenance or protection; and also laying under interdict all cities, castles, lands and places, which should harbor any of the members of the proscribed order."

[This was a first-class boycot!]

* * *

The Templars were accused, and many of them confessed as follows, in brief:

1. "That at their reception into the Order, as soon as an opportunity occurred, they were induced or admonished by those who had received them within the bosom of the fraternity, to deny Christ, or Jesus, or the crucifixion, or at one time God, and at another time the Blessed Virgin, and sometimes all the saints.

5. That the receivers told and instructed those that were received that Christ was not the true God, or sometimes Jesus, or sometimes the person crucified.

7. That they said he had not suffered for the redemption of mankind, nor been crucified except for his own sins.

9. That they made those they received into the Order spit upon the cross or the image of Christ.

10. That they caused the cross itself to be trampled under foot.

11. That the brethren themselves did trample on the same cross.

14. That they worshipped a cat which was placed in the midst of the congregation.

16. That they did not believe the sacrament of the Church.

24. That it was believed and so it was told them that the Grand Master of the Order could absolve them from their sins.

26. That the visitors could do so.

26. That the Preceptors, of whom many were laymen, could do so.

36. That the receptions of the brethren were made clandestinely.

37. That none were present except the brothers of the said Order.

38. That for this reason there has for a long time been a vehement suspicion against them.
46. That the brothers themselves had idols in every province, viz., heads, some of which had three faces, and some one, and some a man's skull.
47. That they adored that idol, or those idols, especially in their great chapters or assemblies.
48. That they worshipped them.
49. As their God.
50. As their Saviour.
51. That some of them did so.
52. That the greater part did.
53. They said that those heads could save them.
54. That they could produce riches.
55. That they had given to the Order all its wealth.
56. That they caused the earth to bring forth seed.
57. That they made the trees to flourish.
58. That they bound or touched the heads of the said idols with cords wherewith they bound themselves about their shirt or next their skin.
59. That at their reception, the aforesaid little cord, or others of the same length were delivered to each of the brothers.
60. That they did this in worship of their idols.
61. That it was enjoined them to gird themselves with the said little cords as before mentioned, and continually to wear them.
62. That the brethren of the Order were generally received in that manner.
63. That they did these things out of devotion.
64. That they did them everywhere.
65. That the greater part did. That those who refused the things above mentioned at their reception, or to observe them afterwards, were killed or cast into prison. [*And twenty-one other charges of devilish and indecent pagan "mysteries."*]

It was provided that the examination by torture should be conducted without mutilation or disabling of any limb, and without effusion of blood. [This being more humane than the conduct of the masons of to-day towards their prisoners.]

It appears that the most of the Templars confessed their sins and apostatized, and were reconciled to the church and State; others—*with their indecent pagan "mysteries"*—united with the spurious masons (*of which is the masonry of to-day*) while others were convicted and executed or imprisoned by the courts for their crimes, 1307 to 1320, and their ill-gotten property given to the poor.

* * *

Sometimes Knight Templars were known as "Brazen Serpents!" and —though a troop of soldiers, or human butchers, or a gang of pirates would have no use for the square, trowel, level and plumb—their emblems of a brazen serpent, skull and crossbones, and dagger, and pagan dress, are truly emblematic of their character and conduct.

* * *

"Attempts have been made to incorporate the Knights into [real] masonry, and their cross has been adopted by some of the high degrees [of the spurious order] but history fails to show the slightest trace of any actual connection between the orders."

Templarism superseded all other forms of Knighthood. As the one sank into decay and became the *butt and ridicule* of Cervantes and other authors, it was melted into the other, and these united with the speculative, anti-working, spurious masons, *adopting it into their code of pagan doctrines and indecent, lewd "mysteries"* and opening their own institutions to its numerous associations, they gained thereby an accession of power nearly equal to their own.

And of such is the masonry, etc., of to-day!

Larousse furnishes another explanation of the strained connection between the old and the new, and states that in the eighteenth century, certain members of the masonic lodge took up the idea of perpetuating the ancient order of Templars, and to this end affiliated themselves with several distinguished personages who were imbued with *deistical* ideas.

Gradually the order lost its distinctive character and was melted into speculative [or spurious] masonry. The old order has passed away with the old ages that brought it into existence, but the old pagan fables and obscene, lewd "mysteries" are still cherished.

* * *

Masonry was largely a Jewish craft, and therefore *could not be a Christian order.*

And they (the Jews) scattered it through the countries of Europe and by the union of Templarism and spurious masonry, found their best and congenial friends among the Templars with their stock of pagan idolatry and "mysterious" polutions. And both being sly, heartless and grasping in the pursuit of gain, without work or production. So that, although one boasts of having battled for the cross and the glory of Christ, and the other glories in having crucified Jesus on the cross, yet, this mongrel, kid-gloved-spurious-midnight.masonry and pagan-idolatrous-Templarism is such that they, the Tartar, the Chinaman, and the Mormon—in their sly greed, cruelty and clanishness—dwell and conspire together in unison and brotherly love against the Government that is not clanish, pagan and kingly enough for them, and against its full-fledged citizens and producers.

Patriotism and religion, equal rights and privileges, level justice and charity to all, are discarded, spit upon and trampled in the mire of their black deceit, love of cruelty, grasping greed, and their hatred of the truth!

* * *

"I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it who so lists."

"I never could believe that providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden."

"They damped every pleasure, every bliss destroyed,
And nipped the budding blossom of my joy."

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame:
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'er-labor'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless off-springs mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?"

* * *

Oath of a Candidate in the First Degree of Free-Masonry.

From "The Mysteries of Free-Masonry," as written by Captain William Morgan. By George R. Crafts, formerly Thrice Puissant Grand Master of Manitou Council, New York."

"As soon as the candidate is placed in this position, the Worshipful Master approaches him, and says, 'Mr. A. B., you are now placed in a proper position to take upon you the solemn oath or obligation of an Entered Apprentice Mason,* which I assure you is neither to affect your religion nor politics. If you are willing to take it, repeat your name, and say after me:

'I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this worshipful Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, dedicated to God, and held forth to the holy order of St. John, do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, that I will always hail, ever conceal, and never reveal any part or parts, art or arts, point or points of the secrets, arts and mysteries of ancient Free Masonry, which I have received, am about to receive, or may hereafter be instructed in, to any person or persons in the known world, except it be a true and lawful brother Mason, or within the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such, and not unto him, nor unto them whom I shall hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be, after strict trial and due examination or lawful information. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not write, print, stamp, stain, hew, cut, carve, indent, paint, or engrave it on anything moveable or immovable, under the whole canopy of heaven, whereby, or whereon the least letter, figure, character, mark, stain, shadow, or resemblance of the same may become legible or intelligible to myself or any other person in the known world, whereby the secrets of Masonry may be unlawfully obtained through my unworthiness. To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, without the least equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever; *binding myself under no less penalty, than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours;* so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the true performance of the same."

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* In many Lodges this is put in the form of a question thus: "Are you willing to take an obligation upon you that does not affect your politics or religion?" The promise "to conform," made before entering the Lodge, the "assurance that the oath is not to interfere with their political or religious principles," and the manner the obligation is administered, only two or three words being repeated at a time, consequently not fully understood, are among the reasons which have led many great and good men to take oaths incompatible with the laws of God and our country.

OATH OF THE SECOND, OR FELLOW CRAFT MASON'S DEGREE.

"Brother, you are now placed in a proper position to take on you the solemn oath, or obligation, of a Fellow Craft Mason, which I assure you, as before, is neither to affect your religion nor politics; if you are willing to take it, repeat your name, and say after me:"—

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God, and this Worshipful Lodge of Fellow Craft Masons, dedicated to God, and held forth to the holy order of St. John, do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, in addition to my former obligation, that I will not give the degree of a Fellow Craft Mason to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any other being in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or brethren Fellow Craft Masons, or within the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such; and not unto him nor unto them whom I shall hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be, after strict trial and due examination, or lawful information. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not wrong this Lodge, nor a brother of this degree, to the value of two cents, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and of the Grand Lodge of this State, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other Lodge, of which I may at any time hereafter become a member, as far as in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs and summons given, handed, sent, or thrown to me by the hand of a brother Fellow Craft Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such; provided it be within the length of my cable-tow, or a square and angle of my work. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and penniless brethren Fellow Crafts, their widows and orphans, wheresoever disposed round the globe, they applying to me as such, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family. To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, without the least hesitation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever; binding myself under no less penalty than to have my left breast torn open, and my heart and vitals taken from thence, and thrown over my left shoulder, and carried into the valley of Jehosaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the fields, and vultures of the air, if ever I should prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Fellow Craft Mason; so keep me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

The Master then says, "Detach your hands, and kiss the book, which is the Holy Bible, twice."

"OATH OR OBLIGATION OF A MASTER MASON,

which I assure you, as before, is neither to affect your religion nor politics. If you are willing to take it, repeat your name, and say after me:"—

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and the Worshipful Lodge of Master Masons, erected to God, and dedicated to the holy order of St. John, do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the degree of a Master Mason to any one of inferior degree, nor to any other being........Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not give the grand hailing sign of distress, except I am in real distress, or for the benefit of the craft when at work; and should I ever see that sign given, or the word accompanying it, and the person who gave it appearing to be in distress, I will fly to his relief at the risk of my life, should there be a greater probability of saving his life than of losing my own. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not wrong this Lodge, nor a brother of this degree, to the value of one cent, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not speak evil of a brother Master Mason, neither behind his back, nor before his face, but will apprise him of all approaching danger, if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not violate the chastity of a Master Mason's wife, mother, sister, or daughter, I knowing them to be such, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the State of ——, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other Lodge of which I may, at any time hereafter, become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs, summons, or tokens, given, handed, sent, or thrown to me from the hand of a brother Master Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such; provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that a Master Mason's secrets, given to me in charge as such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, murder and treason excepted; *and they left to my own election.* Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will go on a Master Mason's errand, whenever required, even should I go barefoot and bareheaded, if within the length of my cable-tow.* Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will always remember a brother Master Mason, when on my knees offering up my devotions to Almighty God. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will be aiding and assisting all poor indigent Master Masons, their wives and orphans, wheresoever disposed round the globe, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family materially. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that if any part of this my solemn oath or obligation be omitted at this time, that I will hold myself amenable thereto, whenever informed. To all of which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the North and South, my bowels burnt to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least tract or trace of remembrance remain among men or Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be were I ever to prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Master Mason; so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

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* Literally a rope several yards in length, but mystically three miles, so that a Master Mason must go on a brother Master Mason's errand whenever required the distance of three miles, should he have to go barefoot and bareheaded. In the degrees of Knighthood the distance is forty miles.

The Master then asks the candidate, "What do you most desire?" The candidate answers after his prompter, "More light." The bandage which was tied round his head in the preparation room, is, by one of the brethren, who stands behind him for that purpose, loosened and put over both eyes, and he is immediately brought to light, in the same manner as in the preceding degree, except three stamps on the floor, and three claps of the hands are given in this degree. On being brought to light, the Master says to the candidate, "You first discover, as before, three great lights in Masonry, by the assistance of three lesser, with this difference, both points of the compass are elevated above the square, which denotes to you that you are about to receive all the light that can be conferred on you in a Mason's Lodge." The Master steps back from the candidate and says, "Brother, you now discover me as Master of this Lodge, approaching you from the East, under the sign and due-guard of a Master Mason." The sign is given by raising both hands and arms to the elbows perpendicularly, one on either side of the head, the elbows forming a square. The words accompanying this sign in case of distress, are, "O Lord my God, is there no help for the widow's son!"

OATH OF A MARK MASTER MASON.

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this Right Worshipful Lodge of Mark Master Masons, do hereby and hereon, in addition to my former obligations, most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, that I will not give the degree of a Mark Master Mason to any one of inferior degree, nor to any other person in the known world. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America, also the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of this State, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this or any other Lodge of Mark Master Masons, of which I may at any time hereafter become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs and summons given, handed, sent, or thrown to me from the hand of a brother Mark Master Mason, or from the body of a just and legally constituted Lodge of such, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not wrong this Lodge, or a brother of this degree, to the value of his wages, (or one penny) myself, knowingly, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not sell, swap, barter, or exchange my mark, which I shall hereafter choose, nor send it a second time to pledge until it is lawfully redeemed from the first. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will receive a brother's mark when offered to me requesting a favor, and grant him his request, if in my power; and if it is not in my power to grant his request, I will return him his mark with the value thereof, which is half a shekel of silver, or quarter of a dollar. To all of which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less penalty, than to have my right ear smote off, that I may forever be unable to hear the word, and my right hand chopped off, as the penalty of an impostor, if I should ever prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath, or obligation, of a Mark Master Mason. So help me God, and make me steadfast to keep and perform the same." "Detach your hand and kiss the book."

OATH OF THE PAST MASTER'S DEGREE.

"The candidate kneels on both knees, lays both hands on the Holy Bible, square and compass, and takes the following oath, or obligation;

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this Worshipful Lodge of Past Master Masons, do hereby and hereon, most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the degree of Past Master Mason, or any of the secrets pertaining thereto, to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any person in the known world. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs and summons, sent, thrown, handed or given from the hand of a brother of this degree, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of Past Masters, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America; also, that of the Grand Chapter of the State of ——, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other Lodge, of which I may at any time hereafter become a member, so far as in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not assist, or be present at the conferring of this degree upon any person, who has not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, regularly received the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, and Mark Master, or been elected Master of a regular Lodge of Master Masons. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist all poor and indigent Past Master Masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed round the globe, they applying to me as such and finding them worthy, so far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that the secrets of a brother of this degree, delivered to me in charge as such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast, as they were in his own, before communicated to me; murder and treason excepted, and those left to my own election. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not wrong this Lodge, or a brother of this degree, to the value of one cent, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. All which, I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind, to keep and perform the same; binding myself under no less penalty, than to have my tongue split from tip to root; that I might forever thereafter, be unable to pronounce the word, if ever I should prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this, my solemn oath, or obligation, of a Past Master Mason. So help me God, and make me steadfast to keep and perform the same."

Oath of Most Excellent Master's Degree.

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this Lodge of Most Excellent Master Masons, do hereby and hereon, in addition to my former obligations, most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, that I will not give the degree of the most Excellent Master to any of an inferior degree, nor to any other person, or persons, in the known world. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs and summons, given, handed, sent, or thrown to me from a brother of this degree, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow, if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America; also, the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of ——, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other Lodge, of which I may, at any time hereafter, become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist all poor and indigent brethren of this degree, their widows and orphans, wheresoever dispersed round the globe, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that the secrets of a brother of this degree, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secret and inviolable in my breast as in his own, murder and treason excepted, and the same left to my own free will and choice. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not wrong this Lodge of Most Excellent Master Masons, nor a brother of this degree, to the value of anything, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it; but will give due and timely notice of all approaches of danger, if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will dispense light and knowledge to all ignorant and uninformed brethren, at all times, as far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. To all which, I do most solemnly swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my breast torn open, and my heart and vitals taken from thence, and exposed to rot on the dunghill, if ever I violate any part of this, my solemn oath, or obligation, of a Most Excellent Master Mason: so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same." "Detach your hands and kiss the book."

Oath of the Royal Arch Degree.

.. "Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not speak evil of a companion Royal Arch Mason, neither behind his back nor before his face, but will apprise him of approaching danger, if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not strike a companion Royal Arch Mason in anger, so as to draw his blood. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America; also, the constitution of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State under which this Chapter is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other Chapter of which I may hereafter become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs, summons, or tokens given, handed, sent, or thrown to me from the hand of a companion Royal Arch Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Chapter of such, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion Royal Arch Mason, when engaged in any difficulty; and espouse his cause, so far as to extricate him from the same, if in my power, whether he be right or wrong. Also, that I will promote a companion Royal Arch Mason's political preferment in preference to another of equal qualifications.* Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a companion Royal Arch Mason's secrets, given me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, *murder and treason not excepted.*† Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and indigent Royal Arch Masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed around the globe, so far as is in my power, without material injury to myself or family. All which, I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a firm and steadfast resolution to perform the same, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever; binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my skull smote off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, should I ever knowingly, or wilfully, violate or transgress any part of this my solemn oath, or obligation, of a Royal Arch Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the performance of the same."

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THRICE ILLUSTRATED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

First Obligation.—You, Mr. ——, do now, by your honor, and in view of the power and union of the Thrice Illustrious Order of the Cross, now first made known to you, and in the dread presence of the Most Holy and Almighty God, solemnly and sincerely swear and declare, that, to the end of your life, you will not, either in consideration of gain, interest, or honor, nor with good or bad design, ever take any, the least, step or measure, or be instrumental in any such object, to betray or communicate to any person, or being, or number of the same, in the known world, not thereto of cross and craft entitled, any secret or secrets, or ceremony or ceremonies, or any part thereof appertaining to the order and degree known among Masons as the Thrice Illustrious Order of the Cross. That you will not, at any time or times whatever, either now or hereafter, directly or indirectly, by letter, figure, or character, however or by whoever made, ever communicate any of the information and secret mysteries heretofore alluded to. That you will never speak on or upon, or breathe high or low, any ceremony or secret appertaining thereto, out of Council, where there shall not be two or more Knights companions of the order present, besides yourself, and that in a safe and sure place, whereby any opinion, even of the nature and general principles of the institution, can be formed by any other person, be he Mason or otherwise, than a true Knight companion of the cross; nothing herein going to interfere with the prudent practice of the duties enjoined by the order, or arrangement for their enforcement.

2. You further swear, that, should you know another to violate any essential part of this obligation, you will use your most decided endeavors, by the blessing of God, to bring such person to the strictest and most condign punishment, agreeably to the rules and usages of our ancient fraternity; and this by pointing him out to the world as an unworthy vagabond; by opposing his interest, by deranging his business, by transferring his character after him wherever he may go, and by exposing him to the contempt of the whole fraternity and the world, but of our illustrious order more especially, during his whole natural life.

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* This clause is sometimes made a distinct point in the obligation in the following form, viz: Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will vote for a companion Royal Arch Mason, before any other of equal qualifications; and in some Chapters, both are left out of the obligation.

† In some Chapters this is administered: "All the secrets of a companion without exception"

3. Should any Thrice Illustrious Knight or acting officer of any council which may have them in hand, ever require your aid in any emergency in defence of the recovery of his said charge, you swear cheerfully to exercise all assistance in his favor, which the nature of the time and place will admit even to the sacrifice of life, liberty, and property. To all, and every part thereof, we then bind you, and by ancient usage you bind yourself, under the no less infamous penalty than dying the death of a traitor, by having a spear, or other sharp instrument, like as our divine Master, thrust in your left side.

PART OF THIRD OBLIGATION OF KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

3. I swear to venerate the mark as the wisdom and decree of Heaven, to unite our hands and hearts in the work of the holy crusade, and as an encouragement to act with zeal and efficacy; and I swear to consider its testimonies as the true and only proper test of an illustrious brother of the cross.

4. I swear to wear the mark of this order, without any the least addition, except what I shall be legally entitled to by *induction*, for ever, if not without the physical means of doing so, or it being contrary to propriety; and even then, if possible, to wear the holy cross; and I swear to put a chief dependence for the said worthy and pious objects therein.

5. I swear to put confidence unlimited in every illustrious brother of the cross, as a true and worthy follower of the blessed Jesus, who has sought this land, not for private good, but pity, and the glory of the religion of the Most High and Holy God.

6. I swear never to permit my political principles nor personal interest to come counter to his, if forbearance and brotherly kindness can operate to prevent it; and never to meet him if I know it, in war or in peace, under such circumstances that I may not, in justice to myself, my cross, and my country, wish him unqualified success; and if perchance it should happen without my knowledge, on being informed thereof, that I will use my best endeavors to satisfy him, even to the relinquishing my arms and purpose. I will never shed a brother's blood nor thwart his good fortune, knowing him to be such, nor see it done by others if in my power to prevent it.

7. I swear to advance my brother's best interest, by always supporting his military fame and political preferment in opposition to another; and by employing his arms or his aid in his vocation, under all circumstances where I shall not suffer more by so doing, than he, by my neglecting to do so, but this never to the sacrifice of any vital interest in our holy religion, or in the welfare of my country.

8. I swear to look on his enemies as my enemies, his friends as my friends, and stand forth to mete out tender kindness or vengeance accordingly; but never to intrude on his social or domestic relations to his hurt or dishonor by claiming his privileges, or by debauching or defaming his female relations or friends.

9. I swear never to see calmly nor without earnest desires and decided measures to prevent the ill-treatment, slander, or defamation, of any brother knight, nor ever to view danger or the least shadow of injury about to fall on his head.

11. I swear to keep sacred my brother's secrets, both when delivered to me as such, and when the nature of the information is such as to require secrecy for his welfare.

12. I swear to hold myself bound to him, especially in affliction and adversity, to contribute to his necessities my prayers, my influence, and my purse.

13. I swear to be under the control of my council, or, if belonging to none, to that which is nearest to me, and never to demur to, or complain at, any decree concerning me, which my brethren, as a council, shall conceive me to deserve, and enforce on my head, to my hurt and dishonor.

14. I swear to obey all summons sent from any council to me, or from any Most Illustrious Knight, whether Illustrious Counsellor for the time being, or by *induction* and to be governed by the constitution, usages and customs of the order without variation or change.

To all this, and every part thereof, I do now, as before, by the honor and power of the mark, as by an honorable and awful oath, which confirmeth all things in the dread presence of the Most Holy and Almighty God, solemnly and in truth, bind and obligate my soul; and in the earthly penalties, to wit, that, for the violation of the least matter or particle of any of the here taken obligations, I become the silent and mute subject of the displeasure of the Illustrious Order, and have their power and wrath turned on my head to my destruction and dishonor, which, like the *nail of Jael*, may be the sure end of an unworthy wretch, by piercing my temples with a true sense of my ingratitude—and for a breach of silence in case of such an unhappy event, that I shall die the infamous death of a traitor, by having a spear, or other sharp weapon, like as my Lord, thrust in my left side—bearing testimony, even in death, of the power of the mark of the Holy and Illustrious Cross, before I. H. S. our Thrice Illustrious Counsellor in Heaven, the Grand Council of the good. To this I swear.

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THE ROYAL SECRET, OR KADOSH.

Instructions for the reunion of the brethren, Knights, Princes, and Commanders, of the Royal Secret or Kadosh, which really signifies, *Holy brethren of all degrees separated.*

Frederick III., King of Prussia, Grand Master and Commander in Chief, Sovereign of Sovereigns, with an army composed of the Knights, Princes of the White and Black Eagle, including Prussian, English and French; likewise joined by the Knights Adepts of the Sun

Princes of Libanus or the Royal Axe, the Knights of the Rose Croix or St. Andrew, Knights of the East and West, the Princes of Jerusalem, Knights of the East or Sword, the Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Masons, the Knights of the Royal Arch, (ninth Arch,) Sublime Knights Elected, &c., &c.

The hour for the departure or march of the army is the fifth after the setting of the sun and is to be made known by the firing of five great guns in the following order (0)—(0 0 0 0)—that is, with an interval between the first and second. The first rendezvous is to be the port of Naples—from Naples to the port of Rhodes—from Rhodes to Cyprus and Malta, whence the whole naval force of all nations is to assemble. The second rendezvous is to be at Cyprus, &c. The third rendezvous is to be at Jerusalem, where they will be joined by our faithful guardians. The watchwords for every day of the week are as follows; and they are not to be changed but by express order from the King of Prussia:

	Protectors of Masonry.		*Prophets.*
Sunday,	Cyrus,	Answer,	Ezekiel,
Monday,	Darius,		Daniel,
Tuesday,	Xerxes,		Habakkuk,
Weduesday,	Alexander,		Zephaniah,
Thursday,	Philadelphus,		Haggai,
Friday,	Herod,		Zacharian,
Saturday,	Hezekiah,		Malachi,

Sign.—Place the right hand on the heart; extend it forward, the palm downward; let it fall by the right side. *Sacred words.*—Those of the Carpet, which are to be read backward round the circle from right to left, thus:—One says "Salix," to which the other replies "Noni;" both then repeat (by letters) the word "Tengu." *Pass-words.*—"Phual Kol," which signifies "separated;" "Pharas Kol," which signifies "reunited;" "Nekam Makah," which signifies "to avenge;" each then letters the word "Shaddai," which signifies "Omnipotent."

Charge addressed to the Candidate.—My dear brother:—The Saracens having taken possession of the Holy Land, those who were engaged in the Crusades not being able to expel them, agreed with Godfrey de Bouillon the conductor and chief of the Crusaders, to veil the mysteries of religion under emblems, by which they would be able to maintain the devotion of the soldier, and protect themselves from the incursion of those who were their enemies, after the example of the Scriptures, the style of which is figurative. Those zealous brethren chose Solomon's temple for their model. This building has strong allusions to the Christian church. Since that period they (Masons) have been known by the name of Master Architect; and they have employed themselves in improving the law of that admirable Master. From hence it appears that the *mysteries of the craft are the mysteries of* [pagan] *religion.* Those brethren were careful not to entrust this important secret to any whose discretion they had not proved. For this reason they invented different degrees to try those who entered among them; and only gave them symbolical secrets, without explanation, to prevent treachery, and to make themselves known only to each other. For this purpose it was resolved to use different signs, words, and tokens, in every degree, by which they would be secured against cowans and Saracens. The different degrees were fixed first to the number of seven by the example of the Grand Architect of the Universe, who built all things in six days and rested on the seventh. This is distinguished by seven points of reception in the Master's degree. Enoch employed six days to construct the arches, and on the seventh, having deposited the secret treasure in the lowest arch, was translated to the abodes of the blessed. Solomon employed six years in constructing his temple; and celebrated its dedication on the seventh, with all the solemnity worthy of the divinity himself. This sacred edifice we choose to make the basis of figurative Masonry. In the first degree are three symbols to be applied. First, the first of the creation, which was only chaos, is figured by the candidate's coming out of the black chamber, neither naked nor clothed, deprived, &c.; and his suffering the painful trial at his reception, &c. The candidate sees nothing before he is brought to light and his powers of imagination relative to what he has to go through are suspended, which alludes to the figure of the creation of that vast luminous body confused among the other parts of creation before it was extracted from darkness and fixed by the Almighty fiat. Secondly, the candidate approaches the footstool of the Master, and there renounces all cowans; he promises to subdue his passions, by which means he is united to virtue, and by his regularity of life, demonstrates what he proposes. This is figured to him by the steps that he takes in approaching the altar; the symbolic meaning of which is the separation of the firmament from the earth and water on the second day of creation. (The charge proceeds by giving a figurative interpretation of the ceremonies, &c., of the first and second part of the third degree which I pass over as not interesting to my readers, and commence with an interpretation which will be as novel to the Craft of the lower grades as to the *cowans*, or non-initiated.)

In the Master's degree is represented the assassination of Hiram by false brethren. This ought to put us in mind of the fate of Adam, occasioned by perverseness in his disobeying his great and awful Creator. The symbolic mystery of the death of Hiram Abiff represents to us that of the Messiah; for the three blows which were given to Hiram Abiff, at the three gates of the temple, allude to the three points of condemnation against Christ, at the High Priest's Caiphas, Herod and Pilate. It was from the last that he was led to that most violent and excruciating death. The said three blows with the square, guage, and gavel, are symbols of the blow on the cheek, the flagellation, and the crown of thorns. The brethren assembled around the tomb of Hiram, is a representation of the disciples lamenting the death of Christ on the cross. The Master's word, which is said to be lost, since the death of Hiram Abiff, is the same that Christ pronounced on the cross, and which the Jews did not comprehend, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani," "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! have pity on and forgive my enemies"—Instead of which words were substituted M. B. N. (Mac-be-nac,) which, in Arabian, signifies, "The son of the widow is dead." The false brethren represent Judas Iscariot, who sold Christ. The red collar worn by the Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Masons, calls to remembrance the blood of Christ. The sprig of cassia is the figure of the cross, because of this wood was the cross made. The captivity of the Grand Elect and Sublime Masons, (i. e. by the Chaldeans,) shows us the persecution of the Christian religion under the Roman emperors, and its liberty under Constantine the Great. It also calls to our remembrance the persecution of the Templars, and the situation of Jacques De Molay, who, lying in irons nearly seven years, at the end of which our worthy Grand Master was burnt alive with his four companions, on the eleventh of March, 1314, creating pity and tears in the people, who saw him die with firmness and heroic constancy, sealing his innocence with his blood. My dear brother, in passing to the degree of Perfect Master, in which you shed tears at the tomb of Hiram Abiff, and in some other degrees, has not your heart been led to revenge? Has not the crime of Jubelum Akirop been represented in the most hideous light?—Would it be unjust to compare the conduct of Philip the Fair to his, and the infamous accusers of the Templars, to the two ruffians who were accomplices with Akirop? Do they not kindle in your heart an equal aversion? The different stages you have traveled, and the time you have taken in learning these historical events, no doubt, will lead you to make the proper applications; and by the degree of Master Elect and Kadosh, you are properly disposed to fulfil all your engagements, and to bear an implacable hatred to the Knights of Malta, and to avenge the death of Jacques De Molay. Your extensive acquaintance with symbolic Masonry, which you have attained by your discretion, leaves you nothing more to desire here. You see, my dear brother, how, and by whom, Masonry has come to us. You are to endeavor by every just means to regain our rights and to remember that we are joined by a society of men, whose courage, merit and good conduct, hold out to us that rank that birth alone gave to our ancestors. You are now on the same level with them. Avoid every evil by keeping your obligations, and carefully conceal from the vulgar what you are, and wait that happy moment when we all shall be reunited under the same Sovereign in the mansions of eternal bliss. Let us imitate the example of our Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, who to the end put his hope in God, and at his last dying moments ended his life saying, "Spes mea in Deo est!"

Obligation.—I do, of my own free will and accord, in the presence of the Grand Architect of the Universe, and this consistory of Sovereign Princes of the Royal Secret, or Knights of St. Andrew, faithful guardians of the faithful treasure; most solemnly vow and swear, under all the different penalties of my former obligations, that I will never directly or indirectly reveal or make known to any person or persons whatsoever, any or the least part of this Royal degree, unless to one duly qualified in the body of a regularly constituted Consistory of the same, or to him or them whom I shall find such after strict and due trial. I furthermore vow and swear, under the above penalties, to always abide and regulate myself agreeably to the statutes and regulations now before me; and when in a Consistory to behave and demean myself as one worthy of being honored with so high a degree, that no part of my conduct may in the least reflect discredit on the Royal Consistory, or disgrace myself. So may God maintain me in equity and justice! Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!

Now cannot anybody see that a person under any such supreme obligation to his clan, order, or gang, is UNFIT TO HOLD ANY PUBLIC OFFICE! *And that the further he is advanced in masonry the more dangerous he is?*

* * *

And such as this are its Fruits.

"Besides the bones discovered at Blue Mountain, as detailed elsewhere in these columns, we are informed that a lot were also found above Pendleton, a short time ago. *Many a poor devil has been knocked on the head, in this country, and then stowed away under ground, without anybody being the wiser.*"

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A Chapter in American Politics.

From the Leaders of the Past, to those of the Present.

George Washington's Farewell Address.—"The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency."

Thaddeus Stevens: "By Freemasonry, trial by jury is transformed into an engine of despotism and Masonic fraud."

Edward Everett: "A secret society so widely diffused and connected as this puts a vast power, capable of the most dangerous abuse, into hands irresponsible to the public."

Chief Justice John Marshall: "The institution of masonry ought to be abandoned as one capable of much evil and incapable of producing any good which might not be effected by safe and open means."

Charles Sumner: "I find two powers here in Washington in harmony, and both are antagonistical to our free institutions, and tend to centralization and anarchy—Freemasonry and slavery; and they must both be destroyed if our country is to be the home of the free, as our ancestors designed it."

Thurlow Weed: "I now look back through an interval of fifty-six years with a conscious sense of having been governed through the Antimasonic excitement by a sincere desire, first to vindicate the violated laws of my country, and next to arrest the great power and dangerous influences of secret societies."

William H. Seward: "Before I would place my hand between the hands of other men in a secret lodge, order, class, or council, and, bending on my knee before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity and even the mockery of my fellow-men."

Wendell Phillips: "History shows them perverting justice, stopping at no crime to protect and conceal their mummeries; controlling politics for selfish and personal ends, and interfering with great danger in national emergencies. Every good citizen should make war on all secret societies, and give himself no rest until they are forbidden by law and rooted out of existence."

George Washington, to friends in 1794, quoted by Myron Holley: "The real people occasionally assembled in order to express their sentiments on political sentiments, ought never to be confounded with permanent, self-appointed societies, usurping the right to control constituted authorities, and to dictate to public opinion. While the former was entitled to respect, the latter was incompatible with all government, and must either sink into general dis-esteem, or finally overturn the established order of things."

General U. S. Grant: "All secret, oath-bound political parties are dangerous to any nation, no matter how pure or how patriotic the motives and principles which first bring them together."

President Millard Filmore, J. C. Spencer, and others: "The Masonic fraternity tramples upon our rights, defeats the administration of justice, and bids defiance to every government which it cannot control."

John Quincy Adams: "I am prepared to complete the demonstration before God and man, that the Masonic oaths, obligations and penalties cannot by any possibility be reconciled to the laws of morality, of Christianity, or of the land."

Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield: "In conducting the governments of the world there are not only sovereigns and ministers, but secret orders to be considered, which have agents everywhere—reckless agents, who countenance assassination, and if necessary can produce a massacre."

A. M. Sullivan, Irish Leader: "I had not studied in vain the secret, oath-bound associations. I regarded them with horror. I knew all that could be said as to their advantages in revolutionizing a country, but even in the firmest and best of hands they had a direct tendency to demoralization and are often on the whole more perilous to society than open tyranny."

Hon. Edward Blake, leader in Canadian Parliament, March, 1884: "I am not in favor of State recognition of any secret societies. I have never joined one, though many of my best friends are members of secret societies. But I believe the tendency of secrecy itself to be injurious. I believe that it brings with it the possibility of evil; I believe that it involves a certain amount of sacrifice of individuality and independence, and gives very great facilities for the misleading of members by designing leaders—very great and mischievous facilities for that purpose. I believe that a great deal of the trouble, social and political, that has occurred in those countries [Europe and America] is due to secret societies."

General Washington opposed to Secret Societies: This is a republication of Governor Joseph Ritner's "*Vindication of General Washington from the Stigma of Adherence to Secret Societies,*" communicated to the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, March 8th, 1837, at their special request. To this is added the fact that three high Masons were the only persons who opposed a vote of thanks to Washington on his retirement to private life—undoubtedly because they considered him a seceding Freemason. Ten cents each; per dozen, 75 cents.—*American Anti-secrecy League, 221 West Madison Street, Chicago.*

* * *

Rae says: "It was difficult to believe that they were simple citizens of the republic, so grand was their appearance, and so proud did they seem of their new clothes. As a rule, there is no more soberly dressed person than a citizen of the United States. A paternal Congress has forbidden a civilian to indulge in the vanity known as court costume, and has enjoined that when he attends a foreign court he shall wear ordinary evening dress. No restriction, however, is put upon the citizen donning any kind of military uniform he pleases, and this is said to be one of the reasons why the order of Knights Templar is attractive and popular in the United States. Its members have the further gratification of reading their names, with handles to them, in the newspapers; and when plain Brown, Jones, and Robinson see themselves in print as Sir John Brown, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir Joseph Robinson, they may experience the satisfaction of men who have made their mark.

Till I beheld the Knights Templar, I had never realized the effect produced by entire regiments clad in the uniforms of general officers of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. With cocked hats adorned with feathers upon their heads, embroidered trousers upon their legs, tunics round their bodies, their breasts being as thickly covered with ribbons and medals as the breasts of officers in the service of the Prince of Monaco, and with swords in their hands resembling the toy swords of children, these Sir Knights appeared to the simple-minded a splendid spectacle, and to the critic a set of guys."

WHAT ARE HIGHBINDERS?

"The bloody conflict lately enacted between rival highbinder societies in this city, resulting in the death of three Chinamen and the serious wounding of two more, has given rise to considerable discussion as to who the highbinders are, what they are, and the best methods to be employed to break up their organizations, and by that to put an end to their nefarious practices.

The term highbinder really has no place in the English language. The dictionary and encyclopedia both fail to recognize it. It is a term like many others in the English language, colloquialized, and has acquired a standing through custom and usage. It is a conventional term, the same as "hobo," "hoodlum," and many others that have acquired a significance through a specific designation of some peculiar attribute of a general class.

As near as can be learned, the term first came into practice on this coast some fifteen or twenty years ago. It was applied to those contending factions among the Chinese denizens of San Francisco who were known to make a living off the earnings of others, generally from the fruits of illegitimate business. Just how the term originated is not known. The business of levying on the fruits of others' labor was done under a guise of giving protection and encouraging immunity from punishment. These Mongolian vampires, who, when organized, corresponded in a certain sense to the corrupt political cliques of this country, were designated as highbinders. Bulldozing is the fundamental essence and life principle of both organizations. Chinese highbinders are in reality a modified species of pirates. Instead, however, of asserting their supremacy, as do the pirates on the open seas, in open conflict, they show their prowess in cunning deception, bulldozing, intimidations and threats."

HIGHBINDERS IN CHINA.

In China the class of people answering to organizations of Highbinders in this country are known by the name of Hung Tow or Tung Ho. They are not legal organizations, but are under the ban of the government. If a highbinder organization is discovered death stares the members in the face. The Chinese authorities are very strict, and under no consideration are secret societies of any kind allowed to exist. Discovery is met with the extreme penalty of the law—death. An organization of the nature of highbinders is looked upon as a conspiracy, and death is the penalty of those gathered in secret conclave.

In China, as in this country, the highbinders hold the same relations to society. There are at least 200 Kwong Hong or family branches in China. These branches occassionally organize highbinder societies between themselves. Every one is eligible to join any of these societies. All that is needed is for a person to have the necessary instincts of a scoundrel and he is at once received into full fellowship into any of their orders. These societies, whenever for any reason they are not discovered, live off the community, the same as a [Mason] does in this country. They live by bulldozing and by exacting subsidies under threats. They live by smuggling, stealing, and even killing for pay. They live by all means that are illegal, and no means that are just.

HOW SUPPRESSED.

There are no longer many highbinder societies in China, while outbursts of riots between rival organizations are of very rare occurrence. The reason is the extreme severity used in punishing those who are apprehended. If the existence of a highbinder society is made known to the authorities, the ringleaders are generally beheaded.

In China a man may smuggle and his opium is confiscated; he may steal and he is publicly flogged. He may at times even commit more serious crimes and escape with comparatively light punishment. But let a man conduct a secret meeting and he is denied even a preliminary examination before a mandarin. He is beheaded without further ado. If the guilty are not found out, the innocent are executed with them, for the guilt is atoned for at any price, though innocent lives be sacrificed. The end is calculated to justify the means. Generally, however, the names of the guilty parties are given up without interference. If for any reason the guilty parties in any crime committed are not given up, the authorities arrest one prominent member of each company, and, as a general rule, the desired information is soon forthcoming. If these leaders still refuse to disclose the names of the guilty parties in a transaction, the law meets its end by executing those leaders who are arrested.

As a matter of fact, there are but few riots now occasioned in China through the existence of highbinder societies. This peaceable, quiet state of affairs in a country which numbers her population by the millions, must be attributed to the stringent laws against carrying weapons and against aiding or abetting in holding a meeting of a highbinder or other secret society.

HIGHBINDERS IN THIS COUNTRY.

When the Chinamen came to this country many of their passions suppressed in their own flowery kingdom, found an opportunity for expansion. This was a free country, and the laws were made for the government of an enlightened civilization. The Chinese had been ruled with an iron hand, and what wonder is there that they should tend towards extremes when this restraint is removed? Our laws in the United States were made to govern citizens of this country, and citizens of this country are supposed to have reached a stage in civilization where democratic laws are sufficient for them. The Chinese coming here are evidently not made for our civilization, for they abuse its privileges. The laws are made for enlightened people, and cannot fit a semi-barbaric contingency. If a foreign element cannot be assimilated into the body politic of the country and adopt its rules and regulations, it becomes very evident that that foreign element cannot exist in the country unless there be particular laws enacted to govern the people somewhat according to their requirements. This is exactly the reason highbinder societies have flourished in this country. By the silence and indifference of the authorities here the Chinese highbinder societies have come to the conclusion that if they are not exactly courted, they are at least tolerated and approved.

MIXED UP AS USUAL.

As is always the case in rows among the Chinese it is very difficult to get any information as to the cause of the trouble. The statements of the class of Chinese who are mixed up in such affairs is not to be relied on, and even the dying statement of one of these highbinders is as likely to be false as true.

The leading Chinamen of this city are all very much wrought up over this conflict. None have any sympathies with the murderers if they can be found out.

"The laws in this country," said one, "are altogether to lax for the Chinamen. This fight is a natural outcome of the leniency shown the Chinese murderers in the county jail. The Chinamen have no fear for the law and think that they can buy their freedom if they have plenty of money. No such highbinder societies are allowed in China. If there are any secret organizations of any kind discovered in China they are more summarily dealt with. If the English authorities find them out the Chinamen are either imprisoned for life or shot, and if the Chinese government makes the discovery the Chinamen's heads are cut off forthwith. There is not even the formality of a trial given them."

....Another one said that the murderers of these Chinamen will never be found out unless one of the Chinese companies prosecute the case. "The Chinamen know who the guilty ones are, but will not tell," he said. "The city authorities ought to send eight or ten policemen to make a thorough search of Chinatown. There are still quite a number of wounded Chinamen hidden and if they are not soon hunted up they will either sneak out of town or get well without medical attendance. The city is not taking the right position in allowing the matter to rest as it now stands. The guilty parties should be ferretted out and if this is impossible, those who stand in with them should be hung with the suspected ones, in order to make an example of them if to no other end."

A third Chinaman said that the Chinese societies can tell who every guilty party in this late bloody transaction is, and furthermore they can be made to tell if the authorities go at them in the right way. "The Chinese are allowed too many liberties. All highbinder societies should be broken up, and the police authorities must be more stringent if the community desires to have no recurrence of such a bloody fight."

"HIGHBINDER SOCIETIES MUST DISBAND.

Mayor DeLashmutt and Chief of Police Parrish had a conference with the leading Chinese merchants, for the purpose of securing their assistance in bringing the guilty Chinese to justice, and to prevent a recurrence of such conflicts. As a result of this conference the Chinese business men and merchants will unite and give the authorities every assistance in their power to accomplish the work of breaking up all highbinder societies. The name of every highbinder society with its location were given Chief Parrish and the war of extermination will soon commence. The Chinamen are all agreed that active steps should be taken at once. Notices will be posted on every door of these highbinder headquarters ordering them to disband within five days. If this order is not obeyed within the specified five days, if every sign is not taken down from their headquarters and every other evidence of the existence of these societies destroyed, the law will take its course. The police will commence to arrest every highbinder in the city. The names will be furnished by this protective organization of Chinese business men and there will thus be no chance for any to escape detection.

The black list will be made out at once, and every highbinder will be placed behind prison bars. This course of action has received the sanction of the leading Chinese merchants and there will be no difficulties encountered in carrying it into execution."

* * *

"As a reporter of *The Oregonian* was passing through the county jail yesterday, Mah Jim, the Chinaman under sentence of death for killing Ah Toy in the Chinese Free Mason's hall some six months ago, hailed him. Mah Jim began by saying that he was not guilty of killing Ah Toy, but was the victim of a conspiracy hatched by his enemies to get him out of the way.

"Did you not serve a term in the penitentiary?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said Jim.

"How long were you there?"

"About six months," answered Jim.

"Well, how did it all come about? What was you sent up for?"

"For larceny. I worked for Quon Wo Wa, on Oak street, while they were sending gangs of Chinamen up on the railroad to Tom and Jim Filliken. You sabe; some Chinamen can't talk English, and I talked for them and told them where to go. I was to get $2.50 a day, but as I didn't get my money I sued Lee Sang, of the Quon Wo Wa company, in Justice Greene's court, for $170. At the same time a job was put up on me—that I stole some clothes—and I was sent up."

"What was the job put up for?"

"Because I sued for the money."

"And why do they accuse you of this murder?"

"When I got out I took the suit to the state circuit court and obtained a judgment for $75, but I didn't make anything as the lawyer took it all."

Mah Jim then went on to say that Lee Sang, the man he had sued, was all broke up, owed everybody, and he had been threatened, provided he took legal recourse against him. "I belonged to the Chinese Free Masons for six or seven years. They are all the same as highbinders; all like brothers together. If a man is killed and they don't want it known none of them will say a word about it. Mah Jim said two head men of the Masons and particular friends of the man against whom he prosecuted the suit, put up the job accusing him of being the murderer and that they agreed to pay Pow Chin Wah, the principle witness against him, $50 to swear that he killed Ah Toy, $200 if he (Jim) was sent to the penitentiary, and $300 if he was hanged. Further, that everybody who knew him well had a good opinion of him, and that he had more friends among the white people than among his own countrymen."

* * *

HIGHBINDERS IN LOS ANGELOS.

Prizes set on the heads of two Chinamen and a White man.

"If left to settle itself Chinatown will undoubtedly solve the problem of its own existence without the aid of any boycott. The slumbering volcano of internecine strife occasionally emits its deadly odors. All is not unity, harmony and love within the Chinese camp. Its coolies belong to different companies, whose fierce struggle for supremacy and the lion's share of the wages of their slaves is a fit sample of the struggle of the survival of the fittest. Each company takes care of the religion, social pleasures and physical comforts of its members. Each company has its own joss house, its tan game and its highbinder society, which the Chinese call a 'Freemason lodge.' When the lynx-eyed highbinders of the Wong company see the members of the Chung Wo Company robbing at a tan game some poor devil of a coolie fresh from a Washhouse or an orange orchard, they inform the officers, and the latter make a raid, and the Chung Wo men, if captured, have to pay roundly for their fun. They then come back on to the Wong Company when they are fleecing a green countryman, and so bad blood has been developed between the companies till every Chinaman goes armed with a revolver, which he is ready to draw and shoot on the slightest provocation, as the row last night shows. The Wong and Chung Wo companies are ready to fight for the least cause now. This was the exact status before the big Chinese riot of 1871, when eighteen or more Chinamen were killed, and these are the same causes which led to that riot, by exciting the ira of the lower class of the Caucasians and Indians, who shed their blood.

Last Sunday the highbinders of the Wong Company, on solemn conclave, set prices on the heads of several Chinamen, including Ah Jim and another Chinaman, for $800 for each head. The price of $1,200 was set on the head of Charles Newberg, who inhabits Chinatown more or less, and who learned to speak the Chinese language in Hongkong, where he was born, while his father was there in the merchandise business. This appalling state of affairs was revealed to the officers on last Monday, but they regarded it as a stupid tale till the events of last evening in the attempted assassination of Ah Jim on Negro alley confirmed the reports.

During the attempt of the officers to make a raid on a tan game on Negro alley, about 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, a shooting scrape occurred in which several Chinamen were shot."

* * *

"The police learned of the murder; they could get nothing but the bare facts. Not one of the perpetrators of the crime was caught, as no one would give any information for fear of incurring the revenge of the society. The same thing has occurred so frequently in this city that it is in the nature of a miracle when crime in Chinatown is discovered and punished.

MEASURES AGAINST HIGHBINDERS.

Last Friday evening the Mayor and Chief of Police being informed that the highbinders' societies were disposed to resist the order for closing them, started out, and with the assistance of Officer Watson closed up nine of these rendezvous. The signs of the societies were torn down, and their emblematic ornaments, little josses, bowls of sandalwood and other implements with which they solemnize their secret obligations, were taken down and locked up.

The mayor has further instructed Chief Parrish that this measure must be thoroughly prosecuted.

The mayor is thoroughly aroused in the matter, and has the active and earnest support of all the police force, and the approval of not only the whites, but the better class of the Chinese merchants. The outlook is most encouraging for a complete break-up of this organized menace to good government.

[*But say, why not also break up the other masonic "menace to good government?"*]

COLORED MASONS.

"In California, as well as in every State in the union, the colored Masons are a separate and distinct organization from those of Caucasian origin. The sovereign grand lodge of California, which recently held its session in Stockton, was without a single white representative. Outsiders sometimes consider it rather singular that masonry, which professes not to regard the outside qualifications of men, should be opposed to recognizing colored men as brothers. The reason for this, however, is found in the fact that the negroes secured their charter and ritual from England. On this account American lodges refuse to recognize them. In the South this alienation is carried to the extreme. During the war a Southern man's house was foraged by some Northern soldiers, among them being a sergeant, an ex-slave, and as black as midnight. The soldiers slipped a noose over the Southerner's head and demanded to know where he had hidden his silver and gold. He declined to tell. "I'll never tell," he said. They threw the rope over a limb, jerked him into the air and tied him up to die. Unable to speak, he made a certain masonic sign and the negro sergeant sprang forward and undid the rope. When the power of speech returned to the half-choked man he looked into the face of his deliverer, and still without recognizing him masonically, asked, with incredible astonishment: "What in the —— did you know about that sign?" The ex-slave answered: "You need not hold masonic converse with me unless you so desire, but nothing can prevent me from doing my duty to all Masons under the Sun."

[*They all affiliate, black, white, and yellow, and this was one of the "charitable" (?) brethren that would murder an outsider in cold blood for a little money.*]

AN ADDRESS ISSUED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF FARMERS' CONGRESS.

"That all men and women are equally endowed by their creator with the inalienable right to the possession and enjoyment of whatever wealth they produce. That to secure, among others, this right inviolate to all citizens, governments are rightfully established among men. That when governments, laws or systems become destructive to these rights or fail to secure them to the people it is their right and imperative duty to themselves and their posterity to alter and abolish such government, repeal such laws and destroy such systems. That the agricultural masses of the United States have not for years been and are not now secure in the possession and enjoyment of the vast wealth which by unfaltering industry they have created. To prove these declarations let unimpeached statistical facts be submitted to your candid, considerate, unbiased judgment....... ....We have brought forth facts which show that the agricultural population is rapidly and surely being reduced to abject serfdom. Facts which show that if we wish to be free, and the owners of free homes, there is now an imperious necessity demanding the organization of the agricultural masses, to defend for themselves, each other and their children the right to what they produce, the title to their homes, and the secure enjoyment of their firesides.

By order of the executive committee." —*Oregon.*

FROM A PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"The equal and exact justice of which we boast as the underlying principle of our institutions should not be confined to the relations of our citizens to each other. The government itself is under bond to the American people that in the exercise of its functions and powers it will deal with the body of our citizens in a manner scrupulously honest and fair, and absolutely just. It has agreed that American citizenship shall be the only credential necessary to justify the claim of equality before the law, and that no condition in life shall give rise to discrimination in the treatment of the people by this government.

The citizen of our republic, in its early days, rigidly insisted upon full compliance with the letter of this bond, and saw stretching out before him a clear field for individual endeavor.................Hundreds of private pension laws are annually passed which are the sources of unjust discrimination and popular demoralization.

Appropriation bills for the support of the government are defaced by items and provisions to meet private ends, and it is freely asserted by responsible and experienced parties that a bill appropriating money for public improvement would fail to meet with favor unless it contained more for local and private advantage than for public benefit."

[Here follows an example in point:—]

"Captain John Mullan claims large sums as 'commissions' for collection of claims for Oregon at Washington. Those claims were paid by authority of acts of Congress, directing the same to be done. How then could Captain Mullan have 'rendered services' in getting the money? Did he cause Congress to enact the laws and make the appropriations for their payment?"

[What else was he employed for? A masonic lobbyist can be trusted "on the square" by his secret oath-bound brethren in office to divide the people's money. Do outsiders get private laws passed, and big pensions? *They are an insolent, defiant, foreign, pagan government within the republic, supported by the government that they paralyze in any action against them.*]

"Notwithstanding our Government is founded upon the broadest principles of equality; that the first of the self-evident truths enunciated in that Declaration upon which it rests affirms, that 'all men are created free and equal,' there immediately sprang up a party under the new Government which, if it did not precisely favor kingly rule, endeavored to build up and perpetuate a privileged class, with quite as marked characteristics as the dividing lines of caste under governments of hereditary rule.

Should the humble Knight of Labor be censured because he belongs to a secret order which his friend of aristocratic associations declares political, when he, himself, (or rather his confederated friends) cross continually from one haven of safety to another by the mystic bridge of a society which is *not* political?"

HORRIBLE MORMON CRIME.

Salt Lake letter to St. Louis "Republican."

"One crime which was committed here only a short time ago, I must describe. Mrs. Maxwell came to Salt Lake City with her husband in 1869. Two years afterward her husband took another wife, and one year subsequent he was married to a third. Mrs. Maxwell had two sons, respectively 14 and 16 years. Their father urged them to go through the Endowment House and become Mormons, bound by all the oaths of the Church. Mrs. Maxwell objected, and in order to prevail over her sons she told them the secrets of the Endowment House. The penalty for revealing these secrets is dismemberment of the body, cutting of the throat and tearing out of the tongue. Mr. Maxwell overheard his wife, being in an adjoining room, and forthwith he informed the elders, who sent for the unfortunate woman and her two sons. They were taken into what is called the 'Dark pit,' a blood-atoning room under Brigham Young's house. The woman was then stripped of all her clothing and then tied on the back to a large table. Six members of the priesthood then performed their damnable crime; they first cut off their victim's tongue, and then cut her throat, after which her legs and arms were severed. The sons were compelled to stand by and witness the dreadful slaughter of their mother. They were released and given twenty-four hours to get out of the Territory, which was then an impossibility. The sons went then to the house of a friend, to whom they related the butchery of their mother, and then getting a package of provisions started, but on the following morning were both dead. They had met the Danites. One other case similar to the above occurred about five years ago in the City Hall. These are truths, and the lady to whom the sons told their story is willing to make affidavits to the facts if she can be guaranteed immunity from Mormon vengeance.

[That is *masonry!—Mormon government and masonry are one and the same.*]

"SKIPPED.—John Kelnappil, who for some months past has occupied so prominent a place in the minds of so many of our citizens, and who made such a vacancy in their pockets, has skipped the meshes of the law, and left for parts unknown, and his ruddy countenance no longer greets us from behind the bars at the jail. John was too big a thief, the grappling irons of the law were not strong enough to hold him. His creditors had furnished him with too much with which to fight them. He laughed at their threats and defied them in every attempt to punish him or recover a dollar of the stolen money. Having freed himself through the loseness of the law from every criminal charge against him, save one involving only a small amount, upon which he was held to bail in the sum of $1,000, he simply lay in jail awaiting his opportunity. On Saturday evening, the steamer Wildwood having been chartered to come to this port after him he deposited the amount of his bail, stepped aboard the sprightly craft and turned his back upon the field of his conquest. Thus ends the story of this wholesale robbery, by which so many of our citizens have been made to suffer, and for which the law furnishes no remedy through the ordinary channels of justice."

[It is masons in office that paralyzes the courts and does this prostitution every day for their brethren. *It was secret brethren that got the boat and helped him away.*]

* * *

"Thieves now work in gangs instead of competing with each other, and, acting on the principle that union is strength, they take possession of districts and assert themselves with a confidence which completely cows the victims upon whom they prey.

Masonry otherwise known as the gang or ring plan, has been in successful operation here for many years. It has been tried at Washington, and has been tried in the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and in all the State capitals. Honest men should see to it that the cooperative stealing of this kind is prevented, or, if committed, that the perpetrators are duly punished."

* * *

"*Dublin, November 21, 1882.*

In the Joyce trial [four or five men sentenced to hang]....Judge Barry in passing sentence informed the prisoners that they furnished a terrible example which he hoped would sink deeply into the hearts of others of the consequences of joining a secret society. It was not improbable, he said, that some of them had been terrorized into joining the gang who murdered the Joyces, and had not taken an actual manual part in the massacre; but persons joining an unlawful enterprise *were responsible for the acts of all the parties thereto.*"

* * *

"It seems that Chicago Courts take very plain and unexaggerated views of the law. In his charge to the jury, in the Anarchists' trial, the presiding Judge held that 'if violence for any unlawful object resulted in death, those who *organized* the violence are guilty of murder.' In other words, those who employ dangerous methods are responsible for the result."

* * *

Secretism. The Masons with their degree of apprentice, fellow-craft, and grand master, together with the whole brood of inferior orders, form the dry rot in our political body. They are an enemy to both Church and State. They are anti-Republican and anti-Christian. Their ensnaring and blasphemous oaths forever proscribe them.—New York *Witness.*

A PROTEST AGAINST MASONIC PARTICIPATION.

"A printed protest of large proportions against permitting Masonic societies to participate in the dedication of the Washington Monument next Saturday, has been received by the Congressional committee charged with arrangements. The signers claim to have 13,000 signatures. Protestants say that the Masonic order has no more right to such a distinction than the Hibernians or any other secret order. A stone sent by the Pope for the monument was, they say, broken up and thrown into the Potomac. "Why," they ask, "are Catholics snubbed and Free Masons honored?" "Free Masonry," they say, "is of foreign birth, is entirely un-American and un-republican. Its public displays are pompous and barbaric; its titles extravagant and lordly; its constitution despotic; its oath extra-judicial, which Webster said should be suppressed by law." They pray only that such ceremonies as are national in their scope and American in their character be permitted. The protest came too late for action by the committee."

AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES.

"Newburg (N. Y.), June 7th, 1887.—The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of America to-day adopted resolutions declaring secret societies immoral, selfish and unjust, degrading and enslaving to the consciences of their members; that, in addition, many of them are Christless, yet they counterfeit the worship of the church and obstruct her work and for that reason, as well as for the secrecy, the members of such societies ought not to be admitted to the church's membership, and the Synod enjoins the courts of the church to refuse admission to members of all secret orders and to exclude from membership any who may have crept in unawares. In the course of the debate on these resolutions Free Masonry was bitterly denounced."

OPPOSITION TO MASONRY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"LIMA, August 1st, 1885.—The Bishop of Lima has sent an address to Monsignor Favor, Minister of Justice, protesting against the proposed Masonic Hall to be erected in Lima. The Minister has replied in strong terms, deprecating the publicity given to the protest by the Bishop, but assuring him that in virtue of the Constitution the Government has not permitted and never will permit the erection of a Masonic Temple in Lima."

* * *

IN THE U. S. A.

"The exercises of laying the corner stone of the new State University building on yesterday afternoon by the Masonic fraternity were well attended, though there were not as many as were expected from abroad."

[Is it not time that such deviltry and desecration was killed by the American people ?]

EDITOR CYNOSURE:—1. Is the man a consistent Christian who preaches Christ in the pulpit, he being a member of the Masonic fraternity, rejecting Christ in their ritual and prayers ?

2. Is any man entitled to our confidence and respect as a true Christian, whose life and character are controlled by Masonic oaths and public opinion ?

3. Are not those who place their hope of salvation on a Christ-excluding religion as far wrong as heathen, and more guilty ?

4. Are not Masonic ministers stumbling-blocks, in the way of all other Masons, though they preach Christ in the pulpit, as they are paid to do?

5. Is it not indecent and partial to require a Masonic candidate to solemnly swear to be chaste toward the female relatives of brother Masons only ?

6. Can a Christian innocently neglect to inform himself and others in regard to a Christ excluding religion in our midst ?

7. Who strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, if not the Masonic Baptist, who will not commune with a person who has not been put under water ?

8. Is not the man who will not inform himself in regard to an important duty as guilty in the sight of God as the man who knew his duty and did it not ?

9. Can it ever be right to solemnly swear to keep another's secrets in all cases, except murder and treason?

10. Is wrong-doing any less sinful because so-called good men have made it popular?

11. Would any respectable man join a Mason lodge, knowing the inside working of the order, as all ought to know it?

12. Is it not mainly because Masons are ashamed of their doings that candidates are required to swear "to ever conceal and never reveal" the secrets of the order?

13. Would not the professing Christian, who dare not answer these questions, do well to revise his religion? J. M.

"Gentlemen:—You know you are a set of knaves, hypocritically aping innocence. We recognize what you are—that you flourish by cheating, lying, and force. We cannot at present help that. You are strong, united, cunning; the people are weak, disunited, apathetic, ignorant. But we who profess, in some measure, to guide public opinion will not cease to point out your tricks and roguishness until we shall have left you not a rag of character, and you will be glad to hide from the contempt, if not the shoe-leather, of those whom you have beguiled so long!" DODO.

* * *

"On Tuesday, November 16th, 1888, Dan Collins, a resident of Colfax, evidently insane, while court was in session, suddenly walked to the witness bar and attempted to address the jury. Judge Langford stopped him, when he claimed the right to address the jury, and said his life was being threatened and his property was about to be taken away by Masons, Odd Fellows and other conspirators. The court referred him to the grand jury, in session, and on going down stairs he was arrested on a charge of insanity, and taken before Judge Thompson, who so adjudged him."

[Are such victims now languishing in secret prisons to have *no recourse? Reflect* that the courts are often in the *control of these very conspirators* who thus judge and hold their victims.

On the other hand take this:]

"TRIAL CLOSED.—A Dallas letter of a recent date contains the following: The close of the trial of C... for the killing of F... near Lone Rock, last June, has taken place, resulting in the acquittal of C... The rulings of the new judge was a surprise to many, and has caused much comment. If a man is running for dear life from you, it is better and justifiable to shoot for fear of his return, especially if he is on what is believed to be his own land and you want it. Are these conditions to go on and on, and the public be compelled to submit to the woeful travesty of justice for all time to come? Has vitalized and aroused public opinion no influence in changing an order of things that is heaping disgrace upon the country and insecurity upon the lives of the people? There are times when men, despairing of the justice of courts and seeing in them only the liveries of crime, sweep aside these public farces and take the law into their own hands."

* * *

"The people are earnestly searching for some means by which society may be protected and human life made secure. There certainly ought to be conditions in which the law can be used as a means of public safety; in which homicides can be punished and pilferers and swindlers be brought to justice. But, humiliating as is the confession, these conditions do not exist. Crime was never more insolent and menacing—Courts never so weak and inefficient. Life is at the mercy of every assassin who chooses to take it; property the spoils of every dishonest wretch who conspires to seize it.

How long these conditions will be allowed to prevail we are unable to say; but there is a growing sentiment which will burst some day in all the fury and desolation of a tempest, and it will sweep outlaws and their abettors from the face of the earth. Not even Courts can continue forever to shield criminals from punishment and mock with insolent indifference and unblushing collusion with crime the indignant sense of an outraged community. Judges and juries, and Courts of last resort have trampled upon the rights and insulted the moral sense of the people long enough. It is time to call a halt."

* * *

"The people are banding together to make an example of a few of such gentry. Right here let us say we believe the law of every State should inflict capital punishment for stealing stock and robbing post-offices and betraying other trusts in any amount of money over $5. The old North Carolina law was a good one. The breed of thieves should be stopped by strangulation. Such punishment of a few would deter others. No man has a right to claim an existence among men when he is a practical thief. The country is getting to full of low, dirty scoundrels who desire to live well off the product of the labor and business of others. The law should be to hang every thief proven to be such. This world is too far in the advance of civilization to allow men of such low morals to have an existence among the rising generation. Their examples are too fraught with evil to be suffered to live on the Earth."

* * *

"We have a country of unbounded resources, becoming richer and richer every day; and yet, the class that produces the wealth is becoming poorer and poorer with the most alarming rapidity, and they have themselves to blame for it. If they have not actually and actively aided the oppression that environs them, they have encouraged it by their silence.

The land is swarming with men who live by their wits, and our lawmakers come largely from this class. They are not too honest to steal or rob, but they do it in accordance with the prevailing ideas of our present advanced civilization.

Somehow they nearly all, directly or indirectly, draw from the public treasury, and much of the money thus obtained is no better than robbery; but their methods are legalized and the people are helpless so long as they do not take matters into their own hands. These parasites and grabbers are all loyal to themselves."

* * *

"Where law by reason of its deficiency is inapplicable to a certain class of individuals, and punishment cannot be meted out to a certain class of wrong-doers, when rascality runs rampant and villainy holds high carnival—when under the thinnest of legal subterfuges men go on and heedlessly commit wrong upon wrong on almost defenseless man or set of men—when men by their wealth and position are enabled to single out a man and taking advantage of his omission, would rob him with no law to say stop—then we say it well becomes a community to make a law unto themselves, and even though it be 'wild justice' it is better than no justice at all, if it stays the evil and stops the curse. The Anglo-Saxon race is by nature and training law-abiding. The American people are not false to their ancestry or their civilization, and ponder long ere they would take unto themselves the issuance of decrees and the administration of 'wild justice,' yet we say whenever a man becomes a confirmed criminal—whether of polish and high bred or coarse and of low estate, it matters not, and persists in violating the laws of a reasonable humanity, then we say and say it with no compunction of conscience, organized society ought to break his neck, swiftly and in an ample way.

There are enough worthy objects upon which to lavish sympathy or to bestow benefactions. All around us are poor and worthy men and women whose fortunes have been hard, whose lives have been mostly in the shadow of ill-success. To such let charity extend a helping hand. It may save some soul from crime. They are deserving of sympathy and support. But to the vile and heartless, the conscienceless and cowardly, the brutal and bloodthirsty [masonic] assassins, who so rarely are brought to punishment, nothing but stern, inexorable justice is due or should be extended. Sympathy with such is an abnormal sentiment; it is weak, maudlin, morbid and wicked."

THE WORKINGMAN.

"In point of fact the workingman is chained to a treadmill, and makes his weary round, day in and day out, wearing the collar of servitude, while he ploddingly but unintermittingly grinds out dollars for the masons. Into the hopper are dumped life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and out of it comes more millions for the men who do not need them—more misery for the men who really make these millions.

The poorest citizen should have as much interest in his condition, and in the general condition of the country as the wealthiest man, and yet tens of thousands of our citizens look on quietly while they are being taxed for the benefit of legal swindlers and while their native soil is being plundered. Truly does it take a long time to civilize human beings."

* * *

"*Resolved*, First, that we declare our opposition to the Republican party for its frauds and robbery of the people. It has created a millionaire nobility and impoverished the populace. It has taken dominion from the lords of blood and passed it to the lords of gold. It has given to the transportation department of this country an empire of the public domain larger in extent than the whole of England, Ireland and Scotland, thus robbing the people of their rightful inheritance. It has created an oligarchy of a few thousand idle drones and furnished them with the means and appliances to absorb from and rob the toiling millions of their annual hard earnings."

[Is it the "Republican party," or is it practical masonry ?]

* * *

"A spirit of communism and carelessness is engendered in his breast when the farmer of the Willamette Valley comes to this city and looks on the palaces and other evidences of wealth which surround him, and remembers that after twenty years of ceaseless toil and privation there is a mortgage on his little farm that he cannot pay, and that the fruits of his life long industry have gone into the pockets of men who never reclaimed one acre of land from the wilderness, nor added one dollar to the productive industries of the State."

* * *

"As I write I have before my mind's eye a double picture on this Christmas morning. On one side a beautiful Christmas tree standing in the bay window of a stately mansion; the tree is loaded down with beautiful articles of luxury, which only the wealthy can possess. In the room at dawn of day are grouped the youthful members of the proud aristocrat's household, the youngest of which exclaims, 'Good Santa Claus.' Could everybody be rich, and were luxury within the reach of all, or did the riches come honestly to hand this would be all right and proper, but on the other side is the hovel of the unfortunate poor. Here, too, are little ones beautiful even in their rags. In a corner sits the disconsolate mother, listening to their innocent prattle and shedding irrepressible tears as a child exclaims, 'Why don't Santa Claus come?' The father having been beaten out of the bulk of his property by a few [masonic] bilks, is now compelled to do menial service to keep the wolf from the door. He has not the heart to face his family now, but is laboring with all his might to keep his family supplied with the bare necessaries of life, while the proprietor of the mansion is saying complacently that providence has favored him in the acquisition of his wealth. The religion which gives one man millions and another nothing comes from hell and not from heaven.

A. J. S."

* * *

"There is scarcely a hall for public gatherings in this city but what would prove the scene of death or damage in case of a fire occurring in them when occupied by an audience, *but it might be libelous to make any mention of particular instances before the coroner sits upon the dead.*"

[That is, if the proprietor has secret influence at court! Such is the *libel law* in the hands of the gang.]

* * *

"The public sentiment in the Montague case with all decent citizens is with the husband. There are too many smart, no account licentious men in this city who think that the most creditable thing they can perform is to break up the peace of families. The only redress the injured men have is to take the law into their own hands and there is no jury in the United States which will convict them."

[This is how the ring press shouts out when the offender is an outsider; otherwise they hold it to be "murder" to kill such people, and the "good judiciary" either convicts "the injured man" or robs him of his property, or both.]

* * *

"This [Links] was then editor in and Postmaster of the place. The people were complaining of him, and Governor Beall charged him with whatever the derelictions were. Afterward, when he entered Link's office he was shot twice by him and died from the wounds. A jury—a military court-martial—which had no more jurisdiction of the case than the vestry of a church in this city, acquitted [Links.]

[Thus he was "acquitted" (?) as he also was about fifty times afterwards on other charges, which was practical masonry also.]

* * *

"It is well known that the people of this Territory have been almost, and some of them entirely, driven from their homes by the extortionate charges of physicians and surgeons.

New York and several of the other Eastern States have laws to protect their citizens against such high-handed robbery as is practiced on this coast. It may not be generally known, but this one thing alone is a great drawback to the settlement of this Territory.

Not long since I came up with an emigrant train in camp. They, of course, made a great many inquiries about the country and its customs generally, the prices of various articles of home consumption and produce, and finally an old gentleman asked what our doctors charged per mile. I informed them that they charged $1 per mile in the day and double that at night with a bill at the drug store of about $5 each trip. The expression of those people at this news, was exactly this: 'My God, how do the people live here?'"

[The quacks all belong to the gang and can thus, through secret brethren *at court, enforce* their extortion and mal-practice on their victims. Even the testimony of *others of the oath-bound gang* is taken *as evidence* in the ring-ridden courts against the injured citizen!]

* * *

"Sheppard testified in his own behalf, saying:

When I was twelve years of age I was employed in a counterfeiting establishment which was owned and operated, among others, by Charles H. Leonard, recently mayor of Galveston, Tex., and at present one of the most prominent citizens of that city. Interested with him in this business were the mayor of New Orleans, city officials, chief of police, judges, and limbs of the law. Then the judge of the criminal court for the parish of Orleans was a partner in the establishment, also a prominent lawyer who now occupies a judgeship in Baltimore. These people were engaged in counterfeiting Mexican coin, United States bills and money of every description. The Mexican money was manufactured down stairs, and the United States notes, etc., were turned out up-stairs. My position was that of messenger for the establishment and as such I delivered the counterfeit money to the banks of the city and high city officials. Thousands and thousands of dollars of this money was manufactured and circulated here and elsewhere throughout this country and Mexico. Many of the persons engaged in counterfeiting them have left behind them sons and daughters who move in the highest society. For this reason I do not propose to make known the names of the persons for whom I first worked in the counterfeiting business. All my life it has been my misfortune to suffer for and to bear the burdens of other persons' misdeeds. My whole life has been one of continued sacrifice.' Sheppard is now sixty-two years of age." [What a 'good judiciary.']

* * *

[Such a "good judiciary."]

Says a local paper to-day: "An Oregon man who shot a lawyer a few years ago was convicted and sentenced to prison. This mistake has just been corrected by the governor, who gives him full pardon. The mystery surrounding his conviction has not yet been explained."

[The brother was shot for practical Masonry! That's what.]

* * *

"ANOTHER SHOOTING.—About five o'clock on Tuesday evening of last week, [Links], of Asotin county, shot and killed one Elmer Stimpson. As we learn, Stimpson took Meyer's wife some time since and ran off with her, and last week the two returned, and, in passing the field in which Meyers was at work, waved their handkerchiefs at him. He returned the "salute," not knowing who they were, but when told, went and procured a Winchester rifle and shot Stimpson, the ball passing through his right breast, and he died on Wednesday night. Meyers then fired at his wife, but missed his aim. The murderer gave himself up to the Sheriff and was held to appear before Justice Ansman on Monday in the sum of $1,500.

[The slayer was a secret brother and was "acquitted" (?) accordingly. His own, sworn brethren were on the jury !]

* * *

"THE RING.—Garfield county has been run by a handful of Ring Democrats and Ring Republicans long enough. The hard working farmers are tired of Ring Rule. It is too expensive, too exacting and too unjust. Now is the time to shake off the Ring shackles. The old settlers of the county say they want a change, and are going to vote a change. Will the farmers, and their wives and their daughters, vote to perpetuate a [masonic] ring ?"

[*Name one of the gang, if you can, that is neither a mason or odd-fellow?*]

* * *

According to *The New-Orleans States*, the official democratic paper in that city, B. B. Jones, recently appointed consul at Callao, is a fugitive from justice. He was, it says, indicted in Louisiana for the assassination of General Liddell in 1870, and escaping from a band of lynchers fled from the country. He now turns up as the President's choice for consul at Callao, and *The States* demands that Governor McEnery make a requisition for his body.—*New York Tribune.*

[Secret influence, my boy. An office instead of $2,500 reward.]

* * *

THE "BY-GONE" RECORD.

A newcomer wants to know what the "infamous record" of [Links] is. It is easily recited. First, while school teacher, he seduced one of his pupils. This offense against good morals had been condoned by his marriage to her, the birth of two or three children following. Second, after his marriage he became enamored of another woman with whom he left the States, leaving his wife and several of his children so destitute that the former finally brought up in the poor house. Third, at the time of his flight he took some $4,000 which did not belong to him. Fourth, to evade the officers of the law he assumed an alias, his true name being —— These facts Links acknowledged to be true, but pleaded the "baby act" and said they were "early indiscretions."

Up to the time of coming to ——, Links had committed four crimes punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. While living here under an assumed name he again married without first obtaining a divorce from the first wife. With this wife he lived for many years and became the father of her children before legally marrying her. These facts form an outline of a career whose details cannot be told *without outrage to decency.* All of these crimes Links confesses, but wishes the people to look over as by-gones. And yet in the face of this damning record, and in the face of more recent moral and political misdemeanors shameful to manhood, there are people who flock to his support, attracted by the thin molasses of a polite address, or the hope of a share in official spoils. The man is not wanted by the people and their representatives will not elect him to the high place which he asks."

[But as he was a high Freemason *he was therefore elected* (?) and is now lording it in the United States Senate. Then why *should* criminals in prison reform ? Why not rather join the gang and run for office ? As this case is but an example !]

[I here give another mere example of practical masonry ! that is going on while innocent men are being convicted and held to languish !]

Voorhees, of Indiana, and Blackburn, of Kentucky, defended [Links] earnest appeals to the doctrine of "higher law." Blackburn, in closing a speech that was really remarkable for energy and eloquence, said : "There is but one tribunal on earth where cases like this of Thompson's can be adjusted. It is a tribunal in which conscience sits on the bench. Its judgments are traced in blood. It has the sanction of the law of humanity wherever civilization prevails. It is God's law, and you cannot reverse it."

[*But why is it that this "higher law" is never heard of except in behalf of members of secret oath-bound orders?* IT COULD EASILY BE PUT INTO A COMMON STATE LAW *and* MADE AVAILABLE TO ALL MEN ALIKE, *and not requiring $1,000 or $2,000 middlemen* and *other great expense* to dig it up and show it to the court and jury *or else to die!* Damn such courts; *they* ought to be killed ! It cost the Indian nothing to administer this "higher law." Nor did it the white man on the plains !]

* * *

On "Higher Law" in Kentucky.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The shot-gun is mightier than the courts. It is a universal leveler. It simplifies and cheapens the law, and brings it to the door of the poorest when need is, and long may its policy prevail, mute sentinel by the fireside, guarding the honor of our women, protecting our cradles and our children ; a menace to wives that are weak, and a perpetual terror to libertines and libertinism.

[What consolation is such talk to victims looted and languishing in secret robbing prisons, because they even dared *to defend their lives and homes against robbing, murdering libertines, and in the very act!* The court gang says to the citizen: "Your money or your life !" and it often gets away with both.]

* * *

"The Glenn Murder Trial.

The Glenn murder trial was resumed. R. M. Cochran, superintendent of the Glenn ranch, was the first witness called. He testified to having pursued Miller, and shot him in the leg before he would surrender after the shooting of Glenn. After being shot, Miller fell on his back, and when ordered by the witness, he threw his gun to one side. When witness approached Miller, the latter asked for protection and help as a brother Mason. Witness declined to testify to conversations between Miller and himself, as it would be in violation of the rules of Masonry. He did not know that Miller was a Mason until after he had shot him."

[And thus is the *supreme* allegiance to a foreign secret government *over our* government *granted* by ring-ridden courts. *How can* an outsider get justice in such courts against one of the gang when they are thus allowed to "*ever conceal and never reveal*" each other's secrets? And mark that this is in a case of *murder.* Is one of these foreign, pagan subjects fit to be a sheriff, judge or any other official ?]

* * *

"Physicians allow that the lancet is a cruel instrument, but tell us 'that its timely application often saves life.' Law and its administration in Oregon show but few marks of the principles declared as being those of the American union. From the justices' courts to the supreme court, where can a poor man get justice?......................They afford no excuse to corrupt and unjust judges who bear the double brand of shame, as perjurers and traitors to their country..................................... For in them is vested the authority to decide the issues which confirm or destroy rights to property, liberty and life. Hence corrupt [Masonic] rings exercise their utmost efforts to keep control of the courts. The courts of law should be the bulwark of the people's liberties. Are our State courts such? Our State supreme court was in its inception a fraud. No State or people has ever gained anything by covering its mistakes but ignominious exposure and disaster. Many have gained by fearlessly facing and exposing them......................After careful examination of the subject, his opinion was uttered in one short sentence: 'What a supreme court!' We have occasionally to deplore such acts as those of people who break into prisons and take out criminals and hang or shoot them without the trial the law allows. If they would now and then take a judge and hang him by his neck till he was dead, it would be matter for small regret. The former class are mostly illiterates anyway; the latter are supposed to be men of education and honor; but when judges tamper with the people's rights, they ought to swing. They are sworn to protect them. Crimes of the poor and ignorant should be treated with lenience. Those of the rich and educated should never be overlooked nor condoned. If I correctly understand the meaning of that great word, 'Liberty,' such would be the means to secure it. When a dozen men, or twenty dozen men, undertake to run a State or government even to its courts of so-called justice, it is time for that State to rise up in righteous indignation and make an end of them all. Where there is one administration of law for the rich and another for the poor, where a rich man is allowed to steal his thousands and a poor one imprisoned for stealing a loaf to feed his family, there is no real liberty. Liberty means not only protection for the rich, but also absolute freedom and justice for the poor; and if the courts of law are made vehicles of oppression and inequity, it would be far more just to hang a few educated judges than many others whose errors are traceable to poverty or ignorance. J. FRED. CLARK."

"DRIVEN INTO POVERTY AND PRISON, DISGRACE AND INSANE ASYLUM.

About a year ago George Conroy sued the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for injuries received by falling into the cesspool the company had dug on their right of way just east of Mr. Heroux's barn. Last winter the company took a change of venue to Olympia, where the case came up in June last for trial and Conroy was nonsuited. Upon the termination of the suit the company made a complaint against Conroy for perjury, and had him bound over to the December term of the court to await the action of the Grand Jury. Conroy lay in jail all summer, and in consequence of his confinement, and suffering from his rupture and ill-health, his mind became affected, and last Saturday he was sent to the Insane Asylum at Steilacoom.

There is very little use of any one attempting to get satisfaction out of a railroad company. Poor people particularly ought to know that they have no show to right their wrongs through the courts. Railroads delight in the reputation they have 'that it is no use to law the railroad,' no matter how just the cause may be against them. They will hire men to commit perjury or anything to gain their ends, and when now and then a poor devil does try to get his rights, the company will hire a host of witnesses, and in the end send the man to jail until he becomes insane. This is the way the railroads have of terrifying the people.

Conroy ought to have known he was not able to cope with the Northern Pacific Railroad. If Lewis County could not do anything with the company, how could a single individual hope to do so?"

* * *

Secret societies have been *the bane of all countries and the cause of the downfall of all Republics.* America, whose greatest boast is, it believes all men are created free and equal, has no use for secret societies. Many men are artfully drawn into secret societies, but few self-respecting, patriotic Americans continue their connection after they learn the aims and practices of the oath-bound orders. In our view the danger to the liberties of the people which many see in the concentration of great wealth in the hands of few men and corporations, are homœopathic compared with the danger to the free institutions of America hidden in the oath-bound societies which are contrived, set in motion and kept going by designing demagogues, whose chief aim in life is to live well without labor.

"[FREE-MASONS] HOLDING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PROPERTY AND ALLOWING LABORING MEN TO PAY ALL THE TAXES.

"Some time ago we called attention to the fact that upon the shoulders of the middle classes rested the burden of taxation, and we cited several cases in substantiation of the assertion. To-day we have a few more cases which we desire to call attention to, and if they do not show up a little system of 'mysterious' proceedings on the part of some of our wealthiest citizens, then we are at a loss to determine what would be called 'mysterious.'....

[It will be found that nearly, if not all, of these delinquents who escape taxation owe *supreme allegiance to a foreign government.* And they generally manage to have an assessor elected who is a fellow-oath-bound subject of the same masonic gang. A fool can see the result ALL AROUND HIM.]

* * *

"It is dishonest and demoralizing to the public for such notorious disregard of truth and law to continue from year to year, and that, too, with a semi-official encouragement extended to it......The man who has little save a small homestead, worth $1,000 or $1,500, pays on $750 or $1,000, while the man or company worth $50,000 or $100,000, pays for not more than $10,000 or $15,000. It is high time an organized effort was made to break up this dishonesty. The citizens should select competent, honest and fearless men for assessors, and then give them the encouragement and moral support they would need in destroying the [masonic] wall behind which the class of tax payers are entrenched who avail themselves of fraud and perjury to escape their just share of the public burdens. The aggregate valuations would double, and perhaps quadruple, and this would render necessary a less rate of taxation. The city and county rate could safely be lessened one-half. Honest men would not have to pay as much as now, and their less scrupulous [linked] neighbors would be compelled to do what they now dishonestly avoid."

* * *

"There is annually 50,000 acres of land unassessed in Polk county, or one-sixth of the entire town and farming area of this county is yearly untaxed. By an honest assessment, therefore, the percentage of taxation could be reduced two mills on the dollar. It has taken the county surveyor, together with his assistant, six months to compute these figures."

[And so it is everywhere when the secret gang gets a fellow-subject in as assessor. *It is practical masonry!*]

* * *

"A certain disreputable fellow [a masonic lawyer-honored 'member of the bar'] who was a member of the last legislature, and who was then under an indictment for perjury, in order to shield himself succeeded in working through a law in such a shape that no person who swears falsely is guilty of perjury."

[Not quite so; *all* the laws are so fixed that they don't operate against members of the gang, *but their shape is good enough to work against outsiders*, and when there is no code law to apply then, the higher law of "public policy" is dug up and used against him. So the code laws are really but a convenient blind and humbug to swindle the people.]

* * *

TIMBER THIEVES.

The California Redwood company, an English company with Scotch directors, has stolen 64,000 acres of the most valuable timber land in the world, estimated by experts to be worth not less than $22,000,000. Four hundred men were found who would enter 160 acres each and then deed the land to this Redwood company. Some of these men were town paupers, some of them paralytics, some of them sailors not yet naturalized. These straw "homesteaders" marched from a rumhole in Eureka, Cal., to the United States land office and then to a notary public to transfer their land. For this service they received $50 each and this Redwood company with its foreign capital, English president and Scotch directors got an alleged title to 64,000 acres of valuable land heavily timbered. To "prove up" his claim required perjury, and perjury was forthcoming. Of course, the homestead act was not intended to be used for such gross perversion of land that belongs to the *bona fide* settler, and these facts illustrate what frightful robberies of public lands are perpetrated in defiance of the timber land act.

In connection with these enormous public land robberies it is worth while to notice that the last official act of Lamar, as Secretary of the Interior, was to remove from office, as the price of his support of the republican senators who voted for his conformation, Captain John W. LeBarnes, an ex-Union soldier, an old-time anti-slavery friend of Governor Andrew and Wendell Phillips. LeBarnes was a law clerk of the general land office, who for years has stood in the way of land grabbers, railway corporations, attorneys for cattle companies, pine land combinations, etc."

[Those who don't know are here informed that it is only a secret oath-bound gang of masons, etc., that overrides and defies our government, and works these land swindles through *with impunity*, a part of whom *must be officials in the land office and the courts.* A citizen, therefore, who, with these indisputable facts and swindles staring him in the face, who would appoint or vote for one of these oath-bound subjects of the gang for office is either a fool or a thief and a traitor to his country! Let all persons who believe that their duty to their secret government and pagan "mysteries" is higher than their duty to their country, be declared to be *in-*

eligible to act as jurors or to hold any office of trust under the general government if it is to be supreme!

Is it not safer and better to trust to an instinctive love for our fellow creatures, which cannot be perverted to their annoyance, than to secret-oath-bound subjection to a despotic gang which have too frequently produced the seeds of hatred, intolerance and high-handed persecution?]

* * *

"AN ALLEGED MURDERER DISCHARGED."

...."Justice [Mason] discharged from custody to-day [Links] charged with the murder of [Blank]. In rendering his decision the justice said that the defense had clearly proved by the testimony of 'two experts' [brethren] that defendant was not in his right mind at the time of committing the act." [Links had shot Blank down in open court and shot him in the back in cold blood! and was never before or since sent to any insane asylum. And was not insane though his victim may have been. Now all *should* know that an outsider can never get discharged from a charge of such a murder by only getting two "experts" (?) to testify that he "was not in his *right mind* at the time of committing the act."

Now look here! Would men, even victims, be "in their right minds" in the killing of ring prostituted courts? This defendant whose farce of a trial and discharge is *but a sample case of so many* had not been wronged much in comparison to hundreds of men who *besides* are now languishing in secret prisons, and who have greater cause and better right to kill a dozen men each, than he had to kill one! In truth he hardly knows what a wrong is! or what it is to suffer cruel, relentless, persistent, flaming injury! *Are you ready all! to see to it* that these outraged, tortured, bleeding victims have the benefit, if they like, of the "higher law" or of "experts" (?) as well as do members of the gang?]

* * *

"The ring in this town is composed of [masonic] Democrats as well as [masonic] Republicans. They have a common cause—the spoils of all they can get."

[They pack both conventions with their secret oath-bound brethren so they can say to the people, "heads we win and tails you loose." The Australian election system should be adopted.]

* * *

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

"Matter of remitting taxes on Odd Fellows' Temple. Ordered that said taxes be cancelled."

[It is to their supreme and secret government that they pay their taxes. Such "commissioners" are traitors!]

* * *

How the gang "hang men for betraying a trust or stealing a sum exceeding $5," as they howl should be done (meaning to outsiders):

"The *Washingtonian*, in a very soothing tone remarks about as follows: At the regular session of the commissioners last week, Brother

Links, the Treasurer, was found to be short in his accounts $12,300. Mr. Links has humbly resigned, and concludes by saying, "It is a bad state of affairs, but we withhold comments until further facts are developed." Why attempt to smooth over so dastardly a theft? A man in whom the people have confided, to maliciously and intentionally rob them of their trust, is a thousand times worse than the poor, half-starved sneak-thief who prowls about nights, seeking what he can find to appease hunger or cloth nudity."

"MORE OF THE GANG'S WORK."

"As will be seen by the telegraphic dispatches, it has been discovered that Links, Treasurer of Garfield county, and a number of the [masonic] ring of political tricksters, is short in his accounts at least $12,000. Of course, you can't turn a wheel without water—neither can you run machine politics without soap. Links furnished the soap, in the meantime blasting his character and ruining his bondsmen. The money was 'loaned' to the same corrupt gang who recently tried to work the primaries. Garfield county has long been noted for this corrupt [masonic] gang, and it is to be hoped that this expose will settle this crowd of thieves."

"The Pomeroy *Independent*, with tears in his eyes, says: 'Links has been a brother to us, but we cannot excuse him in the great wrong he has done his friends in this transaction. This paper insists that the law take its course as it would in the case of a delinquent tax-payer." This is a call to all grand larceny defaulting thieves to go to Pomeroy for brotherly protection, because there they are only classed as delinquent tax-payers."

[And the court said that he (being a mason) was "*innocent of any crime.*" Good judiciary!]

* * *

"How did he discharge the office of a Judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer.....It is notorious that during the time of their tyranny the [people] neither enjoyed the protection of their laws.. nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of the ruined country has been able to keep possession of anything but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of those universal plunderers. Their nod has decided all causes and their decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums they have by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful citizens have been treated as criminals. [American] citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money [or secret influence], have been exempted from their deserved punishments, and men of the most unexceptional characters condemned and imprisoned unheard.....The infamy of their lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from their impurities. And these, their atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard their name, but could reckon up their actions.

Now [gentlemen of the masonic gang] I ask what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince or any State committed the same outrages against the privileges of [American] citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked [gang] who dared in the [shadow of the American flag] to put to an infamous torture and death that unfortunate and innocent citizen....only for having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison from whence he had made his escape? The unhappy man..is brought before the wicked [gang]. With eyes darting fury and countenances distorted with cruelty, they order the helpless victim of their rage to be stripped and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion of having [committed any crime]. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, 'I am an [American] citizen, and will attest my innocence.' The blood-thirsty [gang], deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, [fellow-citizens], was an innocent American citizen publicly mangled....whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, 'I am an [American] citizen!' With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his destruction.

Oh, liberty! Oh, sound once delightful to every [American] ear! Oh, sacred privilege of [American] citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the [American] people in [an American State] bind, surge, torture with red hot plates of iron, and at the last put to an infamous death, an American citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the [American Union] nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches [and secret power] strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice [my fellow-men] will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of [the masonic gang] to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority and introduction of general anarchy and confusion." CICERO.

* * *

"DR. [LINKS] ARRIVED."

"Dr. [Links] returned last Monday from the East. He was delegate to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., which met at Baltimore, Maryland. He has had an interview with President Cleveland, and says that the chief magistrate of the nation is a good and true man. The way it came about was this: Mr. Links applied for admittance to his Excellency's presence. There were about one hundred persons in waiting on the President, all anxious to get the first interview. Our townsman presented his card, and the doorkeeper being an odd-fellow, admitted him forthwith, leaving many eminent men of 'high degree' to bide their time. President Cleveland is an odd-fellow of high standing and talked with Mr. Links at length on different matters."

[*Is it not humiliating, indeed! that even at the White House and the different departments of the government at Washington, full-fledged American citizens must stand aside and wait till the secret obligations and interests of a secret Mormon government and its subjects thus held supreme are first attended to?*]

* * *

"I would give up my life, and that alone for God's sake: for to what purpose is it to live among a people insensible of their calamities, and where there is no notion remaining of any remedy for the miseries that are upon them? for when you are seized upon, you bear it, when beaten you are silent, and when the people are murdered, nobody dares so much as send out a groan openly. Oh, bitter tyranny that we are under! But why do I complain of the tyrants? Was it not you, and your sufferance of them, that have nourished them? Was it not you that overlooked those that first got together, for they were then but a few, and by your silence made them grow to be many, and by conniving at them when they took power in effect armed them against yourselves? You ought to have then prevented their first attempts, when they fell to reproaching your relations, but by neglecting that care in time you have encouraged these wretches to plunder men. When houses were pillaged, nobody said a word, which was the occasion why they carried off the owners of those houses, and when they were drawn through the midst of the city nobody came to their assistance. They then proceeded to put those whom you have betrayed into their hands into bonds. I do not say how many and of what characters those men were whom they thus served, but certainly they were accused by none [but themselves] and condemned by none [but themselves] and since nobody succored them when they were in bonds, the consequence was that you saw the same persons slain...We have seen this also, so that still the best of the herd of brute animals, as it were, have been still led to be sacrificed, when yet nobody said one word, or moved his right hand for their preservation. Will you bear, therefore, will you bear to see your sanctuary [*of equal justice*] trampled on? and will you lay steps for these profane wretches, upon which they may mount to higher degrees of insolence? Will you not pluck them down from their exultation? Oh, wretched creatures! Will not you rise up and turn upon those that strike you? which you may observe in wild beasts themselves, that they will avenge themselves on those that strike them. Will you not call to mind, every one of you, the calamities you yourselves have suffered? nor lay before your eyes what afflictions you yourselves have undergone? and will not such things sharpen your souls to revenge? Is, therefore, that most honorable and most natural of our passions utterly lost, I mean, the desire of liberty? Truly we are in love with slavery and in love with those that lord it over us, as if we had received that principle of subjection from our ancestors; yet did they undergo many and great wars for the sake of liberty!.... But perhaps many of you are affrightened at their multitude and at their audaciousness, as well as at the advantage they have over us in their being higher in place than we are; for these circumstances, as they have been occasioned by your negligence, so will they become still greater by being still longer neglected, for their multitude is every day augmented *by everg vile man's joining those that are like to themselves* and their audaciousness is therefore inflamed because they meet with no obstructions to their designs.... but be assured of this that if we get up and fight them they will be made tamer.... perhaps also God himself, who hath been affronted by them, will make what they throw at us return against themselves, and these impious wretches will be killed by their own darts, let us but make our appearance before them [with but our votes] and they will come to nothing. However, it is a right thing, if there should be any danger in the attempt, to die before these holy gates, and to spend our very lives, if not for the sake of our children and wives, yet for God's sake and for the sake of his sanctuary of liberty! I will assist you both with my counsel and with my hand, nor shall any sagacity of ours be wanting for your support, nor shall you see that I will be sparing with my body neither."

THE STORY OF MORGAN.

——*Thurlow Weed's account of the famous murder.*——

A statement dictated two months before his death.

The following letter, dictated by the late Thurlow Weed but a short time before his death, contains his sworn statement of his knowledge concerning the abduction and alleged murder of William Morgan, and forms a most interesting chapter in relation to the sensational events which in their time caused so great a social and political convulsion:

NEW YORK, Sept. 9th, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—I have delayed the answer to your letter inviting me to attend the unveiling of the monument to Captain William Morgan in the hope that I should be able to be present on that occasion.

Impaired vision, added to other infirmities, prevents my going far from home. The occasion is one that recalls an event of startling interest, arousing deep popular feeling, first at Batavia, Le Roy, Canandaigua and Rochester, then pervading our own and other States. After reading the proceedings of a meeting at Batavia, with the Hon. David E. Evans as presiding officer, I wrote a six line paragraph for the Rochester *Telegraph*, in which I stated that a citizen of Batavia had been spirited away from his home and family and that, after a mysterious absence of several days, a village meeting had been held and a committee of citizens appointed to investigate the matter; adding that, as it was known that Freemasons were concerned in this abduction, it behooved the fraternity, whose good name was suffering, to take the laboring oar in restoring the lost man to his liberty. That paragraph brought dozens of our most influential citizens, greatly excited, to the office, stopping the paper and ordering the discontinuance of their advertisements. I inquired of my partner, Robert Martin, what I had done to exasperate so many of our friends. He brought me a book and directed my attention to an obligation invoking strict penalties as a punishment for disclosing the secrets of Masons, inquiring what I thought of a man who, after taking such an obligation, violated it? I replied that I did not know any punishment too severe for such a perjurer. The discontinuance of the paper embraced so large a number of its patrons I saw that my brief and, as I supposed, very harmless paragraph would ruin the establishment. Unwilling that my partner should suffer, I promptly withdrew; leaving the establishment in the hands of Mr. Martin. The paper was doing well, and until that paragraph appeared my business future was all I could desire.

At that time an editor was wanted at Utica, where I had formerly worked, and where I had many friends, but my offer to go there was declined. I was equally unfortunate in my application for editorial employment at Troy. The objection in both cases was that I had been too busy in getting up an excitement about Morgan.

Meantime the mystery deepened, and public meetings were held in several villages, Rochester included. In the meeting at Rochester it was assumed that all good citizens would unite in an effort to vindicate the law. A committee was appointed consisting of seven, three of whom were Masons. It was soon discovered that the three Masons went from the committee to the lodge-rooms. It was subsequently ascertained that two of these gentlemen were concerned in the abduction, and that Morgan had been committed to the jail in Canandaigua on a false charge of larceny, and that he had been carried from thence secretly by night to Fort Niagara. The committee encountered an obstacle in obtaining indictments in five of the six counties where indictments were needed. The sheriffs who summoned the grand juries were Freemasons. In four counties no indictments could be obtained. In Ontario, however, the district attorney, Bowen Whiting, and the sheriff, Joseph Garlinghouse, though Masons, regarded their obligation to the laws of the State paramount. Sheriff Garlinghouse and District Attorney Whiting discharged their duties independently and honestly. As the investigation proceeded the evidence increased that Morgan had been unlawfully confined in the Canandaigua jail and secretly conveyed to Fort Niagara, where he was confined in the magazine. There was every reason to believe that he was taken from the magazine and drowned in Lake Ontario. This, however, was boldly and persistently denied—denials accompanied by solemn assurances that Morgan had been seen alive in several places, divided the public sentiment. At town meetings, several months after Morgan's disappearance, the question was taken into politics. A large number of zealous anti-Masons determined to make it a political issue. Solomon Southwick was nominated at Le Roy for governor. Our committee firmly resisted all such efforts, urging all who were connected with us in an effort to vindicate the law to vote for the candidates of the party with which they had been previously connected. We endeavored to induce the whig State convention to nominate Francis Granger, but, failing in that, we gave our support to Judge Smith Thompson. Afterwards, at a village election in Rochester, Dr. F. F. Backus, who had been treasurer by an unanimous vote of the electors from the time the village charter had been obtained, was again the candidate of both parties. No whisper of opposition was heard before the election, or at the polls, but when the votes were canvassed a majority appeared in favor of Dr. John B. Elwood. Dr Backus was an active and influential member of the Morgan investigating committee. That astounding result produced an instantaneous change.

Political anti-Masonry from that moment and for that reason became an element in our elections. It was alleged and extensively believed that the "Morgan committee," to gratify personal aspirations, went voluntarily into politics. Those allegations were as untruthful as they were unjust. It was not until we ascertained that the fraternity, by a secret movement, was strong enough to defeat the candidate of both political parties, that we consented to join issue with them politically.

In the autumn of 1827, the discovery of the body of an unknown man on the shore of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, gave a new and absorbing aspect to the question. The description of that body as published by the coroner who held an inquest over it, induced the belief that it was the body of William Morgan. Our committee decided to hold another inquest. Impressed with the importance and responsibility of the question I gave public notice of our intention, and personally invited several citizens who had known Morgan to be present. One of our committee went to Batavia to secure the attendance of Mrs. Morgan and as many others who knew him to attend. The body had been interred where it was found. The rude coffin was opened in the presence of between forty and fifty persons. When it was reached and before removing the lid, I received from Mrs. Morgan, and others who knew him well, descriptions of his person. Mrs. Morgan described the color of his hair, a scar upon his foot, and that his teeth were double all round. Dr. Strong confirmed Mrs. Morgan's statement about double teeth, one of which he had extracted, while another was broken, indicating the position of the extracted and broken teeth. When the coffin was opened the body disclosed the peculiarities described by Mrs. Morgan and Dr. Strong.

This second inquest and the examinations of the body proceeded in open day and in the presence of Masons and anti-Masons, not one of whom dissented from the coroner's jury, by which the body was unanimously declared to be that of William Morgan. Mrs. Morgan, in her testimony, failed to recognize the clothes. The body was taken to Batavia, where it was re-interred, no one as yet expressing any doubt of its identity.

Subsequently, however, we were surprised by a statement that the body supposed to be that of Morgan was alleged to be the body of Timothy Monroe, who had been drowned in the Niagara river several weeks before holding the first inquest. This awakened general and intense feeling. Notice was given that a third inquest would be held at Batavia, where the widow and son of Timothy Monroe appeared as witnesses. Mrs. Monroe swore to a body essentially different from that found at Oak Orchard creek. Her husband, she said, had black hair that had been recently cut and stood erect. Her testimony made her husband from three to four inches taller than that of the body in question. She testified that her husband had double teeth all round and described an extracted tooth from the wrong jaw and knew nothing at all of the broken tooth. The hair upon the head of the drowned man was long, silky and of a chestnut color, while that of Monroe, according to the testimony of Mrs. Monroe and her son, was short, black and close cut. While Mrs. Monroe failed in describing the body, her description of the clothing was minutely accurate. The heel of his stocking was described as having been darned with yarn different in color. Her cross-examination was very rigid and her answers throughout were found to be correct. The clothing thus described had been in possession of the coroner, who testified that it had been seen either by Mrs. Monroe or any stranger from whom she could have obtained information. On the other hand, Mrs. Morgan's description of the body, before she had seen it, was quite as satisfactory as Mrs. Monroe's description of the clothes.

Our committee took no part in the third inquest, and the body, as is known, was declared to be that of Timothy Monroe. Simultaneously an accident occurred showing the vindictive spirit of our opponents. On the evening of the day that the body interred at Batavia was declared by a third inquest to be that of Timothy Monroe, I went into the billiard room of the Eagle hotel to see a friend from Clarkson. When leaving the room, Ebenezer Griffin, Esq., a prominent lawyer employed as counsel for Masons, said, "Well, Weed, what will you do for a Morgan now?" To which I replied, "That is a good enough Morgan for us till you bring back the one you carried off." On the following morning the *Daily Advertiser*, a Masonic organ, contained a paragraph charging me with having boastingly said that the body in question "was a good enough Morgan until after the election." That perversion went the rounds of the Masonic and democratic press, awakening much popular indignation and subjecting me to denunciations in speeches and resolutions at political meetings and conventions. Explanations were disregarded; the maxim that "Falsehood will travel miles while truth is drawing on its boots" was then verified. I suffered obloquy and reproach from that wicked perversion for nearly half a century. Indeed, there is reason to believe that even now, where I am personally unknown, generations are growing up believing that I mutilated a dead body for political effect, and, when exposed, boasted that it was a good enough Morgan until after the election. Forty years afterwards the editor of the paper who originated that calumny, by a series of pecuniary reverses, was compelled to apply to me for assistance. I avenged the great wrong he had done me by obtaining for him a situation in the custom house.

This served to extend and intensify the "excitement." It was everywhere charged and widely believed that I had mutilated the body in question for the purpose of making it resemble that of Captain William Morgan. I encountered prejudices thus created both in Paris and London 20 years afterwards.

Our investigations were embarrassed and protracted by the absence and concealment of important witnesses. One of these witnesses was an invalid soldier who had the care of Morgan while confined in the magazine at Fort Niagara, but he disappeared, and all efforts to find him were unavailing for more than a year. I finally traced him (Elisha Adams) to Brookfield, a mountain town in Vermont. We reached the log house of Adams' brother-in-law, with whom he was hiding, between 12 and 1 o'clock at night. Our rap was responded to by the owner, to whom, on opening the door the sheriff introduced me, directly after which, and before anything more had been said, we heard a voice from the second floor of the cabin saying, "I am ready and have been expecting you all winter." Immediately afterwards the old man came down the ladder, and in 10 minutes we departed on our return.

While waiting for breakfast at the foot of the mountain several men dropped into the bar-room where we were sitting. When called to breakfast, the landlady, carefully closing the door, remarked that her husband had sent around for Masons, some of whom had already appeared, but that we need not fear them for she had sent her daughter to inform other villagers what was going on, and that before we had done breakfast there would be twice as many anti-Masons in attendance. Returning to the bar-room we found that she had done her work thoroughly. Fifteen or twenty men were in the bar-room glaring at each other and at Adams; but nothing was said and we were driven off unmolested. On our way back, Adam, at different times, stated that hearing a noise in the magazine he reported it to Mr. Edward Giddins, keeper of the fort, who told him that a stranger was lodged there who in a day or two would be taken to his friends in Canada, but nothing must be said about it. He then from time to time carried food to the person. Soon afterwards, near midnight, he was told to have a boat in readiness for the purpose of taking away the man in the magazine. Several gentlemen arrived in a carriage, by whom the man was taken from the magazine and escorted to the boat. Adams was told to remain on the dock until the boat should return, and that if in the meantime an alarm should be given he was to show a signal to warn the boat away. As nothing of the kind occurred the boat returned quietly, and of the six who left in the boat only five returned, he supposed that one had gone to his friends in Canada.

Adams was wanted as a witness in trials then pending in Canadaigua. We reached that place in the afternoon of the day the court convened. Three men were on trial for abducting Morgan. The testimony of Adams was essential to complete the link. On being called to the stand he denied all knowledge bearing upon the question. He resided, he said, at the time specified, in the fort, but knew of no man being confined in the magazine; and knew nothing of men coming there at night in a carriage, and knew nothing of a man being taken from there in a boat. His denials covering the whole ground were explicit. That, for the time being, ended the matter. When the court adjourned I walked across the square with Judge Howell, who presided, and who remarked to me that I had made a long journey for nothing, my witness, Adams, being ignorant of the whole affair. General Vincent Mathews, of Rochester, who was walking on the other side of the judge, replied with much feeling, "that the old rascal had not uttered a word of truth while he was on the stand."

General Mathews was the leading counsel for the kidnappers, but refused to be a party in tampering with witnesses. On our return to Rochester the witness Adams was in an extra stage with his Masonic friends. As there was no longer any need of hiding he was on his way to Niagara. In passing the Mansion House, Rochester, Adams, who was standing in the doorway, asked me to stop, saying he wanted to explain his testimony. The lawyers, he said, informed him that if he told what he knew about the magazine and the boat, it would be a confession that would send him to state's prison. They also told him that the law did not compel a witness to criminate himself; and, to avoid punishment, he must deny the whole story.

In 1831, after my removal from Rochester to Albany, a libel suit was commenced against me by General Gould, of Rochester. It was tried at Albany, Judge James Vanderpoel presiding. The libel charged General Gould with giving money he received from the Royal Arch Grand Chapter to enable Burrage Smith and John Whitney to escape from justice. Gerrit L. Dox, treasurer of the Grand Chapter, and John Whitney, one of the recipients of the money, were in court to establish the truth of the libel. Mr. Dox testified that a "charity fund" had been entrusted to General Gould. John Whitney was called to prove that he received part of the fund, with which, in company with Burrage Smith, he left Rochester, and was absent nearly a year. General Gould's counsel objected to witness' testimony until it had been shown that General Gould knew that the money furnished was to enable Smith and Whitney to escape from justice. The court sustained this objection, and Whitney's testimony was excluded. As it was impossible to prove what was only known to General Gould himself, the trial ended abruptly. Judge Vanderpoel, in charging the jury, dwelt at length upon the licentiousness of the press, and called upon the jury to give exemplary damages to the injured and innocent plaintiff. The jury, thus instructed, but with evident reluctance, found a verdict of $400 dollars against me. My offense consisted in asserting a fact, the exact truth of which would have been established if the testimony had not been ruled out by a monstrous perversion of justice.

Colonel Simeon B. Jewett, of Clarkson; Major Samuel Barton, of Lewiston, and John Whitney, of Rochester, passed that evening at my house. Jewett was prepared to testify that he furnished a carriage for those who were conveying Morgan secretly from Canadaigua to Niagara. John Whitney was one of the party. Major Barton would have testified that he furnished the carriage which conveyed the party from Lewiston to Fort Niagara. John Whitney being one of the party. Whitney would have sworn that Gould supplied money to enable him to "escape from justice." In the course of the evening, the Morgan affair being the principal topic of conversation, Colonel Jewett turned to Whitney with emphasis and said, "John, what if you make a clean breast of it?" Whitney looked inquiringly at Barton, who added, "Go ahead."

Whitney then related in detail the history of Morgan's abduction and fate. The idea of suppressing Morgan's intended exposure of the secrets of Masonry was first suggested by a man by the name of Johns. It was discussed in lodges at Batavia, Le Roy and Rochester. Johns suggested that Morgan should be separated from Miller and placed on a farm in Canada West. For this purpose he was taken to Niagara and placed in the magazine of the fort until arrangements for settling him in Canada were completed, but the Canadian Masons disappointed them. After several meetings of the lodge in Canada, opposite Fort Niagara, a refusal to have anything to do with Morgan left his "kidnappers" greatly perplexed. Opportunately a Royal Arch Chapter was installed at Lewiston. The occasion brought a large number of enthusiastic Masons together. "After labor," in Masonic language, they "retired to refreshment." Under the exhiloration of champagne and other viands the Chaplain (the Rev. F. H. Cummings, of Rochester) was called on for a toast. He responded with peculiar emphasis and in the language of their ritual: "The enemies of our order—may they find a grave six feet deep, six feet long, and six feet due east and west." Immediately after that toast, which was received with great enthusiasm, Colonel William King, an officer of our war of 1812, and then a member of assembly from Niagara county, called Whitney of Rochester, Howard of Buffalo, Chubbuck of Lewiston, and Garside of Canada, out of the room and into a carriage furnished by Major Barton. They were driven to Fort Niagara, repaired to the magazine and informed Morgan that the arrangements for sending him to Canada were completed and that his family would soon follow him. Morgan received the information cheerfully and walked with supposed friends to the boat, which was rowed to the mouth of the river, where a rope was wound around his body, to each end of which was attached a sinker. Morgan was then thrown overboard. He grasped the gunwale of the boat convulsively. Garside, in forcing Morgan to relinquish his hold, was severely bitten.

Whitney, in concluding his narrative, said he was now relieved from a heavy load; that for four years he had not heard the window rustle or any other noise at night without thinking the sheriff was after him. Colonel Jewett, looking fixedly at Whitney, said: "Weed can hang you now." "But he won't," was Whitney's prompt reply. Of course, a secret thus confided to me was inviolably kept, and twenty years after, while attending a national republican convention at Chicago, John Whitney, who then resided there, called to say he wanted me to write out what he once told me about Morgan's fate, to be signed by him in the presence of witnesses, to be sealed up and published after his death. I promised to do so before leaving Chicago. There was no leisure, however, during the sitting of the convention; and even before its final adjournment, forgetting what I had told Whitney, I hurried to Iowa, returning by way of Springfield to visit Mr. Lincoln. In the excitement of the canvass which followed, and the secession of the Southern States upon Mr. Lincoln's election, I neglected the important duty of securing the confession Whitney was so anxious to make. In 1861 I went to Europe and while in London wrote a letter to Whitney asking him to get Alex. B. Williams, then a resident of Chicago, to do what I had so unpardonably neglected. That letter reached Chicago one week after Whitney's death, closing the last and only chance for the revelation of that important event.

I now look back through an interval of fifty-six years, with a conscious sense of having been governed through the "anti-masonic excitement" by a sincere desire, first, to vindicate the violated laws of my country, and next, to arrest the great power and dangerous influences of "secret societies." We labored under serious disadvantages. The people were unwilling to believe that an institution so ancient, to which many of our best and most distinguished men belonged, was capable of not only violating the laws, but of sustaining and protecting offending men of the order. A vast majority of the American people believed that Morgan was concealed by our committee for political effect. While we were being fiercely denounced as incendiary spirits, Judge Enos T. Troop, in charging the grand jury at Canadaigua, spoke of anti-masonry as a "blessed spirit" which he hoped "would not rest until every man implicated in the abduction of Morgan was tried, convicted and punished."

City and County
of New York. } *ss.*

Thurlow Weed, being duly sworn, says that the foregoing statements are true. THURLOW WEED.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of September, 1882.

SPENCER C. DOTY,
Notary Public.

[THE END.]

READERS WHO APPRECIATE THIS BOOK ARE REQUESTED TO WRITE TO THE AUTHOR.